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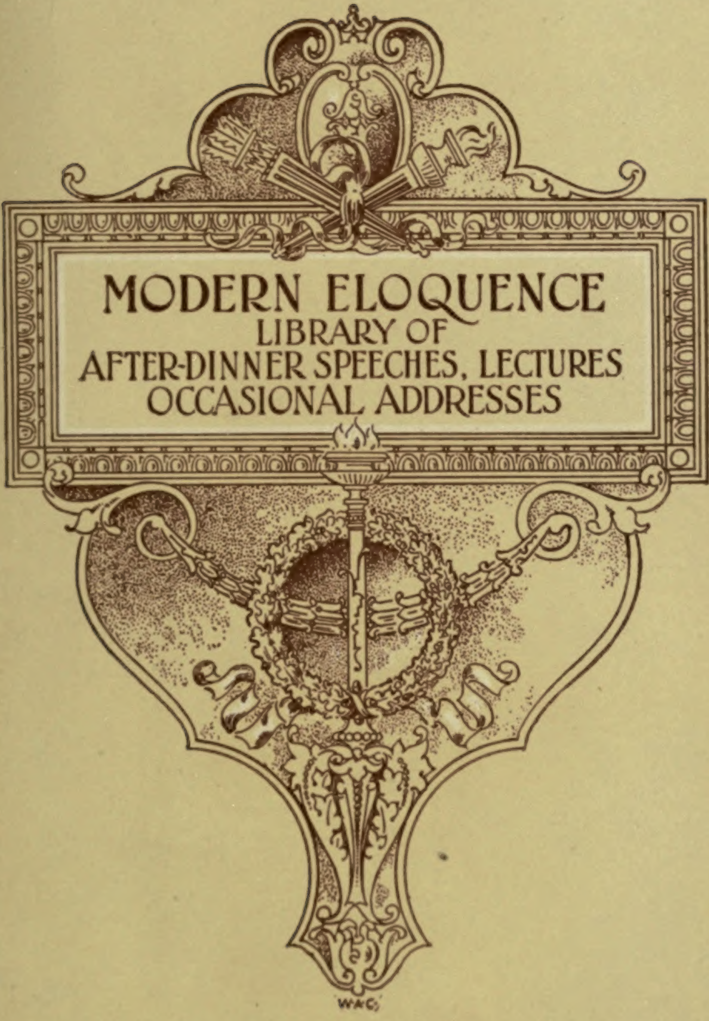

MODERN ELOQUENCE

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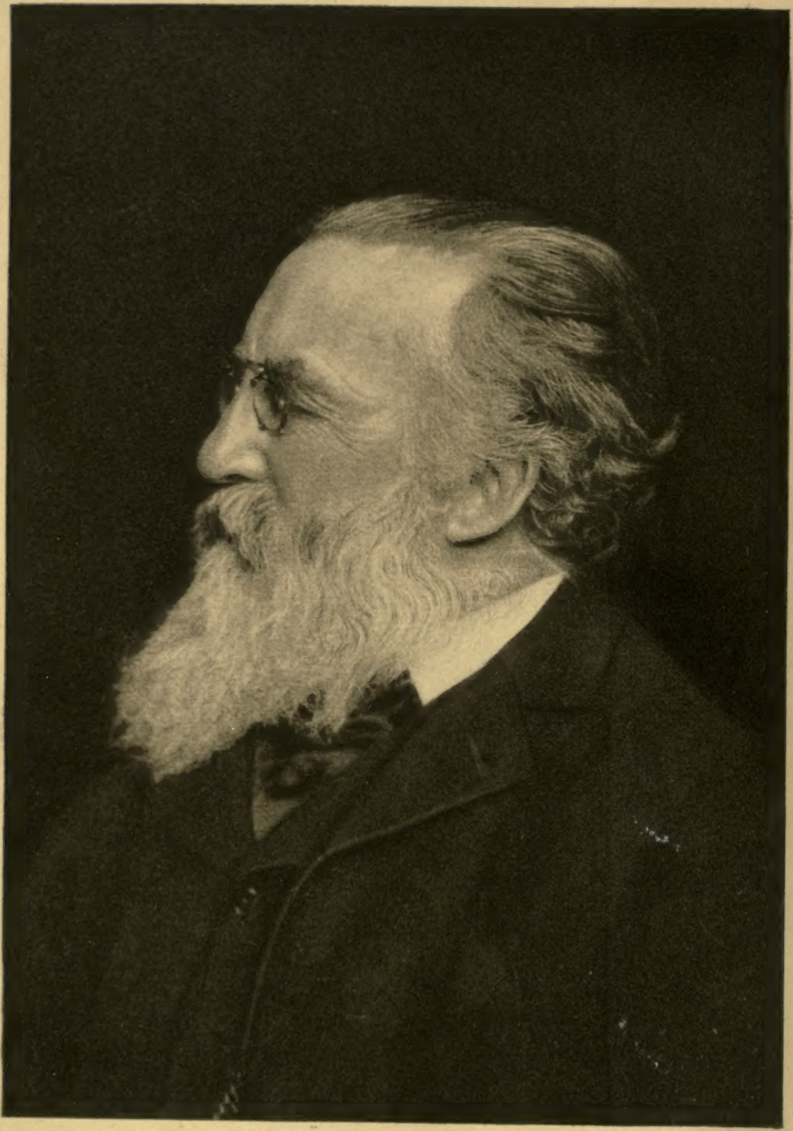

JUSTIN McCARTHY

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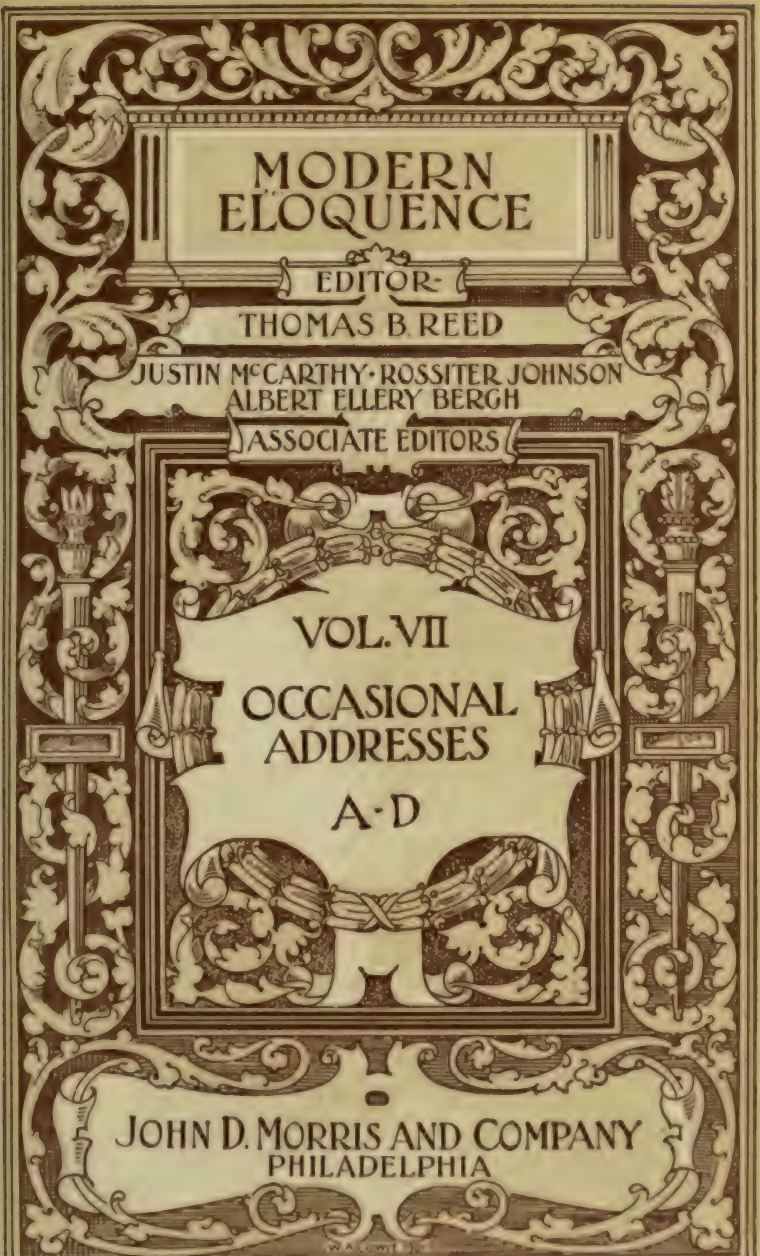

MODERN ELOQUENCE

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VOL. VII

OCCASIONAL ADDRESSES

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Note.—A large number of the most distinguished speakers of this country and Great Britain have selected their own best speeches for this Library. These speakers include Whitelaw Reid, William Jennings Bryan, Henry van Dyke, Henry M. Stanley, Newell Dwight Hillis, Joseph Jefferson, Sir Henry Irving, Arthur T. Hadley, John D. Long, David Starr Jordan, and many others of equal note.

THE LITERARY ADDRESS

THE literary address is generally stamped with distinction of form; it is often a classic in literature as well as in oratory. This touch of art is imparted to it in some cases by the material with which it deals, and in more by the skill of the speaker. As a rule, literary themes fall into the hands of men familiar with the best literary models and skilled in the art of writing. A glance at the list of contributors to these volumes brings into clear view the literary accomplishments of the speakers and the prominence of literary quality in their work. There have been many effective, successful, and eminently useful lecturers whose utterances have perished with them; men who used the platform for high ends, but who were concerned primarily with the content of their thought and conviction rather than with the expression; who addressed themselves to the immediate rather than the remote audience, and who endeavored to make the most of the moment, indifferent to the judgment of the future. Much of the most effective and characteristic work done on the platform has had this quality of immediate but ephemeral impressiveness; it was planned, shaped, and presented with nice adjustment to time, place, and hearers; and in touching deeply the feeling of the hour, stimulating its thought, awakening its conscience and dissipating its weariness, it served a wholesome and worthy end.

The literary address has had the advantage, as a rule, of dealing with subjects which lay outside the fierce discussions of the hour in the clear atmosphere of another century, or the quiet seclusion of a life devoted to art. If a man is speaking on the slavery question, at a time when the air is charged with passion, he is not likely to escape the heat and turbulence of debate; if he is speaking on Milton or Shakespeare or Burns he can hardly fail to touch some of the chords which vibrate in the soul of humanity beyond the reach of the emotions of the hour. It is true that even in dealing with matters which, in discussion, awaken the bitterest feelings the master speaker so relates them to universal principles and interprets them with such noble breadth of charity that the touch of literature gives the utterance of the moment the significance of a classic. This was what Lincoln did in the two Inaugural Addresses, and in the few imperishable sentences spoken at Gettysburg. But these are the supreme moments of the masters of speech; they come at long intervals, and they come only to the greatest spirits. Webster said with true insight that for the great speech three things were essential; a great man, a great theme, and a great occasion; and this conjunction of favorable conditions rarely occurs.

In dealing with literary themes, however, the speaker has the advantage of handling material which is essentially cultural in quality; it appeals to the imagination and lends itself readily to the shaping mind. A speaker need not be wholly great in order to feel the inspiration of a poet's life and thought; it is easier to be lifted into the region where thought carries the torch of imagination in its hand by the memory of Burns than by the need of municipal reform. In one sense subjects have little to do with literature, which always has its roots in temperament, individuality, manner and form; in another sense, however, they have much to do with the presence or absence of that quality in writing which we call literature. In suggestiveness, power to kindle emotion, and abiding human interest literary subjects have much to do with the making of literature.

The contents of these volumes are drawn largely, though not exclusively, from literature; one may find them in the libraries in the alcoves set apart to oratory, or in those set apart to literature. This could not be said of any other group of addresses selected by subject. Those who heard Mr. George William Curtis, on the last occasion in which he appeared in public, deliver the address on James Russell Lowell, spoken for the first time before the Brooklyn Institute on the seventy-third anniversary of the poet's birth, will never forget the exquisite harmony, one might say the complete identification, of oratory and literature which was accomplished in the speaker, the theme, and the manner. Something of the richness of the subject passed into the orator; in whom the charm of public speech was deepened and enhanced by the beauty of that art which speaks of and to the human spirit with voices as various as its experiences and as eloquent as its dreams. It was once said of this accomplished orator and high-minded man, whose melody of voice seemed to be the vibration of his own nature, that when he delivered his captivating address on Sir Philip Sidney, it was as easy to believe that Sidney was discoursing of Curtis as to believe that Curtis was speaking of Sidney. Mr. Curtis spoke often and effectively on themes of public interest, but he was never so happy as when he touched with delicacy, humor, and insight some subject which led him within the magical boundaries of literature.

The literary address has been heard in its perfection at the celebrations of the Phi Beta Kappa Society in Harvard University. The memory of an oration delivered by Buckminster in 1809 has become one of the traditions of the anniversary; it was on one of these occasions that Everett, in 1824, welcomed Lafayette in that stately and musical style which charmed two generations of critical listeners; that classic of American thought, Dr. Bushnell's "Work and Play," was spoken first before the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa; and it was in the presence of the same audience that Wendell Phillips made his last important address. The long line of distinguished speakers on these occasions has not been broken even in these later years, when oratory has lacked something of its earlier richness and influence; and if the addresses delivered before this Society were collected they would form a contribution to what may be called literary oratory of the first importance, not only as regards artistic form but content of thought.

A foremost place in this long list of literary addresses must be given to Emerson's oration on the "American Scholar," delivered on August 31, 1837, which Dr. Holmes has characterized as "the declaration of American intellectual independence." That address was in the key of the best thought of the new world; it was an interpretation of opportunity and work in America which ought to be written in the heart of our great, restless, turbulent, active society. Not less notable was the address delivered by Emerson before the Harvard Divinity School in the following year, which became the subject of a fierce discussion in which Emerson remained significantly silent.

A full generation later Emerson spoke again before the Phi Beta Kappa, and Lowell has left a charming impression of his manner: "Emerson's oration was more disjointed than usual, even for him. It began nowhere and ended everywhere, and yet, as always with that divine man, it left you feeling that something beautiful had passed that way—something more beautiful than anything else, like the rising and setting of stars. Every possible criticism might have been made on it but one—that it was not noble. There was a tone in it that awakened all elevating associations. He boggled, he lost his place, he had to put on his glasses; but it was as if a creature from some fairer world had lost his way in our fogs, and it was our fault, not his. It was chaotic, but it was all such stuff as stars are made of." Many of Emerson's most characteristic utterances are to be found in his addresses, and through them he spoke most directly and intelligibly to his contemporaries. Justice has never been done to the charm of his manner and the magic of his voice on the platform. In many of his hearers the love of poetry began with his reading of passages from Homer or Wordsworth.

Among Emerson's contemporaries in the field of American Letters there were a number whose faces and voices were familiar on the platform, and whose work was first given to the public in the form of addresses. Dr. Holmes was for a time an industrious lecturer, and for many years a speaker on occasion. He has left a highly characteristic description of one kind of country audience: "I have sometimes felt as if I am a wandering spirit, and this great unchanging multi-vertebrate which I faced night after night, was an ever-listening animal, which writhed along after me whenever I fled, and coiled up at my feet every evening, turning up to me the same sleepless eyes which I thought I had closed with my last drowsy incantation."

James Russell Lowell, in the early years of his career as a man of Letters, spoke to his contemporaries as well as wrote for them. At that time the interest in lectures was widespread and intelligent, but the means of transportation and the hotel accommodations brought hardship to the most experienced traveler. Even in that golden age of the Lyceum there were drawbacks and disappointments. "To be received at a bad inn," wrote Lowell, "by a solemn committee, in a room with a stove that smokes but not exhilirates, to have three cold fish tails laid in your hand to shake, to be carried to a cold lecture-room, to read a cold lecture to a cold audience, to be carried back to your smoke-side, paid, and the three fish tails again—well, it is not delightful, exactly."

In the face of these annoyances many men of light and leading, or of gifts of eloquence and humor, found the platform a vantage ground of great importance for the teaching of new ideas or the reform of existing conditions. Theodore Parker, "the deputy-sheriff of ideas," impressed his strenuous personality on many audiences; Wendell Phillips brought literary skill of a high order as well as great gifts of eloquence and sarcasm and passionate conviction, to the service of the Lyceum; James Freeman Clarke was a force for popular culture; and Edwin P. Whipple made the history of literature attractive in a long succession of literary courses, as in our time Prof. Winchester has taught willing listeners where to look for the best in literature, and how to find it. The rare spirit of W. E. Channing, the pure mind of Starr King, the interesting recollections of James T. Fields, the finished eloquence of Edward Everett, the rich diction of Dr. R. S. Storrs, gave the highest dignity and greatest range to the discussions of the platform.

In England, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Carlyle, Ruskin, Charles Kingsley, Thackeray, Matthew Arnold, and John Morley have sustained the dignity of Letters in public discourse. Thackeray's visits to this country in 1853 and again in 1855 are among the most interesting events in the history of the Lyceum in America. To the remarkable gifts of exposition of Tyndall, Huxley, and other eminent scientists the wide expansion of popular interest in science has owed much.

Among contemporary men of letters who have been heard on the lecture platform or on special occasions are Mr. Warner, Mr. Howells, Mr. Stedman, Mr. Mitchell, Dr. Hale, Colonel Higginson, Mr. Page, Mr. Matthews, Dr. van Dyke, Mr. John Fiske, Mr. Clemens, Mr. Cable, Mr. Garland, Mr. Bliss Perry, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Burroughs; a list of names which suggests the possible closeness of connection between the lecture and literature. When it is remembered that a large part of the works of Coleridge and Hazlitt, Carlyle's "Heroes," Arnold's discourses, many of Ruskin's most characteristic chapters, Emerson's addresses, Thackeray's "English Humorists" and "The Four Georges," Whipple's "Literature of the Age of Elizabeth," were first given to the world in the form of lectures, it becomes clear that the Lyceum has been from the beginning and still is one of the prime avenues of approach to the general mind of the country open to the thinker and writer.

The Commencement address has a setting of unusual dignity, and in its appeal to the ultimate motives of life and its emphasis on the ethical and intellectual interests of society, has touched the highest levels both of thought and of expression. Emerson, Curtis, and Whipple were heard at many college festivals, as were many of their contemporaries who had secured reputation on the lecture platform. The college anniversary, with its happy combination of scholarly, literary, and personal associations, demanded high thought, sound form and dignity of manner. The requirements of the occasion sifted the orators of the day and selected those who brought to the platform the finer qualities of public speech.

During the deep stirring of the intellectual and spiritual life of New England, of which the Transcendental movement, the anti-slavery agitation, and the rapid production of a native American literature were the chief signs and fruits, the interest in college festivities was deep and serious, and the speaker was sure of an audience worthy of the place, the time, and his best thought. Later, in the older sections of the country, there was a marked decline of general interest in the exercises of Commencement

Day. In many institutions the old-time high-school programme of addresses by the members of the graduating class was closely followed. Of late, however, there has been a noticeable change; student speakers have been replaced by a speaker of distinction or, at least, of note in some department, the occasion has been invested with greater academic dignity and there has been, in consequence, a marked revival of interest in the exercises of the day.

In the majority of the colleges in this country, however, the Commencement oration has been delivered for many years by a speaker of reputation; and the opportunities are so many that the Commencement address holds a place of its own in the field of oratory. Men of letters, heads of colleges, teachers, lawyers, clergymen, scholars, public men, and scientists of distinction find in college audiences an intelligent open-mindedness which invites the freest and freshest thought. On the college platform the problems of modern life in every field can be discussed in the most serious spirit and with uncompromising freedom. Many notable utterances are heard, and, with much that is formal and academic, there is also much that is significant and prophetic. These addresses set the standards of noble public speech, and their educational value in a democratic society can hardly be overvalued. They keep before the mind of a country rapidly becoming almost incredibly rich the unchangeable scale of spiritual values; restating in the hearing of thousands of young graduates the noble truth which Emerson proclaimed at Dartmouth College two generations ago: "When you shall say, 'As others do, so will I: I renounce, I am sorry for it, my early visions; I must eat the good of the land and let learning and romantic expectations go, until a more convenient season';—then dies the man in you; then once more perish the buds of art, and poetry, and science, as they have died already in a thousand thousand men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your history, and see that you hold yourself fast by the intellect."

Hamilton Wright Mabie

THE HISTORY OF ORATORY

EVERY art has its own history. Painting, sculpture, music, the drama, each has its story of cultivation and growth, of prosperity and decline, of revival and large attainment. From crude efforts to masterly achievement the records of failure and success have been unearthed and set in order by diligent research and methodical portrayal. There is no reason why the art of public address, which the ancients called the art of arts, should not be similarly favored.

Its beginnings are remote, doubtless prehistoric. In primeval empires the speech of leaders of men to their fellows must have accompanied movements in war and public acts in peace. As soon as literature catches and records the ongoings of the social and political state, oratory appears as a part of military and civic affairs. Herodotus, the earliest of historians, imputes to generals speeches of which he must have heard the like, and Thucydides follows his example. Both of them acknowledge their indebtedness to Homer who, gathering up the traditions of an earlier Epos, makes his greatest hero his most eloquent orator in the Iliad, as in the Odyssey the protagonist is next in the art of persuasive speech. Contemporary accounts in the Hebrew Scriptures abound in allusions to primeval addresses and contain voluminous records of later examples in exhortations and denunciations by the prophets.

When pristine poetry took on a dramatic form interlocutory speech grew at length into longer address to the audience, directly or indirectly, until oratory came to be a large factor and finally predominated in the play, as it eventually became its rival with a listening assembly.

It was inevitable that public speaking should pass from the sphere of entertainment into that of usefulness, and from the literary contest come to be employed in adjusting claims, settling disputes, and establishing the rights of property and person. Accordingly it is found at an early day in the courts of justice which mark the advance of civil government. The theory which prevailed in them, to the effect that every citizen should be his own advocate, was at first of such a practical character. But many persons would be drawn into litigation who had not the knowledge and ability to defend their causes. For this reason it was that in the Greek city of Syracuse in the fifth century B. C. one Corax attempted to instruct the private citizen how to urge his claim before a tribunal in that age of reconstruction which followed the deposition of the tyrant Thrasybulus. The principles which this pioneer instructor enunciated were those which have prevailed ever since in one form or another in all forensic oratory.

The Proem or opening, the Narration or statement of the facts in the case, the Argument or induction from the facts, the Subsidiary Remarks gathering up auxiliary and additional reasons, and the Peroration or persuasive and convincing close to the whole are not far from the successive steps in the progress of a formal argument in the courts of the present day.

The success which attended the instruction of citizen lawyers must have been indifferent, for a class of speech-writers soon sprung up who furnished professional arguments to the unprofessional pleader of his own cause. These briefs were somewhat stereotyped in form at first, but appear to have been accepted with such slight variations only as were incident to this case and that in a wholesale confiscation of estates which were to be restored to their former owners or their heirs. Later the speech-writer Lysias adapted his compositions to the character of the man who was to deliver them as his own, and wrote them, according to the terminology of the day, in the grand, middle, or plain style to fit the manner of the nobleman, the merchant, or the artisan who was to pronounce the argument before the judges. It was a singular custom, this pleading one's cause in the words of another, but not so strange to that generation as our custom of leaving everything to the advocate would have been. At any rate the fact that out of the two hundred and thirty-three arguments which Lysias wrote for his clients only two failed to secure a favorable verdict shows that these forensics were both effective and profitable. And from the commendation which Cicero bestowed upon their style as lucid and direct, graceful and entertaining, varied and dignified, it may be concluded that the "logographers" had advanced the art of oratory by careful use of the pen.

The greatest of them, Isocrates, brought the art to perfection. Unfitted by weakness of voice to speak in the courts and the assembly, he devoted his natural talent for eloquence to the instruction of pupils who came to his school at Athens from near and far. In it the great orators of all Greece were trained. Not merely in rhetorical rules and precepts, but also in dealing with the questions of the day, and in principles and policies which lay outside municipal affairs. His themes as well as his style and diction were exalted. He gave such a noble impress to literary prose in his time that the tradition of it lived on for centuries, not only in his own language but in the best oratory of the Latin race. As an instructor of his own countrymen, and as an indication of the esteem in which his art was held it may be remarked by the way, that his annual income from tuition amounted to the present money value of $50,000, a revenue which he pieced out with an occasional $40,000 oration sold to royalty for its reading. This, however, might be the labor of ten years, and his Eulogy on Athens was being revised and perfected by its author at the age of ninety-nine.

When an art receives such attention remarkable results may be expected. In this instance it was natural that a group of orators should spring up who would raise the standard of eloquence to an exalted height. This was accomplished in particular by a company of orators who won the pre-eminent distinction of being called the Attic Ten. Each in his own manner contributed to the art features which made a totality as perfect as a statue whose completeness has been derived from many sources. Andocides brought the freedom which belongs to a natural orator for whom rhetorical study would have added graces to native ability; a primitive orator, simple in his methods, plain in his speech, sometimes homely and rough, but withal vigorous and strong, vivid in argument and abundant in illustration, with just enough self-conceit to prevent his natural defects from being embarrassing to himself. Isæus contributed graphic narration and a movement which was adapted to the occasion and circumstances of which he is speaking. Earnestness and energy, animation and vivacity mark his utterances even in the printed text which has been transmitted through twenty-three centuries. With a general's skill he assaults his opponent's weakest point, marshals his arguments in the most effective order, and masses the entire weight of his speech in a cumulative conclusion. He was a great orator standing alone, and would have been accounted a still greater had it not been that Demosthenes was his pupil, destined to surpass him and the rest of the illustrious company. One and all these furnished their countrymen excellencies to study and imitate until no trait of eloquence was unrepresented. Together they set forth its every phase and illustrate a marvelous period in the high art of public discourse, showing that excellence is not the exclusive prerogative of any single method and form, but that each one's natural ability and manner improved by study is the best method for him. It was best for Pericles to be majestic and restrained, for Antiphon to be grave and stately, for Lysias to be plain and versatile, for Isocrates to be elegant and artistic, for Andocides to be inartificial and self-confident, for Isæus to be vigorous and intense, for Lycurgus to be impressive by his earnestness, as Hyperides was interesting by his graces, and Æschines powerful in his vehement impetuosity. To one man only was it given to combine at will more of the endowments of the others and of all his predecessors with his own native gifts, and to represent, as far as one example could, the lofty attainments and culmination of Hellenic eloquence in the Fifth century before our era. That man was Demosthenes.

The son of a prosperous cutler, left an orphan at seven with an inheritance to be misappropriated and squandered by guardians, the youth had the strongest of incentives toward forensic oratory in order to prosecute the trustees who had defrauded him. He had secured an education suitable to his position before coming of age and obtaining possession of his diminished inheritance. This literary training, including the elements of oratory, was to be his capital with which to start in life. As in many similar instances, it was worth more than the fortune which he ought to have received—thirty-five talents, equivalent to about as many thousand dollars. With the help of his instructor Isæus he began his professional career by bringing action against one of the embezzlers and winning his case, although he got less damages than reputation out of the proceedings in the end. The same practical demands of justice made a successful advocate of him as of the early pleaders in the Sicilian courts. But that there was an ambition beyond this first success is shown by the familiar account of inaptitudes and obstacles which he overcame with ceaseless effort. Without strength, confidence, or wind, with a voice weak and ill-managed, a manner clumsy and an articulation defective, his first appearance evoked derisive and uproarious laughter. But like a few since his day similarly greeted, he determined to be heard later. Hence the pebbles and the mirror and declamation and running by the resounding shore. Also the study of law and politics, history and finance, by day and by night with one great purpose always before him of rousing a patriotism which he deemed not extinct but slumbering in his beloved Athens. Insisting upon her responsibility as leader of other Hellenic states, and that honor and justice rather than what is pleasant, easy, and profitable should be the controlling motive, he endeavored to lift her citizens up to a national view of a common danger and the need of a pan-Hellenic unity.

To this comprehensive patriotism as the moral basis of his oratory he added, at length, qualities of eloquence which were the result of slow, careful, and painstaking toil, preparatory to entrance upon public life and of unremitting labor during all its active years. He was not ashamed of the smell of the lamp, nor did he, like many modern speakers, mistake extemporization for inspiration. Everything was finished beforehand. There was no needless word, no obscure profundity, no unintelligible allusion. Terse yet clear, simple yet forcible, his manner appealed to Athenians in his own time, and in all time to those whose standards of taste are of Attic severity. And yet his style is not stately and formal. Vivacity alternates with dignity in his periods, popular idiom with artistic expression, and homely similes with vivid metaphors. Above all, he never loses sight of his subject and of the single purpose he has in discoursing about it. Neither does he allow his hearers to lose sight of his topic, for before they became weary of one phase of it he presents another more attractive still. By this endless variety of adaptation to occasion and circumstance, to the hour and the audience, he enrolls himself among the geniuses in all time who have been able to go out of themselves and be masters of their opportunity.

Therefore he became a leader of men and for a time the supreme director of affairs. His eloquence terminated in action. Pitted against the resources of an absolute monarch and the indifference of a heedless age, which he succeeded in rousing too late, he went down in the general ruin. But his fame survives as that of the most eloquent orator in the ancient world. At this distance and under modern conditions it may not be easy to explain the secret of his power. On the other hand, it is not possible to deny the testimony of contemporaries nor to invalidate the uniform tradition of his skill in the art of communicating thoughts and emotions from a man to his fellow men.

This art had been practised for a century among Hellenic people and taught with varying methods. It was time to construct a science of public speaking from the best that several orators of distinction had illustrated by their practice. The man to formulate such a system was Aristotle, the great analyst of the time. Apart from his philosophic disposition he was eminently fitted for constructing an orderly scheme of rhetorical principles. Plato's favorite pupil for seventeen years, learned in all the wisdom of his age, he took up the science of thought and its utterance as a part of the universal knowledge over whose domain his mighty intellect roamed freely and largely. He found that a few general principles could be applied to the almost uniform action of thought and speech, and from the best methods rules might be derived by which learners could attain reasonable success and avoid fatal blunders.

Starting with a broad definition of the rights and powers of rhetoric as prince of all the provinces of literature, he ramifies from this trunk proposition into branches and stems and twigs in the logical development of his subject. He lays greater emphasis upon proofs than upon appeals to affections and emotions, as became his own scientific temperament; but he is not without due respect for the place which these emotions occupy when persuasion needs to follow conviction. His division of public address into deliberative, relating to the future; judicial, relating to the past; and demonstrative, relating to the present, with ends and purposes belonging to each, as well as the kinds of oratory belonging to each, is an example in outline of his logical treatment of one topic at the beginning of his book. Equally valuable is the practical discussion at the close of such matters as the Choice of Words, Similitudes, Purity of Language, of Things that Grace an Oration, and of the Things that Make an Oration Flat. Altogether the treatise, though not adapted to modern readers, is one which has anticipated most writings upon the rhetorical art from Aristotle's time to our own, and until recently has been the standard text-book on the subject in the universities of Europe.

Greek oratory after its climax in Demosthenes and with the decline of liberty came to be imitative and second-rate; the age of original and grand production being followed by critical tendencies as the genius of Athens yielded to that of Alexandria.

Roman oratory came slow and late to achievements that can be called classic. The Latin race was practical and unimaginative, and its early features of public speech were strong common sense, truthfulness, and the harsher emotions. Not until the conquest of Greece made Romans acquainted with Hellenic literature did their own efforts begin to have artistic values. Cato the Censor illustrated the vigorous speech of the earlier time. With a rude, unpolished style he combined clear statement, direct argument, striking illustration, and apt epithet. Abrupt, concise, witty, he spoke as if in a hand-to-hand contest with an adversary. A formidable accuser and powerful advocate, a lover of truth and of strife, hating conventionalism and despising rank, he is a representative Roman of the sturdy sort. And his speech is like the man.

Scipio Africanus Minor stands for the transition age between the primitive oratory of the republic and the later Greek school which belongs to the empire. Vigor was not lost and refinement had begun to appear. He saw that truth was not marred by beauty, and that goodness need not be morose. With Sulpicius Galba theoretical principles of rhetoric were mingled with dramatic artifices intended to move the hearts of the judges, while Rutilius Rufus accomplished the same result by such an energetic manner as at the present day is confined to pugilists.

It was not until the Gracchi appeared that classical Roman oratory began. The restrained impressiveness of Tiberius and the splendid impetuosity of Caius exemplified two forms of eloquence which have marked its highest flights. Together these brothers inaugurated an easier and freer mode of speaking than their predecessors and opened a period of oratory which was distinguished by the names of Curio, Fimbria, Scævola, Sulpicius, and the greater ones of Antoninus, Crasus, and Hortensius, Cicero's rival. Greek culture had begun to show its influence at Rome in the pathos of Antony, the elegance of Crassus, and the brilliance of Hortensius. Imported graces were added to native vigor until the crowning excellence of Roman oratory became possible in Marcus Tullius Cicero.

In the two hundred and eighty years since Greek eloquence was at its best, two modifications of it had sprung up; the Asiatic with its florid verbosity, and the Rhodian, a compromise between it and Attic severity. Cicero was sufficiently large-minded to discover that supreme excellence in every respect belongs to no single style exclusively, and that adaptation to the requirements of the audience and the occasion overrules all other laws. Accordingly after studying in the principal schools of Greece and Asia, he imitated none of them, but spoke at Rome as an accomplished Roman should address his own countrymen with whose disposition he was well acquainted. Order and method in discourse he knew would appeal to their tastes, as to his own; facts and proof with legitimate inferences followed by strong appeal to the moral sense of the judges were all in harmony with the sturdy character of the people with whom he dealt in the forum and the Senate. This was the foundation of his discourse; but in the superstructure which he built was incorporated many a device intended to captivate the taste of a race by no means insensible to the refinements of art. Copious and flexible in his treatment, he turns his subject from side to side, enlarges where he chooses and conveniently slurs over uncongenial topics. He defines, expands, repeats, describes, diverts attention, anticipates objections, implores, inveighs, entreats, and execrates by turns, does anything and everything except allow his audience to miss his own view of the subject before them. They never did this through lack of words which were poured forth in unsparing plenitude, effective combination, and endless variety. Words sonorous and synonymous, polysyllabic and far-sounding were his special delight, suggesting the billows thundering along the shore. "*Ad evertandam rempublican, occidendum Milonem. Qui spe amplissimorum premiorum. Metu crudelissimorum.*" With occasional verbosity went wealth and harmony of diction, solid argument, poetic imagination, philosophic sentiment, fervid declamation; all guided and controlled by a keen sense of what was demanded by the occasion and the mood of his hearers. By these means and others he came to be the greatest of the Latin orators, and to have his name linked with that of Demosthenes in his own and subsequent centuries. The two differed as men of two races differ in methods and manner, but they will always stand for the best achievement in two supreme periods of eloquence in the ancient world.

As there was a decline in oratory after Demosthenes, so a similar falling off occurred in the age following Cicero. When the impulse to great thoughts was removed with the departure of freedom attention was diverted to nicety of expression. Oratory narrowed its sphere to themes which were safe to discuss and labored with servile adulation of despots. Declaimers in rhetorical schools echoed sentiments which were out of fashion and composed empty exercises like Fronto's in "Praise of Dust and Smoke." A Celsus, Pliny, or Tacitus, might rise above the general level, but trivial subjects by subservient speakers became the rule. Quintilian, in the meantime, gathered up the principles which the best Roman orators had illustrated and wrote a rhetorical treatise as Aristotle had for the Greeks. Another age of production had made way for one of comment, analysis, and criticism.

It was as late as the Second century of our era before eloquence revived in the oratory of the Greek and Latin fathers of the Christian Church. It had a character of its own, the outgrowth of the new faith which it defended and promulgated. Athanasius, Chrysostom, Basil, Diodorus, and the two Gregories were the champions of Greek Christianity; Tertullian, Ambrose, Augustine, and Leo of the Latin. In many respects their eloquence deserves favorable comparison with that of the two classical periods already mentioned, and to it was added the loftier inspiration of a nobler faith and sincerer belief than the earlier orators possessed. If the later lacked consummate art, their earnest motive and new message compensated for the loss of classic graces and met the demands of a higher plane in the spiritual life of mankind.

To this age of patristic eloquence succeeded one of writers on theology, canon law, philosophy, and tradition,—Isidore, Ildefonse, John of Damascus, and the rest—biographers, chroniclers, and commentators. When oratory is found at all it is in the pulpit. Paulinus of York is a voice in the wilderness, preaching to Druids so effectively that they destroy their idol temple, and the Venerable Bede keeps alive the spark of oratory as monastic preacher in the Seventh century. Boniface continues the direct and plain homiletic discourse adapted to a simple people in an ignorant time, and Damiani deals in mystic symbolism. A cloud of darkness gathers around the thousandth year with the general looking for the end of the world.

When the Eleventh century is well begun there are signs of a revival of learning in the rise of universities, while the masses are stirred to engage in the recovery of the holy sepulchre from the Moslem by the oratory of Peter of Picardy. After six hundred years of comparative silence moving eloquence is heard again. It is of a rude and primitive type, as the hearers were, but its appeals and ejaculations, its groaning and beating of the breast started five hundred thousand crusaders toward Palestine before the preacher was ready to conduct them. Demosthenes would have been flattered by such a moving of Europe against Asia. Uncouth as the Hermit's eloquence was, it had the cardinal qualities of directness and sincerity with an abandon which told on an impulsive generation. Its success was its crown.

There were other orators in this century less eloquent but more learned. Anselm and Abelard, Ivo of Chartres and Bruno of Aste, Hildebert of Tours, and Guarric of Igniac, each had some excellence of his own. None, however, approached the Hermit of Amiens so near as Bernard of Clairvaux, whose power was exhibited in the contests between king and pope, prince and templar, anticipating Luther in Germany and Cranmer in England, reconciling hereditary foes and hostile cities, and at length preaching a crusade which moved two great armies to the Holy Land. Only two or three contemporaries deserve mention with him. Anthony of Padua, Bonaventura, Albertus, and Thomas à Kempis, earnest but mystical preachers, were all forerunners of the eccentric oratory which seized the fancy and held the attention of Fifteenth century audiences as nothing else could. Mixtures of monkish Latin and the vernacular of every province, interlarded with pungent anecdote and scholastic quibbles and illustrations more striking than elegant, the sermons of monk and friar are freaks of popular address marking an age degenerate in several respects, yet not without its sincere and sober-minded preachers like Faber, Hartung, and De Barzia.

Among them all towers Savonarola, an earnest man in an age of indifferentism and debasement. Rough in manner and homely in diction, his words came from the sincerity of an honest heart. He used the language of the people and had profound sympathy for them. In the midst of the infamies of the house of Borgia Savonarola inveighed against princes and clergy and prophesied of wrath to come. His predictions began to be fulfilled. Pope and prince died, and armies were pouring over the Alps. All eyes were turned toward him, all Italy rang with his name. Florence became a changed city, and all were amazed at the preacher's triumph. After his martyrdom they cherished his relics and invoked his aid as prophet and martyr. As an orator he had won a greater victory than the Hermit or Bernard because it was harder to accomplish.

The next great orator is the herald of the Reformation. Martin Luther, the scholastic, is also a preacher to the people. Of stalwart form, full of energy and freedom, with penetrating voice and natural manner, in language clear and pungent, he spoke as a man of irrepressible convictions. His plain practical sense brought him into sympathy with men of every rank. Learned and logical, vivacious, witty, earnest, sincere, with a knowledge of men and command of himself, he was acknowledged as the prince of orators in his age. By his uncompromising speech he won spiritual liberty for himself and his people as the representative of the first enthusiasm of the German Reformation.

Of the later and calmer time Bucer and Calvin were exponents, greater with pen than tongue.

Hugh Latimer in England is a better popular preacher, discoursing on every subject that could be brought into a sermon, at one moment vehement as a Hebrew prophet, and the next illustrating a homely truth with drollery. He was the father of all outdoor preachers, sparing neither clown nor king. John Knox in Scotland was more violent still in his religious and political harangues, finally driving himself from Edinburgh by the bitter blasts of his trumpet against clergy and rulers.

The next outburst of oratory occurs in France, where conditions favorable to it had been maturing in a literature which had accumulated from the Eleventh century to the Seventeenth in song and romance, biography and history, finally merging in a prose adapted to eloquence. Bossuet was its earliest exemplar as the greatest preacher of his age. Born with natural gifts of speech, he won applause as a youth from courtly audiences without losing his head. He employed every means to cultivate his powers, studying the classics with the Hebrew prophets, and the elocution of celebrated actors, as well as the sermons of Chrysostom, Augustine, and Origen. Vigorous eloquence was joined to solid learning, and to helpfulness of the lowly was united stern denunciation of vice in a corrupt court.

Bourdaloue was his rival, especially in sound reasoning. His sermons were full of thought and instruction. He made his hearers think for themselves, and his logical discourse pleased them as much as the poetic imagery of Bossuet.

Massillon showed that there may be at least a third style of eloquence in a single century. Graceful in diction, elegant in simplicity, sober in ornament, he appealed to those who admire harmonious speech without sensational devices and commonplace truisms. He addressed the hearts of his hearers, as his two compeers had spoken, the one to their understanding and the other to their imagination. Who was greatest in this kingdom of eloquence depended upon the occasion and the kind of listeners. The three together made the last half of the Seventeenth century a brilliant epoch in the history of public speech.

It was two centuries before anything to be compared with this period arose, and unlike it at that. In the first flush of victory the oratory of the French Revolution was a sudden and wild outburst of long and smothered passion. It was irregular and violent. Mirabeau, clear, positive, and logical at one time, vehement, fiery, and defiant at another, illustrates the spirit of his day when the storm was gathering. Danton is the voice in the whirlwind that followed. And so also with coercive or persuasive speech were Roland and Lanjuinais, Louvet and Barbaroux, Desmoulins and Varennes, Marat and Robespierre. Nor was Bonaparte himself without the knowledge of what to say to an army, and how to speak so that a hearer remarked: "He speaks as if he stood on a mountain and was himself a hundred cubits high."

The orators of the Restoration rejoiced in a new liberty of speech. De Serre, versatile, forcible, and epigrammatic; Foy, sensible, intelligent, and knowing his time; Constant, animated, imaginative, adaptive; Collard, erudite, elaborate, diffuse; Manuel, impassive, restrained, skilful; Lafayette, serious, reasonable, moderate; Barot, philosophic, reflective, imposing; Dupin, lively, rough, sarcastic; Lamartine, poetic, vivid, melodious; Guizot, lucid, guarded, exact; Thiers, voluble, airy, brilliant, a Frenchman of the French. With such diversified talent a variety of speech was produced which would hardly have been possible in any other nation and time, full of wild theories and lofty visions of liberty but lacking the wisdom of experience.

A strong contrast in many respects was the parliamentary eloquence of Great Britain in the age of its colonial extension and national supremacy, when the necessities of the time bred great statesmen and deliberative orators. There had been famous speakers before, like Sir John Eliot, the Earl of Strafford, Lord Belhaven, Walpole, and Chesterfield, but it was a group in the reign of George III that made that age conspicuous for its eloquence.

William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, had devoted himself to rhetorical studies at Oxford and afterward with an assiduity worthy of his exemplar, Demosthenes, his remarkable natural gifts were cultivated with diligence. Back of the advantages of natural powers and graces and a high education lay his personal character, with broad views, a sense of national honor as superior to temporary expedients, and an intense spirit of liberty. Added to these were the resources of persuasiveness, force, and severity according to his need. Simple and direct in the treatment of great themes, he made them luminous by proof, statement, and illustration. Impetuous earnestness based upon deep conviction gave the force of truth to all that he uttered, while a vigorous imagination lent the crowning charm to his speech, which itself was in harmony with the eternal principles of righteousness.

Mansfield's education was similar, although his oratory was largely judicial. His statement of a case was better than most men's argument. He led his hearers to conclusions which they supposed were reached by themselves. As in duty bound he was the King's lawyer and defender of the royal prerogative, but as our own Story said of him, " His name will be held in reverence by the good and wise, and his judgments studied as models of judicial reasoning and eloquence."

Edmund Burke as the advocate of American liberty had the advantage of an acquaintance with American affairs. The biblical training of his youth was supplemented by the study of poets and orators of antiquity, of Bacon and Milton, and the philosophy of history. Systematic thinking and well-digested reading with daily discussion gave a practical turn to views which might otherwise have been theoretic, and prepared him to enter upon a brilliant career. In spite of his lack of rank and wealth, his talents and devotion to popular rights won universal admiration and hearty support. Contemporaries of every party accorded him praise. Those with American sympathies could not commend enough his two great speeches on conciliation. Their author took his place among the great makers of our literature in these high examples of deliberative eloquence which have had an abiding influence upon the oratory of this century. Wide in their compass of thought, prodigal in illustration, copious in allusion, they present a diversity of matter in a variety of lights with an ease and sublimity of expression which make them models of free, natural, and forcible speech. Energetic in diction, sonorous in long periods, pointed and vigorous in short sentences, Burke repeats without reiteration and expands without diffuseness. His originality, philosophic generalization, and profound reasoning make him an orator to be read with interest long after the issues he discussed have been settled.

Of Sheridan Byron said, " He has written the best comedy, the best drama, the best farce, and delivered the very best oration ever heard in this country." Pitt and Fox were as enthusiastic over the first speech on the Begum charge, after which the House adjourned to collect their senses. In the second speech through three days his impulsive oratory bore his hearers away from their sober reason, stirring their emotions, and arousing the public conscience. More Asiatic than Attic in his style, more Celtic than Saxon in his manner, an actor as well as a speaker, audacious, good-humored, and witty, he took an audience by storm and forced a rival like Pitt to say that he "possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate the human mind."

Fox was more of a Greek. Trained in the classics of history, poetry, oratory, and polite literature, he kept up his familiarity with these, which in turn gave him terseness of style and simplicity of taste with closeness and point in reasoning. Despite the one-sidedness of his elective studies, alternating with the bottle and the gaming-table, he came to himself at last and began to champion the cause of popular rights and to identify every man with the state. His ambition lay in the direction of debate. Argument was more to him than imagery, a ready knowledge of principles more than preparation, to win his case more than to overwhelm an audience. In consequence he became the acknowledged leader of his party in the House of Commons. His definition of an orator applies to himself: "One who can give immediate, instantaneous utterance to his thoughts." Practical in understanding, definite in aim, honest and straightforward, emotional and sympathetic, using the strongest English, if not always the best, he won attention by the sincerity of his convictions and the vehemence of his speech. "The King's reign was," he said, "the most infamous that ever disgraced a nation"; the American war "accursed, diabolical, and cruel"; the ministers "holding office at the option of reptiles who burrow under the throne."

There were other speakers who helped to make this last half of the Eighteenth century an age of surpassing eloquence, but those who have been mentioned must always stand as its best representatives.

American oratory in the colonial period may be considered as a part of the struggle between the colonists and the mother country. How far parliamentary speeches both provoked and inspired domestic efforts here may be difficult to determine, but probably more than other forms of literature in an age which had begun to be imitative. Speeches came across the ocean slowly, but they were read deliberately and passed from house to house, and had their formative influence upon political leaders. Soon a native literature of oratory appeared which compelled attention in the old world. The matter of it most concerned the Briton, but its style was often novel and picturesque. Its freedom and independence were alarming symptoms.

The radical speeches of Samuel Adams, sensible, clear, and logical, carried their point with many of his fellow citizens and stirred the wrath of the rest. He was a prophet of the coming disturbances and did much to foment them. Measured by what his oratory accomplished, it must be admitted that it was among the notable achievements of human speech.

Excelling him in oratorical reputation, James Otis was regarded in his day as the chief orator in the North of this period of discontent. There are traditions of the wild enthusiasm he aroused whenever he appeared, and of his bold and brilliant defense of colonial rights. In the South Patrick Henry dealt in a masterly way with the people whose nature he understood so well, and won the reputation of being the greatest orator and political thinker in a section of speakers and statesmen. He was the product and exponent of stirring times. Intense earnestness and a tremendous sincerity emphasized a character just, upright, godly, humane, and beneficent. Around him men rallied, or opposed his policy with all their might while admitting his oratorical supremacy in a group which embraced such names as Lee and Drayton, Rutledge and Randolph. And not far away were Madison, Pinckney, Jay, Hamilton, Livingston, John Adams, Harrison Gray Otis, and others of the Revolutionary and Reconstruction periods whose eloquence would have been more notable if it had not been surpassed by their statesmanship.

When the Congress of the new nation came to be the arena of deliberative oratory, voices old and new were heard. Of the new, Henry Clay's was the foremost, if the length of his political career be taken into consideration. The story of his self-education is familiar; in the forest and the debating club; on the stump and in the courts; until at the age of thirty he was in the Senate for the fragment of a term and back again three years later. Thenceforward for forty years he was in legislative halls or serving the nation abroad until the middle year of the century.

Sincerity was the foundation of his eloquence. To express his honest convictions was the purpose of his speech. Off the line of these he could not do his best. On that line he was fearless, ardent, and hopeful, inspiring others with his own sentiments and expectations. To such sincerity he added clearness and common sense with the freedom and unconstraint which go with a frank nature. Beyond all were the gifts which belong to a great natural orator, which education may increase but cannot bestow. The power of personality, a majestic presence, wonderful voice, graceful gestures; bursts of enthusiasm, thrilling and inspiring, or of wrath overawing and terrifying; or again, a sweet persuasiveness winning every hearer—these are qualities which may be enumerated, but they are not the whole of that which raised uncontrollable storms of emotion. Breathless assemblies broke out in wild enthusiasm of delight, overwhelming him with demonstrations of pride and affection. Contemporaries unite in throwing around him an atmosphere in which he becomes a giant in the eyes of enraptured multitudes.

John C. Calhoun exemplified a different style of oratory. A graduate of Yale in 1804, he continued to cultivate extemporary speaking in the law school at Litchfield, and upon his return home to South Carolina was almost immediately sent to the State Legislature, and to Congress nine years later, where for forty years he participated in discussion of its important measures. In the moil and turmoil over rights to be retained or surrendered for the common weal Calhoun was prominent. He made speeches that were great in plainness of statement and closeness of reasoning, sometimes with impassioned delivery, oftener with a severity and dignity of manner which commanded more respect than enthusiasm. It was difficult to escape from his conclusions if his premises were accepted. His profound sincerity, unswerving devotion, and unwavering persistence were in harmony with his inexorable logic. He was most eloquent when occasional bold generalizations or reckless exaggerations would carry him into absurdities of conclusion. He was oftener the exact reasoner acute in analysis, broad and clear in perception, massive and solid in statement, sometimes calm and impressive in manner, and again vehement and fiery; but whatever his mood, there was always present some relentless and remorseless form of demonstration.

Deliberative oratory reached its highest point in the eloquence of Daniel Webster. His early familiarity with the English of the Bible and with the Constitution of the United States were signs of the direction in which his intellect was to move with largeness and freedom. After the customary flights in college and Fourth of July rhetoric, and some wholesome advice from elders of the bar, he settled into the plain and forcible diction of his early professional life. With no waste nor display his terse and lucid statements were understood by ordinary jurymen. They followed his homespun talk with them about the case in hand and believed what he said because he said it. Later in superior courts he exhibited a comprehensive grasp of the questions at issue and discerned at once the decisive points of fact and law. Nor did he avoid emotional appeals when they were useful, as in the Dartmouth College case. Judge Story spoke for many listeners on many occasions when he said: "For the first hour we listened to him with perfect astonishment, for the second hour with perfect delight, and for the third hour with perfect conviction."

It was in Congress that the greatness of his intellect and oratorical power became conspicuous. Pre-eminently a statesman of broad and comprehensive views, he displayed a lofty and majestic eloquence throughout forty years of public service. The best example of it is undoubtedly the second reply to Hayne, almost dramatic in its character and attendant circumstances. Notables and dignitaries had assembled in the Senate chamber to hear the cardinal principles of our government expounded by an eminent constitutional lawyer and chief orator in the nation, who himself had come to a task which no one before or since could accomplish so well as he. How he did this is a part of our history. His masterly argumentation concerning the origin of our government and the source of its power he based on a statement which Lincoln paraphrased: "It is, sir, the people's Constitution, the people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people." The development of this and other propositions through four hours of clear analysis and irresistible argument can best be understood by reading the speech itself; but his directness of purpose, his perspicuity and energy, vigor of reasoning, felicity of diction, and power of condensation do not convey all that his contemporaries perceived and heard. At his best there was a tremendous majesty of voice, presence, and personality, which delighted and gratified, impressed and awed assemblies beyond all that the record of his speech can convey. As with illustrious predecessors, these spiritual gifts vanished with the departing spirit, leaving only the form of their eloquence by which to imagine its living power. In this instance both the record and the tradition will crown the orator as, all in all, the most eloquent of his countrymen at the bar, in legislative halls, and on those special occasions when, as at Bunker Hill and Plymouth Rock, heroic deeds were commemorated and heroic men eulogized.

In this field of occasional address he had eminent successors. Edward Everett was the first in order of time if not in ability. A scholar of pre-eminent attainments, he became the instructor of his fellow citizens on memorable occasions, inspiring them with veneration for the past and with enthusiasm for liberty, political wisdom, and diversified learning. Many distinguished men of his generation received an impulse from the classic purity and grace of his speech. Harmony pervaded his discourse. Its symmetry and fitness are so complete that stronger qualities are obscured in the perfection of art. Yet he was not a mere rhetorician. His good sense and large knowledge kept him from sacrificing everything to the symphonies of speech. The sense of fitness never deserted him. The result of his lifetime labors was an assemblage of occasional orations such as one of the old Greek orators might have left. They have a high purpose in recalling the virtues of patriots and the love of learning, and illustrate the union of knowledge with eloquence.

Rufus Choate was an eminent lawyer who found time to employ his marvelous gifts of speech outside the courtroom and the halls of Congress. At the bar he was definite and clear in statement, fair and conciliatory in manner, massive in argument, and brilliant in expansion, with skill in directing strong points against the weak places of the defense. Above all, and especially in his occasional addresses, he was master of the open and occult forces of speech. Charged with thought, alive with emotion, possessing the clear vision and the ready word, he was as delighted to speak as his audiences to hear. Sometimes when the stream of thought began to flow no sentence of ordinary length could contain a single section; but short sentences are not wanting for relief, and the long ones did not lack unity. Proportion and harmony, distribution of facts and conclusions, of reason and imagination, of dignity and pleasantry, of wisdom and wit, placed him among the first of forensic and occasional orators of his time.

Charles Sumner was another eminent jurist who was equally distinguished as a scholar and an orator. His mornings were given to the study of law, his afternoons and evenings reserved for classics and literature. At thirty-five his first famous oration inaugurated the period of his occasional oratory. His early discourse was freighted with allusions to every department of knowledge. History, mythology, fiction, and the drama were woven into the fabric of his speech until it became a very cloth of gold and gems in its classic and barbaric splendor. A liberal education is essential to its appreciation. For a while his speech was largely academic and literary in its purpose. Then the oncoming controversy about slavery, and the arena which was offered on the floor of Congress, gave an intensely practical aim to his deliberative oratory. Thenceforth there is no less learning and classic grace, but they are to contribute to a cause which was to overshadow all other interests and pursuits. Speech followed speech, each more earnest than the last. Men fared no better than the measures they advocated. He was uncompromising in his devotion to the reform of an anomaly which was the taunt of critics abroad and at home. Debates were no longer discussions. The day of compromises was over and words were precursors of war. Sumner was a leader in the strife who combined native ability and acquired art, the culture of the schools with natural gifts, to which were added an unsparing surrender of self and an unswerving devotion to a single purpose.

Wendell Phillips advocated the same cause among the people that Sumner had supported in Congress. Forsaking the traditions of birth and environment, he espoused the unpopular side in a growing controversy. A gilded youth passed into a heroic manhood; the young law student into an accomplished advocate of universal freedom. A radical in his earlier days, he came to see his best hopes realized, although not always in the way he anticipated. A free lance on the platform, he was hissed and applauded by turns, and either treatment was inspiriting to him. Quiet in manner, deliberate and unhesitating in his discourse, he held his auditors charmed with a subtle attraction which was beyond their last analysis. There was a power in his reserved energies which was greater than the best declamation.

There were other speakers in this period who on the platform or in the pulpit maintained the traditions of the time for eloquence. Those who can recall the days when popular lecturers were heard in every large town will remember the eager crowds which listened to Bellows and Chapin, Beecher and Gough, Emerson and Thoreau, with many a lesser light interspersed to fill a winter's programme. Sometimes, also, the exigencies of a political campaign would bring to the larger cities an orator like Lincoln, whose speech had something more than a political interest. Such a one was George William Curtis, who in his earlier manhood began to discourse of the educated man's relation to politics, and later of the questions which gathered around the conduct of the Civil War and the issues growing out of it. He more than any other employed in turn the two present agencies for moving the masses—public speech and the public press. On the platform and in the editor's chair he was equally at home, and stood as the representative man of a time when each of these powers supplements the work of the other.

In this brief survey of oratory during twenty-four centuries it has been possible to touch upon nothing more than its prominent phases and its chief speakers as exponents of their respective ages, who appear here and there in the long succession as mountain-peaks upon which light perpetual lingers. Evermore, also, eloquence and liberty are seen hand in hand—Hellenic resistance to

Asiatic despotism; Roman warfare against imperialism; the Church against papal usurpation and the sacrilege of the Saracen; the protests of the Reformation, and in France against courtly corruption and oppression; in England against tampering with British freedom; in America for equal rights and for general liberty under the laws to all the inhabitants of the land.

Differing forms of expression are seen in Attic simplicity and Asian ornamentation, degenerating into tawdriness followed by severity, crudeness, and, with the revival of letters, classic tendencies mingled with romantic to fare on together according to temperament and taste. Method and manner also show the same unchanging principles in diversity of form, variety in unity, changing phases of expression amid ceaseless persistence of thought and purpose toward a larger truth, a better liberty, and a nobler life.

Until, however, these are more completely attained it cannot be said that the movement which has continued so long will wholly cease, or that there will be no need of the speaking man in the future as in all the past. Therefore the necessity remains of gathering up the work of the masters, that the men of the present and the future may know how they shall best instruct, convince, and persuade.

Lorenzo Sears.

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LYMAN ABBOTT

INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD

[Address by Lyman Abbott, clergyman and editor (born in Roxbury, Mass., December 18, 1835; ——), delivered March 27, 1899, in Tremont Temple, Boston, at one of a series of meetings held there to consider the questions suggested by the rescript of the Czar of Russia, calling for the Peace Conference which met in May of that year at The Hague.]

Brethren:—There are two articles of the Christian creed which have never been formulated by any ecumenical council, but in which all churches, Protestant and Catholic, orthodox and liberal, agree. Those two articles are the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. And the brotherhood of man carries with it, of course, either the abolition of all national lines and one great national organization, or the brotherhood of nations. It is of this brotherhood of nations that I am to speak to you this morning—of the indications in the past that point toward its realization, and of the steps that must be taken in the future to realize it.

If we look back along the history of the past hundred years, it is very easy to see a striking tendency toward unification in the history of the nations of the earth. They have come together even physically. The oceans that once separated us separate us no longer—steam has abridged them. The oceans that once forbade intercommunication forbid it no longer—the cable runs under the ocean, and we stand in New York and talk to our correspondent in Liverpool. Thus physically the globe has grown smaller; Jules Verne's famous romance, so wildly fantastic only a few years ago, "Around the World in

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Eighty Days," has become almost a commonplace of travel.

Along with this physical conjunction of separated nations has gone the breaking down of commercial barriers and the opening of commercial highways. Piracy and privateering have disappeared from the ocean. War itself is no longer the enemy to commerce that it once was, for in civilized war we recognize the principle that "free bottoms make free goods." And in this country we are going to recognize the principle, I hope, in future naval warfare, that private commerce shall not be preyed upon as though it were a public enemy. The barriers between trade and commerce which law has raised have been greatly lessened. On this continent we have forty-five independent States, not separated by a single custom-house, not separated by a single barrier of any kind. The rivalry between Maine and Massachusetts, between New York and Pennsylvania, is a generous rivalry, in which neither community thinks that it will build itself up by injuring its neighbor. It is only a little over fifty years since Great Britain adopted free trade; she has extended it wherever her flag has gone. Gradually we are coming to interchange our products one with another, nation with nation, community with community, with the same freedom with which cities interchange with cities and families with families.

The national unification has been even more remarkable. Within this century England has practically added to her domain Australasia and Egypt, and presently will have added a large part of Africa. Germany, which was a set of warring, independent, and rival provinces, has been welded into one great nation. Our own Nation, which was nominally one, but really sundered by a great black gulf, has filled that gulf up with the noblest and the best offering the Nation could give—its brave young men in blue and gray; and the great black gulf has been closed, and to-day it is no mere figure of rhetoric to say, "We know no North, no South, no East, no West, nothing but the Union."

The unification in political ideals has been yet more striking.

Since the advent of the German race as a recognized power in European history, two conceptions of government have been confronting each other in Christendom—the Latin and the Germanic. The former, inherited from the Roman Empire, vests all authority in one supreme head, and administers all government for the benefit of the governor; the latter, inherited, I believe, from the old Mosaic Commonwealth, and vitalized by the spirit of Christianity, derives all power from God through the people, and administers or professes to administer it for the benefit of the governed. At the beginning of the century Napoleon destroyed for all time the despotic governments inherited from imperial Rome; the new imperialism which he put in their place was in turn destroyed at Waterloo. Since then the governments of the Old World have been inspired by the spirit and are gradually taking on the forms of liberty. France is a republic; Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Spain are in form constitutional monarchies; and the still vigorous despotism of Germany tries in vain to repress its not less vigorous spirit of liberty. All Europe west of the Russian boundary is governed by representative assemblies, speaking, or purporting to speak, for the people.

This unification—commercial, national, and political—has been accompanied by a growth of religious unity as remarkable. The time is not so far distant when every nation had its God; now all civilized nations recognize one God of all the nations of the earth. The time is not so far distant when Romanism and Protestantism were putting their swords into each other's hearts, each hating the other with all the hate of pride, ambition, and self-seeking, intensified by the bitterer hate of conscience. Never again shall we see a "religious war" between Romanism and Protestantism; never again a Duke of Alva overrunning a Protestant country, or a Cromwell leading his troops to butchery in Ireland; never again church against church, brother against brother; even the attempt to create a feud in America between Romanist and Protestant ends in a few sulphurous words and goes out in a puff of smoke. In the Protestant Church the old antagonisms are mitigated, and the old differences are falling into disrepute if not oblivion. Our church organizations are still separate, but how little emphasis is placed on their own separate and often hostile creeds you may tell on any Monday morning by reading the reports of Sunday sermons in the newspapers. Not knowing who preached the sermon, you cannot guess to what denomination the preacher belonged! The great religious forces of the world are all forces for unification.

All these forces, material, commercial, industrial, political, national, religious, find their natural and proper exponent in such gatherings as the great international ecclesiastical meetings, the great Parliament of Religions, and the Peace Conference presently to be convened. These are signs and symbols of the truth that we are growing together, that the world is getting itself organized. We have had nations organized, but the world disorganized. First came the family. Then family and family rubbed together until they were cemented into a tribe. Then tribe placed on tribe was hammered together with the hard blows of war, until they were united into the nation. And now the nations are yet to learn how to be one great family. This is the problem. As one stands on a mountain-top and sees the valleys running down to the plain below, and through the trees the silver streams trickling, and knows they lead on to some great majestic river, so we look through the history of the past two or three hundred years and see how material civilization, political progress, national history, industrial development, and religious thought flow together to make one great majestic stream which we will call International Brotherhood.

What are we to do to promote this international brotherhood?

First, we are to make it clearly and distinctly our ideal. We are to bid good-by to the provincialism that calls itself patriotism, and thinks it is patriotic because it sneers at every other nation but its own. We are to understand that, wise and great as we are in America, we are not so wise but that we can learn something from France, from Germany, from Italy, and from England, nor so great but that we shall enhance our greatness by the kind of modesty which respects a neighbor. We are to look forward to the time when the barriers between nation and nation will be broken down. I am not going to discuss on this platform the question between free trade and protection; but free trader and protectionist alike, if they believe in international brotherhood, must look to the time when the only barriers between different nations will be the barriers which nature has created, and when all nations will strike hands in a generous and common rivalry, not to tear each other down, but to build each other up, in this broad faith that an injury to one is an injury to all, and the well-being of one is promoted by the well-being of all.

We are to make this our ideal, and put it before us, and dare to recognize it and to believe in it and to build for it. We are to recognize the time coming when there shall be a common speech and we shall understand one another. When I was a boy, one could hardly travel through Continental Europe unless he knew the French language, and not at all around the world. The English language now will serve the traveler everywhere. One language will unite us when one spirit, one animating purpose, one common life, unites us; for the symbol always follows the reality. We are to dare to forecast the time when bitterness and wrath will cease between the nations, as bitterness and wrath have ceased between our homes. We are to forecast the time when it will seem as extraordinary to have a fort protecting the harbor of a commercial city against possible attack from another commercial city as it now would be to have a drawbridge or portcullis in front of your door to protect you from the assault of your neighbor across the street.

With this ideal clearly before us, we are next to establish, by the influence and work of the civilized nations, the power of law throughout the globe. First, we are to do this by the ministry of reason, by the adjudication of legal and recognized tribunals. It requires a certain amount of civilization to substitute law for war, reason for force. But, surely, nations that have lived under the beneficent and inspiring influence of Christianity as long as Italy, Germany, France, England, and the United States—and, I will add, Spain—ought to be able to settle their controversies by the appeal to reason rather than to force, by law, not war. Certainly, two nations coming of the same stock, possessing in their veins the same blood, looking back along the past to the same history—one of them a daughter receiving her free institutions baptized in the blood of her ancestors on many a battlefield of the Old World—certainly two such nations as these, mother and daughter, ought to know how to settle all controversies that may arise between them without the drawing of a sword or the flash of a rifle.

What we want between England and America, what we want not only between England and America but between all the civilized nations of the globe, is not arbitration. It is not an agreement to leave controversies, when they do arise, to a court constructed for the purpose of settling them after the issue has arisen. What we want is a permanent Supreme Court of the nations, that shall be for the nations of the globe what the Supreme Court of the United States is for the States of this Union, to which all questions shall be referred as a matter of course, and by the decision of which all nations will be bound by the sacred obligations of honor.

But there are communities that are not reasonable and are not bound by honor, just as there are individuals who are not reasonable and are not bound by honor. And then, in the case of the community as in that of the individual, there is no alternative but to compel obedience to reason and honor. There is a theory that all use of force is wrong; it is labeled Philosophical Anarchism. I give it the label, not to put disrepute upon it, but to define it as philosophy defines it. The philosophical anarchist says to us, "Appeal to the reason and the conscience of men." But suppose there is no response? "Then submit to their wrong-doing." Therefore the philosophical anarchist will not allow the punishment of a child by the parent, he will not allow the punishment of a pupil by the teacher, he will not allow the maintenance of a prison or jail for the punishment of a lawbreaker by the country, he will not allow a policeman in the city, except to show ladies across muddy streets, and he will not allow an army to defend a nation attacked, or to emancipate another nation from despotism.

This is a consistent philosophy. I respect it intellectually; I dissent from it both intellectually and morally. The commonly received judgment of men and women says, Appeal to the reason and the conscience, and if the reason and the conscience will not respond, then, and then only, use force. If the child will obey under the inspiration of affection and argument, by affection and argument secure obedience—but at all costs secure the obedience. If the boy revolts in the school, win him if you can; if you cannot, put him in a reform school. If the man sets himself to violate the law by breaking into your house, try to teach him better if you can; but if you cannot, arm your policeman and compel him to respect your property. And if a community disowns honor, disregards reason, refuses to submit its cause to the arbitrament of the reason, it is rational, right-minded, and Christian heroism which says, "If we cannot persuade you to obey the law without force, we will compel you by force."

I am not, therefore, one of those who think that war is always wrong. I cannot think that Jesus Christ himself inculcated the doctrine that force never could be used—he who, when he saw the traders in the Temple, did not wait to argue with them nor to appeal to their conscience, for he knew that they had neither reason nor conscience, but drove them out with a whip of small cords, driving the cattle before him and overturning the tables of the money-changers and letting the money roll upon the floor. I am not afraid to follow him with whatsoever force it may be necessary for righteousness to put on, when unrighteousness has armed herself to commit wrong. I cannot think all war is wrong. If I did, I should not want to look upon a Bunker Hill Monument, for it would be a monument to our shame; I should want never to speak the name of Gettysburg, for my lips would blister and my cheeks would blush; I should want to bury in the grave of oblivion the names of Washington and Grant.

There are individuals with whom you cannot reason. They are barbarians, and you must use force until you can bring reason and righteousness to bear upon them. There are some communities, made up of barbarians, with which you cannot reason, and from them, if there is to be an international brotherhood and a reorganization of the world, we must compel obedience by force, that the foundations may be laid for the operation of reason and conscience. When Spain sent her navy and her soldiers across the Atlantic and took possession of Cuba, and exterminated the population, and brought in a new population, and then proceeded to harry that new people born of her own loins, so that, after three centuries, she left them without schools, or justice, or good roads, or any one thing that government gives in compensation for taxes, she was guilty of what is rightly called a war of conquest. When England went into Egypt and took control, and, as the result of her control, built good roads, established good schools, lightened heavy taxes, made labor freer, and opened the whole country to the advance of civilization and the development of man—though she did it by the bombardment of Alexandria in the beginning, and though she holds her power to-day by the sword—to call that also a war of conquest is to confound by a common name two things that have nothing in common.

I do not know whether General Kitchener has carried on his campaign with all the humanities with which it ought to be carried on. I do not know whether it has been justified in the details of administration or not. But this I know, that when his work is done, and the great railroad runs from Cairo to the Cape, with branches to the Kongo River on the west and the Gulf of Arabia on the east, and when a telegraph line runs along the railroad, slavery and the slave trade and the cruelties of the old barbarism will disappear, and the "Dark Continent" will be dark no more. Why not put the college first and the soldiers afterwards? Because you cannot found a college unless you have law to protect it; because first is law, and under law force, and, built on law maintained by force, the whole fabric of civilization rests.

[Here Dr. Abbott discussed the application of the principles above set forth to the conduct of the United States in the Philippines—which he justified up to the time of speaking—and then concluded the address as follows:]

An Englishman has said that English missions are but an attempt to convert Hindus into second-class Englishmen. If by Christian missions we mean an attempt to make Malays and Hindus and negroes and Indians into second-class Puritans, the less we have of such missions the better. On the other hand, if we have a living faith in one God, the Father of the human race, revealed to us through Jesus Christ his Son; if we have faith in love as the law of life, in love as the person of God, in love as the ideal of existence; if Christianity means to live and to love; if it means to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God—woe to us Christian men and women if in this hour, when the world is opening to us, when the gates are flung apart and law is being established where law never was known before; when commerce, white-winged, is going where commerce never went before—woe to us if we have no message, or no courage to send our message!

This is what I have to say—ponder it; something you will agree with, something you will disagree with; but think about it; if I am wrong, the sooner the wrong is exposed the better for me—this is what I have to say: God is bringing the nations together. We must establish courts of reason for the settlement of controversies between civilized nations. We must maintain a force sufficient to preserve law and order among barbaric nations; and we have small need of an army for any other purpose. We must follow the maintenance of law and the establishment of order and the foundations of civilization with the vitalizing forces that make for civilization. And we must constantly direct our purpose and our policies to the time when the whole world shall have become civilized; when men, families, communities, will yield to reason and to conscience. And then we will draw our sword Excalibur from its sheath and fling it out into the sea, rejoicing that it is gone forever.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

A COLLEGE FETICH

[Address by Charles Francis Adams, lawyer, publicist, historical writer (born in Boston, May 27, 1833; ———), delivered before the Harvard Chapter of the Fraternity of the Phi Beta Kappa in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Mass., June 28, 1883. The address as here given, somewhat reduced in length, retains its essential features so as adequately to present its characteristic views.]

I am here to-day for a purpose. After no little hesitation I accepted the invitation to address your Society, simply because I had something which I much wanted to say; and this seemed to me the best possible place, and this the most appropriate occasion, for saying it. My message, if such I may venture to call it, is in nowise sensational. On the contrary, it partakes, I fear, rather of the commonplace. Such being the case, I shall give it the most direct utterance of which I am capable.

It is twenty-seven years since the class of which I was a member graduated from this college. I am glad that I came here, and glad that I took my degree. But as a training-place for youth to enable them to engage to advantage in the struggle of life—to fit them to hold their own in it, and to carry off the prizes—I must in all honesty say, that, looking back through the years, and recalling the requirements and methods of the ancient institution, I am unable to speak of it with all the respect I could wish. Such training as I got, useful for the struggle, I got after, instead of before graduation, and it came hard; while I never have been able—and now, no matter how long I may live, I never shall be able—to overcome some

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great disadvantages which the superstitions and wrong theories and worse practices of my *alma mater* inflicted upon me. And not on me alone. The same may be said of my contemporaries as I have observed them in success and failure. What was true in this respect of the college of thirty years ago, is, I apprehend, at least partially true of the college of to-day; and it is true not only of Cambridge, but of other colleges, and of them quite as much as of Cambridge. They fail properly to fit their graduates for the work they have to do in the life that awaits them. This is harsh language to apply to one's nursing mother, and it calls for an explanation. That explanation I shall try to give.

Now as respects the college preparation we received to fit us to take part in this world's debate. As one goes on in life, especially in modern life, a few conclusions are hammered into us by the hard logic of facts. Among these conclusions I think I may, without much fear of contradiction, enumerate such practical common-sense and commonplace precepts as that superficiality is dangerous, as well as contemptible, in that it is apt to invite defeat; or, again, that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well; or, third, that when one is given work to do, it is well to prepare one's self for that specific work, and not to occupy one's time in acquiring information, no matter how innocent or elegant, or generally useful, which has no probable bearing on that work; or, finally—and this I regard as the greatest of all practical precepts—that every man should in life master some one thing, be it great or be it small, so that thereon he may be the highest living authority: that one thing he should know thoroughly.

How did Harvard College prepare me, and my ninety-two classmates of the year 1856, for our work in a life in which we have had these homely precepts brought close to us? In answering the question it is not altogether easy to preserve one's gravity. The college fitted us for this active, bustling, hard-hitting, many-tongued world, caring nothing for authority and little for the past, but full of its living thoughts and living issues, in dealing with which there was no man who did not stand in pressing and constant need of every possible preparation as respects knowledge and exactitude and thoroughness—the poor old college prepared us to play our parts in this world by compelling us, directly and indirectly, to devote the best part of our school lives to acquiring a confessedly superficial knowledge of two dead languages.

Such is the theory. Now what is the practice? Thirty years ago, as for three centuries before, Greek and Latin were the fundamentals. The grammatical study of two dead languages was the basis of all liberal education. It is still its basis.

But in pursuing Greek and Latin we had ignored our mother tongue. We were no more competent to pass a really searching examination in English literature and English composition than in the languages and literature of Greece and Rome. We were college graduates; and yet how many of us could follow out a line of sustained, close thought, expressing ourselves in clear, concise terms? The faculty of doing this should result from a mastery of well selected fundamentals. The difficulty was that the fundamentals were not well selected, and they had never been mastered. They had become a tradition. They were studied no longer as a means, but as an end—the end being to get into college. Accordingly, thirty years ago there was no real living basis of a Harvard education. Honest, solid foundations were not laid. The superstructure, such as it was, rested upon an empty formula.

And here let me define my position on several points, so that I shall be misunderstood only by such as willfully misunderstand, in order to misrepresent. With such I hold no argument. In the first place I desire to say that I am no believer in that narrow scientific and technological training which now and again we hear extolled. A practical, and too often a mere vulgar, money-making utility seems to be its natural outcome. On the contrary, the whole experience and observation of my life lead me to look with greater admiration, and an envy ever increasing, on the broadened culture which is the true end and aim of the University. On this point I cannot be too explicit; for I should be sorry indeed if anything I might utter were construed into an argument against the most liberal education. There is a considerable period in every man's life when the best thing he can do is to let his mind soak and tan in the vats of literature. The atmosphere of a university is breathed into the student's system—it enters by the very pores. But, just as all roads lead to Rome, so I hold there may be a modern road as well as the classic avenue to the goal of a true liberal education. I object to no man's causing his children to approach that goal by the old, the time-honored entrance. But I do ask that the modern entrance should not be closed. Vested interests always look upon a claim for simple recognition as a covert attack on their very existence, and the advocates of an exclusively classic college education are quick to interpret a desire for modern learning, as a covert attack on dead learning. I have no wish to attack it, except in its spirit of selfish exclusiveness. I do challenge the right of the classicist to longer say that by his path, and by his path only, shall the University be approached. I would not narrow the basis of liberal education; I would broaden it. No longer content with classic courses, I would have the University seek fresh inspiration at the fountains of living thought; for Goethe I hold to be the equal of Sophocles, and I prefer the philosophy of Montaigne to what seem to me the platitudes of Cicero.

I was fitted for college in the usual way. I went to the Latin School; I learned the two grammars by heart; at length I could even puzzle out the simpler classic writings with the aid of a lexicon, and apply more or less correctly the rules of construction. This, and the other rudiments of what we are pleased to call a liberal education, took five years of my time. I was fortunately fond of reading, and so learned English myself, and with some thoroughness. I say fortunately, for in our preparatory curriculum no place was found for English; being a modern language, it was thought not worth studying—as our examination papers conclusively showed. We turned English into bad enough Greek, but our thoughts were expressed in even more abominable English. I then went to college—to Harvard. I have already spoken of the standard of instruction, so far as thoroughness was concerned, then prevailing here. Presently I was graduated, and passed some years in the study of the law. Thus far, as you will see, my course was thoroughly correct. It was the course pursued by a large proportion of all graduates then, and the course pursued by more than a third of them now. Then the War of the Rebellion came, and swept me out of a lawyer's office into a cavalry saddle. Let me say, in passing, that I have always felt under deep personal obligation to the War of the Rebellion. Returning presently to civil life, and not taking kindly to my profession, I endeavored to strike out a new path, and fastened myself, not as Mr. Emerson recommends, to a star, but to the locomotive-engine. I made for myself what might perhaps be called a specialty in connection with the development of the railroad system. I do not hesitate to say that I have been incapacitated from properly developing my specialty by the sins of omission and commission incident to my college training. The mischief is done, and so far as I am concerned, is irreparable. I am only one more sacrifice to the fetich. But I do not propose to be a silent sacrifice. I am here to-day to put the responsibility for my failure, so far as I have failed, where I think it belongs—at the door of my preparatory and college education.

Many of you are scientific men; others are literary men; some are professional men. I believe, from your own personal experience you will bear me out when I say that, with a single exception, there is no modern scientific study which can be thoroughly pursued in any one living language, even with the assistance of all the dead languages that ever were spoken. I have admitted there is one exception to this rule. That exception is the law.

The modern languages are thus the avenues to modern life and living thought. Under these circumstances, what was the position of the college towards them thirty years ago? What is its position to-day? It intervened, and practically said then that its graduates should not acquire those languages at that period when only they could be acquired perfectly and with ease. It occupies the same position still. It did and does this none the less effectually because indirectly. The thing came about, as it still comes about, in this way: The college fixes the requirements for admission to its course. The schools and the academies adapt themselves to those requirements. The business of those preparatory schools is to get the boys through their examinations, not as a means, but as an end.

They are therefore all organized on one plan. To that plan there is no exception; nor practically can there be any exception. The requirements for admission are such that the labor of preparation occupies fully the boy's study hours. He is not overworked, perhaps, but when his tasks are done he has no more leisure than is good for play; and you cannot take a healthy boy the moment he leaves school and set him down before tutors in German and French. If you do, he will soon cease to be a healthy boy; and he will not learn German or French. Over-education is a crime against youth. But Harvard College says: "We require such and such things for admission to our course." First and most emphasized among them are Latin and Greek. The academies accordingly teach Latin and Greek; and they teach it in the way to secure admission to the college. Hence, because of this action of the college, the schools do not exist in this country in which my children can learn what my experience tells me it is all essential they should know. They cannot both be fitted for college and taught the modern languages. And when I say "taught the modern languages," I mean taught them in the world's sense of the word, and not in the college sense of it, as practised both in my time and now. And here let me not be misunderstood, and confronted with examination papers. I am talking of really knowing something. I do not want my children to get a smattering knowledge of French and of German, such a knowledge as was and now is given to boys of Latin and Greek; but I do want them to be taught to write and to speak those languages, as well as to read them—in a word, so to master them that they will thereafter be tools always ready to the hand. This requires labor. It is a thing which cannot be picked up by the wayside, except in the countries where the languages are spoken. If academies in America are to instruct in this way, they must devote themselves to it. But the college requires all that they can well undertake to do. The college absolutely insists on Latin and Greek.

I now come to what in plain language I cannot but call the educational cant of this subject. I am told that I ignore the severe intellectual training I got in learning the Greek grammar, and in subsequently applying its rules;

that my memory then received an education which, turned since to other matters, has proved invaluable to me; that accumulated experience shows that this training can be got equally well in no other way; that, beyond all this, even my slight contact with the Greek masterpieces has left me with a subtile, but unmistakable residuum, impalpable perhaps, but still there, and very precious; that, in a word, I am what is called an educated man, which, but for my early contact with Greek, I would not be.

It was Dr. Johnson I believe who once said, "Let us free our minds from cant;" and all this, with not undue bluntness be it said, is unadulterated nonsense. The fact that it has been and will yet be a thousand times repeated, cannot make it anything else. In the first place, I very confidently submit, there is no more mental training in learning the Greek grammar by heart than in learning by heart any other equally difficult and, to a boy, unintelligible book. As a mere work of memorizing, Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" would be at least as good. In the next place, unintelligent memorizing is at best a most questionable educational method. For one, I utterly disbelieve in it. It never did me anything but harm; and learning by heart the Greek grammar, did me harm—a great deal of harm. While I was doing it, the observing and reflective powers lay dormant; indeed, they were systematically suppressed. Their exercise was resented as a sort of impertinence. We boys took up and repeated long rules, and yet longer lists of exceptions to them, and it was drilled into us that we were not there to reason, but to rattle off something written on the blackboard of our minds. The faculties we had in common with the raven were thus cultivated at the expense of that apprehension and reason which, Shakespeare tells us, makes man like the angels and God. I infer this memory-culture is yet in vogue; for only yesterday, as I sat at the Commencement table with one of the younger and more active of the professors of the college, he told me that he had no difficulty with his students in making them commit to memory; they were well trained in that. But when he called on them to observe and infer, then his troubles began. They had never been led in such a path. It was the old, old story—a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong.

Finally, I come to the great impalpable essence-and-precious-residuum theory—the theory that a knowledge of Greek grammar, and the having puzzled through the Anabasis and three books of the Iliad, infuses into the boy's nature the imperceptible spirit of Greek literature, which will appear in the results of his subsequent work, just as manure, spread upon a field, appears in the crop which that field bears. But to produce results on a field, manure must be laboriously worked into its soil and made a part of it; and only when it is so worked in, and does become a part of it, will it produce its result. You cannot haul manure up and down and across a field, cutting the ground into deep ruts with the wheels of your cart, while the soil just gets a smell of what is in the cart, and then expect to get a crop. Yet even that is more than we did, and are doing, with Greek. We trundle a single wheelbarrow load of Greek up and down and across the boy's mind; and then we clasp our hands, and cant about a subtile fineness and impalpable but very precious residuum! All we have in fact done is to teach the boy to mistake means for ends, and to make a system of superficiality.

On the 9th of July, 1813, the hard political wrangles of their two lives being over, and in the midst of the second war with Great Britain, I find John Adams thus writing to Thomas Jefferson—and I must confess to very much prefer John Adams in his easy letter-writing undress, to John Adams on his dead-learning stilts; he seems a wiser, a more genuine man. He is answering a letter from Jefferson, who had in the shades of Monticello been reviving his Greek:—

> "Lord! Lord! what can I do with so much Greek? When I was of your age, young man, that is, seven or eight years ago [he was then nearly seventy-nine, and his correspondent a little over seventy], I felt a kind of pang of affection for one of the flames of my youth, and again paid my addresses to Isocrates and Dionysius Halicarnassensis, etc., etc., etc., I collected all my lexicons, and grammars, and sat down to Περὶ συνθέσεως ὀνομάτων· In this way I amused myself for some time, but I found that if I looked a word to-day, in less than a week I had to look it again. It was to little better purpose than writing letters on a pail of water."

This certainly is not much like studying Greek "to any extent with great ease." But I have not done with John Adams yet. A year and one week later I find him again writing to Jefferson. In the interval, Jefferson seems to have read Plato, sending at last to John Adams his final impressions of that philosopher. To this letter, on July 16th, 1814, his correspondent replies as follows:—

> "I am very glad you have seriously read Plato, and still more rejoiced to find that your reflections upon him so perfectly harmonize with mine. Some thirty years ago I took upon me the severe task of going through all his works. With the help of two Latin translations, and one English and one French translation, and comparing some of the most remarkable passages with the Greek, I labored through the tedious toil. My disappointment was very great, my astonishment was greater, and my disgust was shocking. Two things only did I learn from him. First, that Franklin's ideas of exempting husbandmen and mariners, etc., from the depredations of war were borrowed from him; and second that sneezing is a cure for the hiccough. Accordingly, I have cured myself and all my friends of that provoking disorder for thirty years, with a pinch of snuff."

So much for what my *alma mater* gave me. In these days of repeating rifles, she sent me and my classmates out into the strife equipped with shields and swords and javelins. We were to grapple with living questions through the medium of dead languages. It seems to me I have heard, somewhere else, of a child's cry for bread being answered with a stone. But on this point I do not like publicly to tell the whole of my own experience. It has been too bitter, too humiliating. Representing American educated men in the world's industrial gatherings, I have occupied a position of confessed inferiority. I have not been the equal of my peers. It was the world's Congress of to-day, and Latin and Greek were not current money there.

Such is the dilemma in which I find myself placed. Such is the common dilemma in which all those are placed who see and feel the world as I have seen and felt it. We are modernists and a majority; but in the eyes of the classicists we are, I fear, a vulgar and contemptible majority. Yet I cannot believe that this singular condition of affairs will last a great while longer. The measure of reform seems very simple and wholly reasonable. The modernist does not ask to have German and French substituted for Greek and Latin as the basis of all college education. We are willing—at least I am willing—to concede a preference, and a great preference, to the dead over the living, to the classic over the modern. All I would ask would be that the preference afforded to the one should no longer, as now, amount to the practical prohibition of the other. If a youth wants to enter college on the least possible basis of solid acquirement, by all means let Greek, as it is, be left open for him. If, however, he takes the modern languages, let him do so with the distinct understanding that he must master those languages. After he enters the examination-room no word should be uttered except in the language in which he is there to be examined.

Consider, now, for a moment, what would be the effect on the educational machinery of the country of this change in the college requirements. The modern, scientific, thorough spirit would at once assert itself. Up to this time it has, by that tradition and authority which are so powerful in things educational, been held in subjection. Remove the absolute protection which hitherto has been and now is accorded to Greek, and many a parent would at once look about for a modern, as opposed to a classical academy. To meet the college requirements, that academy would have to be one in which no English word would be spoken in the higher recitation-rooms. Every school exercise would be conducted by American masters proficient in the foreign tongues. The scholars would have to learn languages by hearing them and talking them. The natural law of supply and demand would then assert itself. The demand is now a purely artificial one, but the supply of Greek and Latin, such as it is, comes in response to it. Once let a thorough knowledge of German and French and Spanish be as good tender at the college-door as a fractional knowledge of either of the two of those languages and of Greek now is, and the academies would supply that thorough knowledge also. If the present academies did not supply it, other and better acadmies would.

Here I might stop; and here, perhaps, I ought to stop. I am, however, unwilling to do so without a closing word on one other topic. For the sake of my argument, and to avoid making a false issue, I have in everything I have said, as between the classic and modern languages, fully yielded the preference to the former. I have treated a mastery of the living tongues simply as an indispensable tool of trade, or medium of speech and thought. It was a thing which the scholar, the professional man and the scientist of to-day must have, or be unequal to his work. I have made no reference to the accumulated literary wealth of the modern tongues, much less compared their masterpieces with those of Greece or Rome. Yet I would not have it supposed that in taking this view of the matter I express my full belief. On the contrary, I most shrewdly suspect that there is in what are called the educated classes, both in this country and in Europe, a very considerable amount of affectation and credulity in regard to the Greek and Latin masterpieces. That is jealously prized as part of the body of the classics, which if published to-day, in German or French or English, would not excite a passing notice. There are immortal poets, whose immortality, my mature judgment tells me, is wholly due to the fact that they lived two thousand years ago. Even a dead language cannot veil extreme tenuity of thought and fancy; and, as we have seen, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were in their day at a loss to account for the reputation even of Plato.

In any event, this thing I hold to be indisputable: of those who study the classic languages, not one in a hundred ever acquires that familiarity with them which enables him to judge whether a given literary composition is a masterpiece or not. Take your own case and your own language for instance. For myself, I can freely say that it has required thirty years of incessant and intelligent practice with eye and ear and tongue and pen, to give me that ready mastery of the English language which enables me thoroughly to appreciate the more subtle beauties of the English literature. I fancy that is is in our native tongue alone, or in some tongue in which we have acquired as perfect a facility as we have in our native tongue, that we ever detect those finer shades of meaning, that happier choice of words, that more delicate flavor of style, which alone reveal the master. Many men here, for instance, who cannot speak French or German fluently, can read French and German authors more readily than any living man can read Greek, or than any, outside of a few college professors, can read Latin; yet they cannot see in the French or German masterpieces what those can see there who are to the language born. The familiarity, therefore, with the classic tongues which would enable a man to appreciate the classic literatures in any real sense of the term is a thing which cannot be generally imparted. Even if the beauties which are claimed to be there are there, they must perforce remain concealed from all, save a very few, outside of the class of professional scholars.

But are those transcendent beauties really there? I greatly doubt. I shall never be able to judge for myself, for a mere lexicon-and-grammar acquaintance with a language I hold to be no acquaintance at all. But we can judge a little of what we do not know by what we do know, and I find it harder and harder to believe that in practical richness the Greek literature equals the German, or the Latin the French. Leaving practical richness aside, are there in the classic masterpieces any bits of literary workmanship which take precedence of what may be picked out of Shakespeare and Milton and Bunyan and Clarendon and Addison and Swift and Goldsmith and Gray and Burke and Gibbon and Shelley and Burns and Macaulay and Carlyle and Hawthorne and Thackeray and Tennyson? If there are any such transcendent bits, I can only say that our finest scholars have failed most lamentably in their attempts at rendering them into English.

For myself, I cannot but think that the species of sanctity which has now, ever since the revival of learning, hedged the classics, is destined soon to disappear. Yet it is still strong; indeed, it is about the only patent of nobility which has survived the leveling tendencies of the age. A man who at some period of his life has studied Latin and Greek is an educated man; he who has not done so is only a self-taught man. Not to have studied Latin, irrespective of any present ability to read it, is accounted a thing to be ashamed of; to be unable to speak French is merely an inconvenience. I submit that it is high time this superstition should come to an end. I do not profess to speak with authority, but I have certainly mixed somewhat with the world, its labors and its literatures, in several countries, through a third of a century; and I am free to say, that, whether viewed as a thing of use, as an accomplishment, as a source of pleasure, or as a mental training, I would rather myself be familiar with the German tongue and its literature than be equally familiar with the Greek. I would unhesitatingly make the same choice for my child. What I have said of German as compared with Greek I will also say of French as compared with Latin. On this last point I have no question. Authority and superstition apart, I am indeed unable to see how an intelligent man, having any considerable acquaintance with the two literatures, can, as respects either richness or beauty, compare the Latin with the French; while as a worldly accomplishment, were it not for fetich-worship, in these days of universal travel the man would be properly regarded as out of his mind who preferred to be able to read the odes of Horace, rather than to feel at home in the accepted neutral language of all refined society. This view of the case is not yet taken by the colleges.

> "The slaves of custom and established mode,
> With pack-horse constancy we keep the road,
> Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,
> True to the jingling of our leader's bells."

And yet I am practical and of this world enough to believe that in a utilitarian and scientific age the living will not forever be sacrificed to the dead. The worship even of the classical fetich draweth to a close; and I shall hold that I was not myself sacrificed wholly in vain, if what I have said here may contribute to so shaping the policy of Harvard that it will not much longer use its prodigious influence towards indirectly closing for its students, as it closed for me, the avenues to modern life and the fountains of living thought.

FELIX ADLER

MARCUS AURELIUS

[Address by Professor Felix Adler, lecturer and educator (born in Alzey, Germany, August 13, 1851; ——), delivered before the Society for Ethical Culture of New York, of which Dr. Adler is the Lecturer, March 13, 1898.]

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Of the five good emperors, as they are called, four had had their day—Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, and the elder Antonine, when, in the year 161 A. D., Marcus Antoninus, or Marcus Aurelius, as he is commonly styled, ascended the throne. It was a splendid and giddy height to which he was thus raised. The civilized world lay at his feet. The bounds of the empire at that time extended from the Atlantic Ocean in the West to the Euphrates in the East; from the African deserts to the Danube and the Rhine. Italy, Greece, Egypt, Asia Minor, Gaul, Britain and parts of Germany acknowledged the sway of the Roman eagle. And all the vast populations that thronged these lands lived in the sunlight of one man's presence, and their destiny, for good or ill, depended on his nod.

Rarely has such power been concentrated in the hands of an individual. No wonder that it turned the feeble brain of some who possessed it—of Caligula, for instance, of whom it is related that, at his banquets, he used to chuckle with insane pleasure, at the thought that, by a mere word, he could cause the necks of his guests to be wrung. Yes, the power of life and death, unlimited power, power in all its forms, was at the command of the Roman emperor. The lust of power is said to be one of the mainsprings of human action. The master of the Roman world had the opportunity, if he chose to glut

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himself with power, to give himself over to the indulgence of it almost without restraint, until the very excess of it might bring with it its natural retribution and unseat his reason, as it did in many an instance.

And all the other forms of enjoyment which mortals ordinarily crave were no less at a Roman emperor's disposal. If power is sweet, so is flattery; and the incense of flattery was constantly burned before him, even by the Senate, which, once the bulwark of republican freedom, had degenerated into a mere simulacrum of its former self. When the emperor spoke, the senators were often ready to applaud his poorest utterances, to go on their knees before him and overwhelm him with their adulation. He was deified while he was still among the living, and the honors of divine worship were exacted for his statues. Could mortal sense and sobriety exist, with such temptations to depart from them? And as for the common pleasures of life—the pleasures of the senses—these, too, were of course at his service: palaces, and feasts and costly robes, the place of highest honor at public gatherings, and the tokens of the willing subordination of others and of his own supereminence wherever he might appear. Such was the place made vacant for Marcus Aurelius in 161. How did he fill it? How did he judge of the things which it put within his reach?

He stood "In that fierce light which beats upon a throne," and yet it is possible to detect but few blemishes in his character, and those of such a nature as do not detract from the general sense of elevation with which he impresses us. He was simple and abstemious in his habits. He combined plain living with high thinking. He set aside, as devoid of intrinsic worth, all those goods which the vulgar regard as the most desirable—wealth, fame, pomp and pleasure—and valued only the things of the soul.

There is a natural delusion which leads the poor to over-estimate the satisfactions which wealth and worldly greatness can give. Many a poor lad, passing by the stately mansions of the very rich and catching, perhaps, a glimpse between the silken curtains of the luxury within, says to himself—comparing the mean conditions amid which he himself is compelled to pass his existence;—

"Ah! within there it would be possible to live the full, the free, the festal life, to taste the joys that earth is capable of yielding." And if then, perchance, he listens to a preacher who tells him that, if wealth has its undoubted advantages, it has also its serious drawbacks, and that the higher satisfactions of life, fortunately for the human race, are independent of the possession of riches and are accessible to every one; the poor lad listening to such a preacher, may think of the fable of the Fox and the Grapes, and say to himself: "The preacher would sing a different tune if the wealth which he affects to belittle were within his reach. He is seeking to console himself by belittling what he cannot have."

I dare say that, to such a one, the testimony of an emperor might come home with incisive force. For silver and gold and all the joys of the senses were actually his, if he chose to have them. And yet he weighed them in the balance against the higher satisfactions and decided in favor of the latter. His judgment was, at all events, unbiased. It was neither envy nor the bitterness of balked desire that spake from his lips.

But, after all, this argument is an ignoble one fit only for ignoble minds. The testimony of the emperor does not carry conviction with it because he was an emperor, but because quite apart from the imperial station which he filled, his was a great, sane, upright, magnanimous personality. And any person, in whatever rank, who voices the praise of the spiritual treasures with the same first-hand, realizing sense of their value, who is free from malice and the critical, carping disposition, who extols as best the things which he, in his inmost experience, has found to be best, will carry the same conviction to his hearers or his readers.

The proof of this statement is to be found in the fact that there are two men in the ancient world who stand for essentially the same doctrine, and who were nearly, if not quite, contemporaries; the one an emperor, the other a slave; the one having in his veins the purest blood of Roman aristocracy, the other belonging by birth to the dregs of society; the one the type of manly beauty, the other sickly and deformed; the one Marcus Aurelius, the other Epictetus. And the tenets of the stoical philosophy, which both taught, came as convincingly from the lips of Epictetus as of Marcus. Yes, the emperor to some extent caught his inspiration from the slave, looked up to the latter as a pupil does to a master. Indeed, the whole burden of the teachings of the emperor is that rank and station make no difference; that the principles upon which a man acts, in whatever station, alone count; that it is possible to be a genuine man even in a palace.

Of the salient facts of his career let us give a brief resumé. He was born in the year 121. His father died while he was still in infancy, and he was brought up by his grandfather and his mother. To the latter he was deeply attached. He says of her: "From her I learned to abstain not only from evil deeds, but even from evil thoughts; and, further, I learned from her simplicity in my way of living, far removed from the habits of the rich." And among the things for which he is grateful he mentions that, "though it was my mother's fate to die young, she spent the last years of her life with me."

He had many and excellent teachers, applied himself with severe diligence to the study of jurisprudence and philosophy, and, in a lesser degree, of rhetoric and poetry, while, at the same time, he did not neglect the training of the body, and took delight in manly sports and athletic exercise. He was, from the first, of a healthy turn of mind. Philosophy, with him, did not mean bookishness, nor pedantry, but had about it the breath of the fields and the savor of life. Adopted as son and successor by the reigning emperor, Antoninus Pius, he entered in his nineteenth year into public affairs. He married Faustina, the daughter of his predecessor, and, though there are doubts as to her worthiness, he seems to have been happy with her while she lived and he revered her memory after she was gone.

In 161, as has been said, he ascended the throne. His reign was disturbed from the outset. An inundation of the Tiber destroyed some of the most populous portions of the city; famine followed; earthquakes terrified the inhabitants of Italy; the soldiers returning from the Parthian campaign brought with them a fearful pestilence, the Asiatic plague, which then appeared for the first time in Europe, destroying the majority of the population. Worse than all this, the Germanic tribes—notably the Marcomanni and the Quadi—broke through the defences of the empire, and for fourteen years the emperor labored—in the end successfully—to drive them back within their own boundaries. From the time when he took the reins of government his life was full of the stir of action; his mind was ceaselessly occupied with the gravest and weightiest affairs of state. The fate of civilization, as it then existed, depended on his efforts. No wonder that he toiled with prodigious industry in the attempt to discharge the duties devolving upon him. He was in the habit of rising betimes in the morning, and often continued his labors till long past midnight.

The tranquillity of his reign was further disturbed by a military insurrection, which broke out in the East, where Avidius Cassius, one of the ablest of the Roman generals, proclaimed himself emperor. The pretender fell by the hand of an assassin and his head was brought to the emperor. The latter neither rewarded nor thanked the doers of the deed, but expressed the wish that the family of the traitor should be pardoned and that no other life should be sacrificed in consequence of this treason. Later on, when he went in person to visit the army of Cassius, the correspondence of the latter was brought to him; but, with singular magnanimity, he caused the papers to be destroyed by fire, so that he might never know who, if any, had been the accomplices of this crime.

Marcus Aurelius died at Vindebona (now Vienna) in the year 180, before the war with the Marcomanni was ended, but after its successful termination was assured. He had commanded in person. He was a general and a statesman, as well as a philosopher, at home in camps as well as in the council chamber.

The "Thoughts," which he has left us as a legacy, were jotted down sometimes on the eve of battles, or amid the press and urgency of public business. They are all the more interesting because it is probable that they were never intended to be seen by the eyes of strangers. The attitude toward life which they reflect is the calm and tranquil one of a mind that remained in complete possession of itself, despite the distractions and anxieties by which it was besieged. Let us examine a little more carefully what that attitude was.

The first striking feature that characterizes his conception of the world is its vastness. There are no confining limits to his thought, as it wanders freely through space. The world is not, for him, a narrow edifice, having the flat earth for its tessellated pavement, and the cope of heaven for its roof, lit by the lamps of the stars. His view of surrounding space implies, like our own, infinite expansion on every hand. The sea, he says, is a drop in the universe; Mt. Athos a clod, Europe and Asia mere nooks. Like his thought of space is that of time. The present time, he says, is a mere point. Before it lies the boundless abyss of the past. Beyond it the equally boundless abyss of the future. The vastness of his notion of space and time is the first point to which I call attention.

Next, his theory of the universe reposes on one main proposition—that reason animates and pervades the world, and permeates every part of it, as the soul does the body. It passes through the world like a torrent ever flowing, like a wind ever blowing. It is to the world what the breath is to the lungs; the world lives by the inhalation and exhalation of it. The stoical philosophy, of which Marcus Aurelius is an interpreter, concentrates its force on the exaltation of the rational principle in man himself, and in the world outside of him. Assume for a moment, says the emperor, that mere aimless caprice decides the course of events—assume the whole of Nature to be the work of chance, if such an assumption be tolerable; yet, would there exist in Nature one sheltered spot in which chance does not, need not, rule—the soul of man. Man, amid the pathless darkness surrounding him, might still claim the prerogative of bearing the torch of reason. The spot where he dwells would still be a point of light. The path on which he walks would still be a track of light, amid the obscurities. But, in reality, this assumption is perfectly groundless. Can there be a rational principle in you, and not also in the universe of which you are a part, Marcus Aurelius asks. The rational principle is the life in all things, the soul, as has been said, of all things.

But what is this rational principle? It is the principle of unity, and it expresses itself in the order of Nature and in the social order. Order, law, together with that adjustment of means to ends which makes order possible, are its manifestations. It is in the high value which he sets on the social order, and on the political activity designed to maintain it, that Marcus Aurelius differs from other teachers of the same school. He looks upon all civilized mankind as inhabitants of a single city—the city of Reason. He thinks that the rights of every man are to be respected because, in every man, there is contained the rational principle. He says that it is his aim to be the ruler of a state "in which there is the same law for all, which is administered with regard to equal rights and equal freedom of speech, and to carry on a government which respects, most of all, the freedom of the governed." He is a cosmopolitan in the largest sense. He thinks that the word "man" should mean more than "fellow-citizen," in the narrow acceptation of the term; that every man should be regarded as a fellow-citizen in that world-wide city of Reason. And he attaches such importance to the city—or, as we should say, the "commonwealth"—not only because social order and security are the necessary conditions for the exercise of the higher intellectual faculties of man, but because in establishing order we are actively illustrating the rational principle, which is the principle of order. We should establish order, not merely for the happy consequence of it, but just for the sake of order, inasmuch as, in so doing, we are playing a divine part.

And so Marcus Aurelius constantly impresses the duty of performing social acts apart from their benefits, just because they are social; for, "all things exist for the sake of rational beings, but rational beings exist for one another;" and he bids us constantly remember that we are not mere parts, but members of one great organism, which is mankind, and even makes, in one place, the daring assertion that "the intelligence of the world is social,"—by which he means that the rational principle in things, so far as it operates in the sphere of human beings, manifests itself chiefly in the social nexus that unites them. "All things," he says elsewhere, "are implicated in one another, and the bond is holy."

It is true that Marcus Aurelius also declares: "My city and country, so far as I am Antoninus, is Rome; but, so far as I am a man, it is the world. The things, then, which are useful to these cities are alone useful to me." And elsewhere: "Always remember to act as becomes a Roman and a man." But he believed that the one city, Rome, existed for the sake of the other; that it was the mission of Rome, and of himself as its ruler, to be the guardian of that larger city, to maintain equal laws for all, equal justice to all—in a word, to maintain civilization as it then existed. And upon this point I must dwell for a moment.

The theory of the Stoics was pantheistical, and Marcus was an interpreter of their theory. Pantheism implies that God is present in the world as the animating spirit in a living organism. He does not dwell in any particular quarter of the world. His throne is not in the heavens, still less does he dwell outside of the world. He is everywhere. Wherever matter is, there he is. The world could not exist without God, says Pantheism; nor could God exist without the world. Among the consequences to which this theory leads is this: that whatever occurs, being directly worked by God's agency, is good; that there can be no real evil in the world; that the apparent evils are "the after products of the good;" "the cuttings and shavings in the shop of the carpenter;" and also, since the whole of God, so to speak, is present in the world, just as it is, there can be no real progress in the world, no increase of the good. Of the two conceptions, Order and Progress, the former, Order, was present in the mind of the Stoics; Progress, the one on which we in modern times lay such stress, was lacking. And this point, more perhaps than any other, marks the difference between our view of life and duty and the Stoic view.

From the Pantheistic standpoint, then, what practically is the attitude prescribed to man? It is to conform his will to the course of events, to consent to what happens of necessity, and to maintain intact the divine content which has been poured into his individual life, and into the life of that society to which he belongs. The *mot d'ordre* of Stoicism is "Hold thine own." There is no thought of new realms to be conquered, new insight to be achieved. To society collectively Stoicism says: "Hold thine own," so far as the rational principle in thee —that is, the principle of order—is concerned. Preserve intact the social order. And to the individual it says: "Hold thine own," rationally speaking; "prevent the rational nature in thee from being submerged by the sense nature."

He who has seized the meaning of this rule of behavior —"Hold thine own"—has discovered, I am persuaded, the keynote of the Stoical philosophy and of the teachings of its great interpreter. Now this command, as has just been said, is capable of two applications: one to society collectively, and one to the individual. And as applied to society collectively, it corresponded exactly with the needs of the world in the days of Marcus Aurelius, and to the policy which was forced upon the emperor. We must remember that the Roman empire at that time represented civilization in general; outside of it, there was no civilization, in our sense of the term. But the empire stood, even at that time, on the defensive, was menaced by those barbarian hordes that hung like a thunder-cloud on its northern boundaries, and that eventually destroyed it and plunged Europe into the long night of the Dark Ages in which the culture of antiquity perished. The task devolving upon the emperor—a task to which he devoted himself with unremitting assiduity—was to try to preserve intact the empire entrusted to him—that is to say, to preserve civilization, to preserve social order; in this, the precepts of his philosophy and his duty as a sovereign coincided perfectly.

And in this connection we may briefly consider what is commonly regarded as the gravest blemish in the life and character of Marcus Aurelius. I allude to the persecutions of the Christians that took place under his reign, in which Justin Martyr perished, and the aged Polycarp and Blandina and others at Lyons. How far these harsh measures were undertaken with the direct knowledge of the emperor is uncertain. But they were carried out in his name and under cover of his authority. Marcus Aurelius a persecutor! It seems utterly inexplicable. He has been called the saintliest of the pagans. He was the most benevolent of men. How often did he repeat that we are to regard every human being as our kinsman —akin to us, in spirit and in flesh? His motto was "Bear and forbear." And even of evil-doers, of those who have grievously wronged and injured us, he says: "Teach them, change them, if you can; and, if you cannot, endure them." And such a man was, nevertheless, the author of the severest penalties against an apparently inoffensive sect! It seems to me that his conduct can be explained, if we bear in mind what has just been pointed out, namely, the supreme importance which he attached to the preservation of the social order as rational order, and of the state as the guardian of that order.

Now the Christians not only refused to recognize the religion of the Roman state, and were, on that account, hated as atheists, but they had no true regard or reverence for the state itself. They were in principle individualists, seeking the salvation of the individual soul, little recking the collective interests of the commonwealth. It was at this point, I take it, that Marcus Aurelius felt repelled from them; yes, not only repelled personally, but he must have looked upon them as a disruptive force endangering the state from within, just as the barbarians endangered it from without. But, that he should have gone to such extreme lengths in his dealings with them is, I think, due to a curious fact, of which Marcus Aurelius is by no means the only example. So did Thomas More persecute the Lutherans. So did Plato pronounce the death penalty against atheists, and relegate the souls of the obstinately evil-minded to everlasting perdition. And so do we find in the New Testament, side by side with the sweetest and tenderest precepts the same terrible doctrine of everlasting punishment. There is this paradox, if paradox it be: The highest idealists when touched to the quick, when the things which they hold most precious and essential to the good of mankind are denied, seem capable of passing the harshest judgments on those whom they regarded as the enemies of the human race, and sometimes of following up these judgments with the most relentless acts.

But let us now proceed to give our attention to that side of the teachings of Marcus Aurelius which is best known, which is of the greatest practical interest, and is most characteristic of his view of life. The command "Hold thine own" is addressed to the individual in his rational character. The Stoics have found a way of making man, as they believe, entirely independent of circumstances, assuring him of indestructible tranquillity of mind and surrounding his brow with unwithering wreaths of victory. Is it poverty that pinches? The Stoics make light of poverty. They declare its terrors to be mock terrors—not evils at all. The pains of sickness, too, have somehow the painful quality taken out of them; ignominy, disgrace, loss of reputation, loss of liberty are all, by some strange spell, relieved of their sting. Even the wormwood of bereavement loses its bitterness.

This at least is what the Stoics claim; and, though we may not be able to concede all they claim, there is enough of truth in it to make it eminently worth our while to inquire into their secret. What is their secret? It is simple in statement, difficult of attainment; yet, to some extent, attainable. The secret is this: Accustom thyself to think that the ordinary evils of life are not evils. All the evils that affect thee through thy body are not evil. Thou canst not help feeling pain, but thou canst train thyself to think that the pain affects only thy hand, or thy limb, or thy lung, in short the "kneaded matter" that encompasses thee, but not thee. Thou canst thus localize it in something outside of thee. And what though the pain be going on in the hand, or the limb, or the poor lung, nevertheless, it does not come near to thee.

And the same holds good of the sufferings that come to us through wounded pride, or through the bruising of the affections. All such hurts approach only as far as the periphery of the soul, but do not touch its centre. The centre is not the part in us that feels, but that thinks and wills; and the part that thinks and wills is master over that which feels. It is a brave doctrine and a bracing one, though by the Stoics carried to extremes. It amounts to this—that the evils of existence cease to be evils the moment we cease to think them so. It is our false opinion that makes them evil, and our opinion is based on the delusion of supposing that they affect the citadel of man, whereas they only affect the outworks. Let us conform our opinion to the true facts of the case, and we shall have abolished the evils of life.

Does this doctrine tempt you? Would you like to follow in the footsteps of the Stoics? Remember the price exacted of you, if you would become one of their disciples. If what has been said is true, if nothing is evil which merely hurts the body or the feelings, if only that is evil which hurts the thinking and the willing faculty in us, then it follows, in all consistency, that neither is anything good that is pleasant to the body or joyful to the heart; for, if it were good, the absence of it would be evil. And the Stoics consistently take this ground. They say that there is no good that can come to a man from the outside, not even from his fellow-beings; not the innocent pleasures of the senses, not the delights of companionship, not the endearments of love are to be considered really good. Good can come to a man only from himself, and evil only from himself. The real good is just this sense of his independence, as a thinking and willing being, from the accidents of his corporeal and emotional nature; and the real evil is the want of such independence. Not that the Stoic would have us shrink from or shun what are commonly reckoned among the good things of life, but he would have us regard them as indifferent. Marcus Aurelius bids us behave in life as at a banquet. When the viands are being offered to the guests, do not impatiently wait for your turn to come. When the tempting food is set before you, partake of it moderately. If it happens that you are overlooked, do not show unmannerly irritation. Your true satisfaction is not enhanced by what you enjoy. The serenity of your mind need not be clouded for an instant by what you miss.

It is a proud doctrine, throwing a man back entirely upon his rational self, bidding him erect the structure of his life on reason as on a rock, and to remain unmoved by the gusts of passion, the whirlwinds of affliction, the chances and changes of time. And, if we were merely rational beings, if thinking and willing were all and feeling counted for nothing in the composition of our nature, it would be a wholly true doctrine, as manifestly it is not. But still, there is a mighty element of truth in it, which we can extract from the exaggerations with which it is mingled, and which will then stand us in excellent stead. There is not one of the great systems of philosophy that can be accepted in its entirety, or that should be rejected in its entirety. There is not one of the great philosophical systems—just as there is not one of the great religions—that does not contain some element which we can appropriate and utilize, and that has not made some permanent contribution to the sum of human wisdom and virtue, which we shall be the better for adopting into our own view of life.

Now, the value of Stoicism shines out pre-eminently at a certain period of life and in certain situations—that period and those situations in which our watchword must really be to " Bear and to forbear." The period of young manhood, or adolescence, I mean, when the blood runs hot and swift in the veins, when the passions are aroused and the craving for the indulgence of natural instincts is intense! Then the Stoic maxim " Forbear " comes home to us with kindly saving influence; then we need to cultivate something of the Stoic attitude which puts us on our mettle as rational, self-directing beings.

The Stoic doctrine tells us that we are not abandoned hopelessly to the impulses of our physical nature or to our feelings; tells us that, from the enjoyment of pleasures which tempt us, but which the mind does not approve, we have it in our power, if we choose, to forbear. For young men, nothing can be better to steel their wills than frequent study of the Stoic writers. They need to have their pride as self-determining natures appealed to; to be told that they can do what is difficult, what to them sometimes seems impossible, because the part that thinks and wills in them can indeed be lord and master over that which feels, if they choose to make it so.

And the situations in which Stoicism helps us are those which call for fortitude. When bodily pain or suffering of any kind becomes so engrossing that we are in danger of becoming wholly occupied with it or with the expectation of it, and find it more and more difficult to hold it at arm's length—then, also, we need to be put upon our mettle and made to realize that there is a fund of mental strength in us which enables us to set our face like flint against the pain, not wincing, not yielding to it; that we can endure unheard of sufferings, if we bring the force of resistance that is in us into play. Whenever the rational nature is pitted directly against the sense nature, whenever the issue is—Which one of the two shall be overbalanced by the other?—then the Stoic doctrine supplies something of the tonic that we need and helps us to throw our decision in the right scale.

I have still two comments to make. I have spoken of the merits of the Stoic philosophy, and have already indicated some of its defects. There are two practical, palpable defects, which must be brought out in clear relief. The one is the false view which the Stoics held with regard to suicide. Plato used the simile that we are like sentinels on guard, and dare not leave our post until we are relieved. The Stoics, on the other hand, held that while it is the supreme duty of man to see to it that the reason in him maintains the upper hand as long as he lives, he may retire from life whenever the operation of the rational faculty in him is impeded. Under such circumstances, Seneca, one of the greatest of the Stoics, says that a man may divest himself of his body as he would take off a threadbare coat which is no longer fit to be worn; that he may leave life as he would leave a house which is filled with smoke and in which it is impossible for him to breathe freely. This view of suicide is the direct consequence of that Pantheism of the Stoics which infects their whole philosophy, and which led them, despite their intensely moral temper, to class life among the things that are indifferent.

The second defect, which has already been emphasized, is the total lack of the idea of progress. The movement of things is circular. Whatever has been, will be. At long intervals—at the end of a "world-year"—the universe is reabsorbed into the divine essence from which it has emanated, and then exactly the same processes that have occurred in the previous "world-year" repeat themselves. There can be no change for the better, there is no movement toward the best. And it is worth while to fix special attention upon this lack of the idea of progress. Our interest in the Stoic philosophy is increased when we remember that it was an attempt to find a substitute for religion, in an age when religion had departed, an age in many respects like our own.

In the second century of our era, while superstition lingered among the masses, faith among the educated had dwindled and seemed on the point of extinction. At that time the Stoics sought to find in man's moral nature a substitute for the belief which had vanished. But Stoicism failed. It founded a school, but it could not take the place of religion. And it failed, because it lacked warmth, because it lacked the element of enthusiasm, because it lacked hope, because it lacked the belief in progress. The religious element in an Ethical Movement must be found precisely in the belief in progress, in devotion to the idea of progress, and it is by this that we are separated from the moral philosophers of the age of the Antonines.

And now, having endeavored to obtain the philosophic key, by the possession of which, in studying the "Thoughts" of Marcus Aurelius, we can arrive at a deeper understanding of them, let me conclude my address by selecting a few of his choicest sayings—that will serve to convey a tincture of his personality and reveal to us something of the lofty, dignified, and yet, withal, sweet and lovable nature of which the sayings are the expression:—

"Be not afraid because some time thou must cease to live, but fear never to have begun truly to live."

"If it is not right, do not do it. If it is not true, do not say it."

"The pride which is proud of its want of pride is the most intolerable pride of all."

Concerning certain particular points of morals, he says:

"I have learned not frequently nor without necessity to say to any one or to write in a letter that I have no leisure, nor continually to excuse neglect of duties by alleging urgent occupation."

"Accustom thyself carefully to attend to what is said by another and as much as possible try to be in the speaker's mind."

"I have learned to receive from friends what are esteemed favors without being humbled or letting them pass unnoticed."

"I have learned that it is possible for a man to live in a palace without wanting either guards or embroidered dresses, and to be content in a palace with a plank bed."

"I have learned to work with my hands."

"Do not speak of thy bodily ailments to those who visit thee when thou art sick."

"The greatest part of what we say and do is really unnecessary. If a man takes this to heart he will have more leisure and less uneasiness."

"Do every act in thy life as if it were the last."

"Think of those things only which, if thou shouldst suddenly be asked, 'Pray, what is in thy mind?' thou mightest with perfect frankness lay open as the contents of thy mind."

"A man must stand erect and not be held erect by others."

"Begin the morning by saying to thyself, 'I must rise now from my bed to do the work of a man.' Begin the morning by saying to thyself, 'I shall meet to-day with the busybody, the ungrateful, the arrogant, the deceitful, the envious, the unsocial; but I, who have seen the nature of the good that it is beautiful, and of the bad that it is ugly, and the nature of him that is wrong that it is akin to mine—I cannot be injured by one of them, nor can I be angry since he is my kinsman and I cannot hate him.'"

"We are made for co-operation like feet, hands, like eyelids, like the rows of the upper and lower teeth. Like a hand or foot cut off, such does a man make himself who does anything unsocial."

"What is good for the bee is good for the swarm."

"Reverence that which is best in the universe and in like manner reverence that which is best in thyself, and the one is at the same time as the other."

"Where a man can live, he can also live well; but he may have to live in a palace—well, then he can also live well in a palace."

"Man has sensations and appetites in common with animals. There remains that which is peculiar to man, to be contented with that which is appointed him and not to defy the divinity which is planted within his breast."

"Take me and place me where thou wilt, for there I shall keep my divine part tranquil."

"The pain which is intolerable carries us off, but that which lasts a long time is tolerable."

"The soul of the good is naked and is manifest through the body that surrounds it. There is no veil over a star."

"Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break; but it stands firm and tames the fury of the water around it."

"Live as on a mountain."

"The soul is a sphere illuminated by light, by which it sees the truth of all things and the truth that is in itself."

"I do my duty; other things trouble me not."

These are a few of the sayings of Marcus Aurelius. There are others like them—apples of gold in baskets of silver.

MARTIN BREWER ANDERSON

GENIUS AND ACHIEVEMENT OF MORSE

[Address by Dr. M. B. Anderson, educator, late President of the University of Rochester (born in Brunswick, Me., February 12, 1815; died at Lake Helen, Fla., February 26, 1890), delivered in Rochester, N. Y., at a memorial meeting in honor of Professor Morse, held in Corinthian Hall, April 16, 1872, two weeks after the death of the great inventor. President Anderson was chairman of the meeting.]

Fellow Citizens:—We have come together to-night to render our respectful homage to the name and memory of one of the great benefactors of humanity. We join with the sisterhood of American citizens in a simultaneous recognition of the genius, labor, and thought which have made the name of Morse known and honored throughout the world. Still more, we would make this an occasion of recording our obligations to those silent thinkers, almost unknown outside of the annals of science, whose achievements made the invention of the telegraph-instrument possible and practicable.

Almost from the time of Franklin the idea of making electricity useful for the transmission of intelligence has floated before the minds of men. Le Sage in 1774, Lomond in 1787, and Reusser in 1794, constructed instruments by which thought was communicated through wires of great length. But the discovery by Volta, in 1800, of the pile which bears his name, gave a new impulse in this direction. In 1819 Professor Oersted made his great discovery of the action of an electric current upon the magnetic needle. This was soon succeeded by the discovery of electro-magnetism by Arago and Ampère in Paris, and Seebeck in Berlin. The world was then furnished with the three conditions for the construction of the electric telegraph in its present form. The Voltaic battery, the deflection of the magnetic needle by electricity, and the magnetization of soft iron during the passage of an electric current are the three great events in scientific progress upon which the invention of the telegraph depended.

From 1830, when the suggestion of the employment of these discoveries for telegraphic purposes was suggested by Ampère, the minds of men of science in all civilized countries seem simultaneously to have been directed to the means by which these discoveries might be made available for the conveyance of intelligence. In all scientific centers in Europe and America success more or less complete followed these efforts. This is not the place to discuss the vexed question of precedency between Cook and Wheatstone, Steinheil and Morse, in the actual invention of the telegraphic apparatus.

The honor of successful endeavor belongs to them all, but to no one of them does the world owe a greater debt of honor than to our own countryman. His invention has been found so cheap, so simple, so easy of manipulation that it has been more widely adopted than any other. The honors and emoluments which foreign nations have bestowed upon Morse are proof enough of the distinguished place which he holds among the inventors of the telegraph-instrument. It is not necessary to Morse's fame that the reputation of his fellow-inventors should be undervalued. In honoring him we honor them. It would be injustice to his memory did we omit to mention those who at the same time were laboring at the solution of the problem.

There are three classes of agents which have conspired in giving to man the control of the telegraph. In the first class we should place those students of science who, in the pursuit of truth for its own sake, brought to light those laws and forces upon which the whole working of the instruments depends. In the second class we place those indefatigable inventors whose patient thought and persistent experiment perfected the mechanism which made the laws and forces of electricity available to the service of man. In the third class we place those men whose foresight, administrative capacity, and capital organized the telegraph-lines into a system, made them a financial success, and brought them within the reach of the whole brotherhood of man. In each of these classes of workers our countrymen have borne a distinguished part.

The science of electricity was born on our soil, and names worthy to be associated with that of Franklin have never been wanting in the annals of American science. The name of Morse alone is our title to a pre-eminent position in the second class named. In the capacity to organize and administer associated capital our countrymen yield the palm to none. What in other lands has been the work of government has among us been accomplished by private enterprise, and with such success that the highest foreign authorities admit that in our country "the telegraphic system is far more complete and extensive than in the Old World." In this work of perfecting the organization and administration of the telegraph system our own city and our own State have taken a most important part. The names of Hiram Sibley and Cyrus W. Field are enough to establish our claim. Had the Atlantic cable failed, as once seemed likely, we were all ready to grasp the honors and rewards of an overland line to Europe and Asia, which would have been sure of success.

In looking over the history of this great invention we are impressed with the unity of scientific labors and practical ends. When Galvani was speculating in his laboratory on the twitching muscles of a dead frog; when Oersted was experimenting with electric currents passing over magnetic needles; when Ampère was watching the effect of electric action upon soft iron, they would have been laughed to scorn had they claimed to be the most practical men of their age. But in fact they were doing more for the material interests of man than all the bankers, merchants, and manufacturers of that day. It is ever thus thoughts go before things. The discovery of forces and laws must precede mechanical inventions. Science must always clear the path for successful art. The speculations of the Glasgow professor, Adam Smith, upon the wealth of nations have wrought vaster and more beneficial results than all the statesmen of his age, prolific as it was with great men. The philosophers and lawyers who elaborated by ages of thought the magnificent fabric of the Roman law were thinkers and speculators, but they shaped in their speculations the whole foundations of jurisprudence for the civilized world.

We also see that no great discovery or invention comes by accident. Divine Providence presides over the growth of science and art and civilization. Science had reached such a state at the close of the Eighteenth century that a thousand thinkers were hot with action over the facts and laws which were the conditions-precedent of the telegraph. Though the great men whose names we recall to-night had failed in their efforts, the work which they sought to do would have been done. Had neither Morse, nor Wheatstone, nor Steinheil invented the telegraph-instrument, it would inevitably have come to the light in their generation. The doubt and obscurity which hang over the origin of all great discoveries and inventions are not due to the misrepresentation and ambition of men, but to the fact that all great onward movements in science and art are conditioned by what has preceded them, and spring from the aggregate intelligence and common thought of the greatest minds of an age. God's purposes never depend on the genius or power of any one man. Thus speaking, we do not detract from the honor due to the genius of any one we have named to-night. He must be a very able man who in this age of mental activity makes an appreciable impression on the profession or line of inquiry which he adopts as the channel of his thought. The fact that Morse's name is linked forever with an invention world-wide in its application and immeasurable in its beneficence, is enough for his fame, enough for his immortality.

If material wealth is so dependent on the development of scientific laws and the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men, we see the necessity for an alliance close and intimate between the men of capital and the men of ideas. For if the knowledge of the facts and laws of material science is necessary to the accumulation of capital, a knowledge of the facts and laws of the moral and political sciences is necessary to its preservation. The prevalence of unsound moral, political, and economical ideas among the population of Paris has made that city as unsafe as Mexico for the residence of a capitalist or the investment of his funds. Even now the specter of the International Society casts its grim shadow over the civilized world. Let some moral or economic heresy take possession of a people, and the savings of a generation will evaporate like the feathery snow-flakes beneath an April sun.

Nor can these blessings and safeguards be secured by the mere elements of knowledge, such as may be learned in the common school. Great reservoirs of knowledge must be maintained. Investigators must be supported and rewarded. Knowledge must be increased as well as diffused. It is no accidental coincidence that Galvani and Volta, Oersted, Ampère, and Argo, Wheatstone and Morse were each and all professors, connected with institutions of learning. Have not science and learning some claims upon the colossal fortunes which their votaries have made possible?

If this beautiful city of ours is to hold a true leadership in coming years, something more will be requisite than water, or gardens, or railroads. It must become a center of ideas and culture. May I be pardoned for saying that, in addition to our admirable system of schools, we need endowments for education large enough to bring the means of the highest training gratuitously to every one capable of receiving it; large enough to maintain a body of scientific and scholarly workers who shall enlarge the area of human knowledge; large enough to attract hither, by books, collections, and apparatus, a society of the choicest minds of the country; large enough to furnish a collection of means and appliances for culture that shall make our garden-city the intellectual center of Western New York.

ALFRED AUSTIN

CHAUCER

[Address by Alfred Austin, English Poet-Laureate (born at Headingley, Leeds, England, May 30, 1835; ——), delivered in the Collegiate Church of St. Saviour, Southwark, London, October 25, 1900, the day being the five hundredth anniversary of the death of Chaucer. The occasion was marked by the dedication in this church of a memorial window to "the first great English poet."]

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I have not only to speak of the first great English poet, but to speak of him in connection with a work of commemorative art by one [C. E. Kempe, the designer of the memorial window] whose exquisite invention and harmonious coloring have sensibly added to the charm of wandering through our fair and interesting island, and, more than that, to speak of him in a building of special sanctity. This is not the occasion or the place to dwell on the position belonging to Chaucer, of inalienable right in the hierarchy of our poets. That is now irrevocably determined. But there is such a thing as an apostolic succession in poetic literature—an apostolic succession which has now been continued for more than five hundred years, and which there is no reason to suppose has come to an end. The name of Chaucer introduces that resplendent record. Whether his writings have yet sunk into the heart of the multitude may indeed be doubted; but they will do so in the end; for competent, deliberate, and dispassionate criticism has assigned to him the position he occupies, and what competent, deliberate, and dispassionate criticism declares invariably becomes in the end the opinion, active or tacit, of the whole world.

Every great poet passes through three stages. In the first stage he is either excessively belauded or excessively depreciated. In the second stage, if he has been underestimated before, he is excessively extolled, and if he has been overestimated before, he is excessively depreciated. In other words, he is either, first, in the trough, then on the crest of the wave, or first, on the crest and then in the trough. Finally his reputation gets into smooth water, where he reaches the haven of tranquil and assured fame. Such has for some time now been the lot of Chaucer; and the present occasion suggests reflections of a different order from mere expatiation on this theme. Chaucer is the first great personality in our history, whether monarch, statesman, warrior, or poet, who stands before us clearly as representing what is now felt by us all to be the English type of character and intellect. Chaucer is English in his burly love of the fresh, frank, healthy open air, in his rejoicing sympathy with the consecutive seasons, in his tender, cheerful intimacy with the aspect, the voice, and the vicissitudes, indeed, with all the manifestations, of external nature. True, he was born in London, and in London he long dwelt; but in the time of Chaucer the western portion of our colossal capital was forest or swamp, and the then inhabited London was as rural, one might almost say as rustic, as is now some Lilliputian provincial town. Its streets and houses were embosomed in woods, meadows, and lanes, and so they remained till long after the days of Shakespeare. Hence it was that Chaucer exclaimed when came the month of May:—

"Farewell, my boke and my devocioun!"

thus anticipating by more than four hundred years the lines of Wordsworth:—

"Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife;
Come, hear the woodland linnet!
How sweet his music! On my life
There's more of wisdom in it."

How English that was; and, one may add, how Scotch, for the Scotch are more like the English and more one with them than they sometimes seem willing to acknowledge. The note I have just indicated is the note of Burns and Scott no less than of Chaucer and Wordsworth. How English, again, is Chaucer's jovial humor. Peculiarly and permanently English are his types and characters in the Canterbury Tales. But it must not be forgotten that Chaucer, like every great poet, is not wholly and exclusively insular. He was a traveler; and, like so many English poets, he traveled to Italy, and from Italy he brought back the selfsame kind of inspiration which later on influenced Milton, which affected Shakespeare, and took such hold of Byron.

Another reflection which occurs to me is the practical temperament, the businesslike capacity of Chaucer, who was the Controller of Customs in the Port of London, Parliamentary representative of Kent, Clerk of the King's Works at Windsor, the confidant of rulers, warriors, and statesmen, a soldier in France, and a diplomatist in Italy. In my opinion no man ever was, or ever could hope to be, a really great poet who might not equally have been a successful man of affairs, a methodical administrator, a sagacious statesman—aye! a victorious general, or even a circumspect and impressive archbishop. Whether it is because of the limited possession of this practical temperament that the Celtic race, which has produced so many beautiful and exquisite poets, has not, as yet at least, produced a really great poet, I will not presume to say. But it is more or less certain that it is because of this fundamentally practical, weighty, massive element in the English character and intellect that England has given birth to the greatest poets, and to the greatest number of them. And the reflection which occurs to the mind is that a poet like Chaucer—a poet not pre-eminently distinguished for theological fervor like Milton, nor for all-pervading piety like Wordsworth, but ostensibly and for the most part mundane, sometimes serious, sometimes playful, at times even jocose and even profane (but, I should be prepared to maintain, fundamentally religious in the true signification of the word, and deeply convinced and profoundly conscious of man's spiritual dignity and moral duty)—should be accorded an unqualified welcome in the sacred edifice of St. Saviour's. A much-revered English statesman, whose confidence and friendship were an abiding reminiscence for any one who had enjoyed them, was once assailed with no little derision because he declared that he for one was "on the side of the angels." All great poets, at least, are on the side of the angels. One of the distinguishing marks of really great poets is wisdom, and no one is wise who has not a deep-seated and loving belief in the efficacy and necessity of virtue. The great poet, in his progressive development, becomes a philosopher, or lover of Wisdom—in other words, one who sees and understands, and who weds the authority of the only universal knowledge of which man is capable to the insinuating magic of sonorous or mellifluous harmony. The Church would indeed itself lack wisdom if it failed to appreciate such auxiliaries as these, and would gratuitously divest itself of much of its power if it did not extend to them the sanction of its charity and its tenderness.

For great poets are the evangelists of right feeling and right thinking, a truth which Plato must have had before him when he affirmed that poetry should consist for the most part of hymns to the gods and praises of virtue. Equally with, and sometimes more persuasively than, avowed moralists, great poets inculcate fidelity, hopefulness, charity, deference towards authority, manliness towards men, chivalry towards women, tenderness for children, the lifting up of the heart, the purifying of the soul, reverence, piety, and patriotism. Chaucer, intelligently read and sympathetically understood, even in his most boisterous and seemingly most worldly moments inculcates all of these, although he is rarely expressly a moralist and never a dogmatist. Poets like Chaucer are themselves ministers of God, and that is why the intelligent, comprehensive, truly Catholic Anglican Church says to such: "Come to me; I offer you an all-embracing welcome." It behooves us all, in these days more especially, to stifle every discord and division within the Church, which can remain truly national only by maintaining its traditional charter of comprehensiveness, and by continuing to proclaim that its mission is to include, not to exclude—not to ban, but to bless; and, amongst its other marks of catholicity, to associate, as it has done this day, with the piety of the saints the wisdom of the poets.

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

Photogravure after a photograph from life

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

THE PLEASURES OF READING

[Rectorial address of the Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury, and leader of the House of Commons (born in Scotland, July 25, 1848; ——), delivered at the University of St. Andrews, December 10, 1887.]

Mr. Principal and Gentlemen:—It has probably not been the lot of many of my predecessors in the distinguished post to which you have elected me to deliver a Rectorial Address under circumstances more adverse to the deliberate reflection and the careful preparation which such a performance requires. So strongly do I feel the extreme difficulty of saying anything worthy of this place and of this audience, at a time when the daily and even hourly calls upon me are incessant, that I should have been disposed to defer to a more convenient season my first public appearance amongst you. From this, however, I was deterred by one consideration—namely, that if the Rectorial installation were postponed till next year, or the year after, I should have no opportunity of meeting those who interested themselves in the last Rectorial election. In University life, generation succeeds generation with such rapidity, that the leaders among the students of one year are the departed heroes of the next. And I prefer, therefore, even under the somewhat adverse circumstances which I have indicated, to meet those who took a principal part in the contest of last November, whether for or against me, to all the advantages which my audience might be expected to derive from a postponement of my Address.

I will confess to you at the outset that I have been much embarrassed in the selection of a subject. Not a few of my predecessors have found themselves, I should imagine, in a similar difficulty. A Rectorial Address might, so I was informed, be about anything. But this "anything" is too apt, upon further investigation, to resolve itself into nothing. Some topics are too dull. Some are too controversial. Some interest only the few. Some are too great a strain upon the speaker who has to prepare them. Some too severely tax the patience of the audience which has to listen to them. And I confess to have been much perplexed in my search for a topic on which I could say something to which you would have patience to listen, or on which I might find it profitable to speak.

One theme, however, there is, not inappropriate to the place in which I speak, nor, I hope, unwelcome to the audience which I address. The youngest of you have left behind that period of youth during which it seems inconceivable that any book should afford recreation except a story-book. Many of you are just reaching the period when, at the end of your prescribed curriculum, the whole field and compass of literature lies outspread before you; when with faculties trained and disciplined, and the edge of curiosity not dulled or worn with use, you may enter at your leisure into the intellectual heritage of the centuries.

Now the question of how to read, and what to read, has of late filled much space in the daily papers, if it cannot, strictly speaking, be said to have profoundly occupied the public mind. But you need be under no alarm. I am not going to supply you with a new list of a hundred books, nor am I about to take the world into my confidence in respect of my favorite passages from the best authors. Nor again do I address myself to the professed student, to the fortunate individual with whom literature or science is the business as well as the pleasure of life. I have not the qualifications which would enable me to undertake such a task with the smallest hope of success. My aim is humble, though the audience to whom I desire to speak is large; for I speak to the ordinary reader with ordinary capacities and ordinary leisure, to whom reading is, or ought to be, not a business but a pleasure; and my theme is the enjoyment—not the improvement, nor the glory, nor the profit, but the *enjoyment*—which may be derived by such a one from books.

It is perhaps due to the controversial habits engendered by my unfortunate profession, that I find no easier method of making my own view clear than by contrasting with it what I regard as an erroneous view held by somebody else; and in the present case the doctrine which I shall choose as a foil to my own is one which has been stated with the utmost force and directness by that brilliant and distinguished writer, Mr. Frederic Harrison. He has given us in a series of excellent essays his opinion on the principles which should guide us in the choice of books. Against that part of his treatise which is occupied with specific recommendations of certain authors I have not a word to say. He has resisted all the temptations to eccentricity which so easily beset the modern critic. Every book which he praises deserves his praise, and has long been praised by the world at large. I do not, indeed, hold that the verdict of the world is necessarily binding on the individual conscience. I admit to the full that there is an enormous quantity of hollow devotion, of withered orthodoxy divorced from living faith, in the eternal chorus of praise which goes up from every literary altar to the memory of the immortal dead. Nevertheless, every critic is bound to recognize, as Mr. Harrison recognizes, that he must put down to individual peculiarity any difference he may have with the general verdict of the ages; he must feel that mankind are not likely to be in a conspiracy of error as to the kind of literary work which conveys to them the highest literary enjoyment, and that in such cases at least *securus judicat orbis terrarum.*

But it is quite possible to hold that any work recommended by Mr. Harrison is worth repeated reading, and yet to reject utterly the theory of study by which these recommendations are prefaced. For Mr. Harrison is a ruthless censor. His *index expurgatorius* includes, so far as I can discover, the whole catalogue of the British Museum, with the exception of a small remnant which might easily be contained in about thirty or forty volumes. The vast remainder he contemplates with feelings apparently not merely of indifference, but of active aversion. He surveys the boundless and ever-increasing waste of books with emotions compounded of disgust and dismay. He is almost tempted to say in his haste that the invention of printing has been an evil one for humanity. In the habits of miscellaneous reading born of a too easy access to libraries, circulating and other, he sees many soul-destroying tendencies; and his ideal reader would appear to be a gentleman who rejects with a lofty scorn all in history that does not pass for being first-rate in importance, and all in literature that is not admitted to be first-rate in quality.

Now, I am far from denying that this theory is plausible. Of all that has been written, it is certain that the professed student can master but an infinitesimal fraction. Of that fraction the ordinary reader can master but a very small part. What advice, then, can be better than to select for study the few masterpieces that have come down to us, and to treat as non-existent the huge but undistinguished remainder? We are like travelers passing hastily through some ancient city filled with memorials of many generations and more than one great civilization. Our time is short. Of what may be seen we can only see at best but a trifling fragment. Let us then take care that we waste none of our precious moments upon that which is less than the most excellent. So preaches Mr. Frederic Harrison. And when a doctrine which, put thus, may seem not only wise but obvious, is further supported by such assertions as that habits of miscellaneous reading "close the mind to what is spiritually sustaining" by "stuffing it with what is simply curious," or that such methods of study are worse than no habits of study at all, because they "gorge and enfeeble" the mind by "excess in that which cannot nourish." I almost feel that in venturing to dissent from it I may be attacking not merely the teaching of common sense, but the inspirations of a high morality.

Yet I am convinced that, for most persons, the views thus laid down by Mr. Harrison are wrong, and that what he describes, with characteristic vigor, as "an impotent voracity for desultory information," is in reality a most desirable and a not too common form of mental appetite.

I have no sympathy whatever for the horror he expresses at the "incessant accumulation of fresh books." I am never tempted to regret that Gutemberg was born in the world. I care not at all though the "cataract of printed stuff," as Mr. Harrison calls it, should flow and still flow on until the catalogues of our libraries should make libraries themselves. I am prepared, indeed, to express sympathy almost amounting to approbation for any one who would check all writing which was *not* intended for the printer. I pay no tribute of grateful admiration to those who have oppressed mankind with the dubious blessing of the penny post. But the ground of the distinction is plain. We are always obliged to read our letters, and are sometimes obliged to answer them. But who obliges us to wade through the piled-up lumber of an ancient library, or to skim more than we like off the frothy foolishness poured forth in ceaseless stream by our circulating libraries? Dead dunces do not importune us; Grub Street does not ask for a reply by return of post. Even their living successors need hurt no one who possesses the very moderate degree of social courage required to make the admission that he has not read the last new novel or the current number of a fashionable magazine.

But this is not the view of Mr. Harrison. To him the position of any one having free access to a large library is fraught with issues so tremendous that, in order adequately to describe it, he has to seek for parallels in two of the most highly wrought episodes in fiction—the Ancient Mariner, becalmed and thirsting on the tropic ocean; Bunyan's Christian in the crisis of spiritual conflict. But there is here, surely, some error and some exaggeration. Has miscellaneous reading the dreadful consequences which Mr. Harrison depicts? Has it any of them? His declarations about the intellect being "gorged and enfeebled" by the absorption of too much information, expresses no doubt with great vigor an analogy, for which there is high authority, between the human mind and the human stomach; but surely it is an analogy, which may be pressed too far.

I have often heard of the individual whose excellent natural gifts have been so overloaded with huge masses of undigested and indigestible learning, that they have had no chance of healthy development. But though I have often heard of this personage, I have never met him, and I believe him to be mythical. It is true, no doubt, that many learned people are dull; but there is no indication whatever that they are dull because they are learned. True dulness is seldom acquired; it is a natural grace, the manifestations of which, however modified by education, remain in substance the same. Fill a man to the brim with knowledge, and he will not become less dull, as the enthusiasts for education vainly imagine; neither will he become duller, as Mr. Harrison appears to suppose. He will remain in essence what he always has been and always must have been. But whereas his dulness would, if left to itself, have been merely vacuous, it may have become, under careful cultivation, pretentious and pedantic.

I would further point out to you, that, while there is no ground in experience for supposing that a keen interest in those facts which Mr. Harrison describes as "merely curious" has any stupefying effect upon the mind, or has any tendency to render it insensible to the higher things of literature and art, there is positive evidence that many of those who have most deeply felt the charm of those higher things have been consumed by that omnivorous appetite for knowledge which excites Mr. Harrison's especial indignation. Dr. Johnson, for instance, though deaf to some of the most delicate harmonies of verse, was, without question, a very great critic. Yet, in Dr. Johnson's opinion, literary history, which is for the most part composed of facts which Mr. Harrison would regard as insignificant, about authors whom he would regard as pernicious, was the most delightful of studies. Again, consider the case of Lord Macaulay. Lord Macaulay did everything Mr. Harrison says he ought not to have done. From youth to age he was continuously occupied in "gorging and enfeebling" his intellect by the unlimited consumption of every species of literature, from the masterpieces of the age of Pericles to the latest rubbish from the circulating library. It is not told of him that his intellect suffered by the process; and though it will hardly be claimed for him that he was a great critic, none will deny that he possessed the keenest susceptibilities for literary excellence in many languages and in every form.

If Englishmen and Scotchmen do not satisfy you, I will take a Frenchman. The most accomplished critic whom France has produced is, by general admission, St. Beuve. His capacity for appreciating supreme perfection in literature will be disputed by none; yet the great bulk of his vast literary industry was expended upon the lives and writings of authors whose lives Mr. Harrison would desire us to forget, and whose writings almost wring from him the wish that the art of printing had never been discovered.

I am even bold enough to hazard the conjecture (I trust he will forgive me) that Mr. Harrison's life may be quoted against Mr. Harrison's theory. I entirely decline to believe without further evidence that the writings whose vigor of style and of thought have been the delight of us all, are the product of his own system. I hope I do him no wrong, but I cannot help thinking that, if we knew all, we should find that he followed the practice of those worthy physicians who, after prescribing the most abstemious diet to their patients, may be seen partaking freely, and to all appearances safely, of the most succulent and the most unwholesome of the forbidden dishes.

It has to be noted that Mr. Harrison's list of the books which deserve perusal would seem to indicate that, in his opinion, the pleasures to be derived from literature are chiefly pleasures of the imagination. Poets, dramatists, and novelists form the bulk of what is specifically permitted to his disciples. Now, though I have clearly stated that the list is not one of which any person is likely to assert that it contains books which ought to be excluded, yet, even from the point of view of what may be termed æsthetic enjoyment, the field in which we are allowed to take our pleasures seems to me unduly restricted.

Contemporary poetry, for instance, on which Mr. Harrison bestows a good deal of hard language, has, and must have for the generation which produces it, certain qualities not likely to be possessed by any other. Charles Lamb has somewhere declared that a pun loses all its virtue as soon as the momentary quality of the intellectual and social atmosphere in which it was born has changed its character. What is true of this, the humblest effort of verbal art, is true, in a different measure and degree, of all, even of the highest forms of literature.

To some extent every work requires interpretation to generations who are separated by differences of thought or education from the age in which it was originally produced. That this is so with every book which depends for its interest upon feelings and fashions which have utterly vanished, no one will be disposed, I imagine, to deny. Butler's "Hudibras," for instance, which was the delight of a gay and witty society, is to me, at least, not unfrequently dull. Of some works which made a noise in their day, it seems impossible to detect the slightest trace of charm. But this is not the case with "Hudibras"; its merits are obvious. That they should have appealed to a generation sick of the reign of the "Saints," is precisely what we should have expected. But to us, who are not sick of the reign of the Saints, they appeal but imperfectly. The attempt to reproduce artificially the frame of mind of those who first read the poem is not only an effort, but is to most people, at all events, an unsuccessful effort.

What is true of "Hudibras," is true also, though in an inconceivably smaller degree, of those great works of imagination which deal with the elemental facts of human character and human passion. Yet even on these time does, though lightly, lay his hand. Wherever what may be called "historic sympathy" is required, there will be some diminution of the enjoyment which those must have felt who were the poet's contemporaries. We look, so to speak, at the same splendid landscape as they, but distance has made it necessary for us to aid our natural vision with glasses, and some loss of light will thus inevitably be produced, and some inconvenience from the difficulty of truly adjusting the focus. Of all authors, Homer would, I suppose, be thought to suffer least from such drawbacks. But yet, in order to listen to Homer's accents with the ears of an ancient Greek, we must be able, among other things, to enter into a view about the gods which is as far removed from what we should describe as true religious sentiment, as it is from the frigid ingenuity of those later poets who regarded the deities of Greek mythology as so many wheels in the supernatural machinery with which it pleased them to carry on the action of their pieces.

If we are to accept Mr. Herbert Spencer's views as to the progress of our species, changes of sentiment are likely to occur which will far more seriously interfere with the world's delight in the Homeric poems. When human beings become " so nicely adjusted to their environment " that courage and dexterity in battle will have become as useless among virtues as an old helmet is among weapons of war; when fighting gets to be looked upon with the sort of disgust excited in us by cannibalism; and when public opinion shall regard a warrior much in the same light that we regard a hangman—I do not see how any fragment of that vast and splendid literature which depends for its interest upon deeds of heroism and the joy of battle is to retain its ancient charm. About these remote contingencies, however, I am glad to think that neither you nor I need trouble our heads; and if I parenthetically allude to them now, it is merely as an illustration of a truth not always sufficiently remembered, and as an excuse for those who find in the genuine, though possibly second-rate, productions of their own age, a charm for which they search in vain among the mighty monuments of a past literature.

But I leave this train of thought, which has perhaps already taken me too far, in order to point out a more fundamental error, as I think it, which arises from regarding literature solely from this high æsthetic standpoint. The pleasures of the imagination derived from the best literary models form, without doubt, the most exquisite portion of the enjoyment which we may extract from books; but they do not, in my opinion, form the largest portion, if we take into account mass as well as quality, in our calculation. There is the literature which appeals to the imagination or the fancy, some stray specimens of which Mr. Harrison will permit us to peruse; but is there not also the literature which satisfies the curiosity? Is this vast storehouse of pleasure to be thrown hastily aside because many of the facts which it contains are alleged to be insignificant, because the appetite to which they minister is said to be morbid? Consider a little.

We are here dealing with one of the strongest intellectual impulses of rational beings. Animals, as a rule, trouble themselves but little with anything unless they want either to eat it or to run away from it. Interest in, and wonder at, the works of nature and the doings of man are products of civilization, and excite emotions which do not diminish but increase with increasing knowledge and cultivation. Feed them and they grow; minister to them and they will greatly multiply. We hear much indeed of what is called "idle curiosity," but I am loth to brand any form of curiosity as necessarily idle. Take, for example, one of the most singular, but, in this age, one of the most universal forms in which it is accustomed to manifest itself—I mean that of an exhaustive study of the contents of the morning and evening papers. It is certainly remarkable that any person who has nothing to get by it should destroy his eyesight and confuse his brain by a conscientious attempt to master the dull and doubtful details of the European diary daily transmitted to us by "Our Special Correspondent." But it must be remembered that this is only a somewhat unprofitable exercise of that disinterested love of knowledge which moves men to penetrate the Polar snows, to build up systems of philosophy, or to explore the secrets of the remotest heavens. It has in it the rudiments of infinite and varied delights. It *can* be turned, and it *should* be turned, into a curiosity for which nothing that has been done, or thought, or suffered, or believed—no law which governs the world of matter or the world of mind—can be wholly alien or uninteresting.

Truly it is a subject for astonishment that, instead of expanding to the utmost the employment of this pleasure-giving faculty, so many persons should set themselves to work to limit its exercise by all kinds of arbitrary regulations. Some persons, for example, tell us that the acquisition of knowledge is all very well, but that it must be useful knowledge—meaning usually thereby that it must enable a man to get on in a profession, pass an examination, shine in conversation, or obtain a reputation for learning. But even if they mean something higher than this—even if they mean that knowledge, to be worth anything, must subserve ultimately, if not immediately, the material or spiritual interests of mankind—the doctrine is one which should be energetically repudiated.

I admit, of course, at once, that discoveries the most apparently remote from human concerns have often proved themselves of the utmost commercial or manufacturing value. But they require no such justification for their existence, nor were they striven for with any such object. Navigation is not the final cause of astronomy, nor telegraphy of electro-dynamics, nor dye-works of chemistry. And if it be true that the desire of knowledge for the sake of knowledge was the animating motive of the great men who first wrested her secrets from nature, why should it not also be enough for us, to whom it is not given to discover, but only to learn as best we may what has been discovered by others?

Another maxim, more plausible but equally pernicious, is that superficial knowledge is worse than no knowledge at all. That "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing" is a saying which has now got currency as a proverb stamped in the mint of Pope's versification—of Pope who, with the most imperfect knowledge of Greek, translated Homer; with the most imperfect knowledge of the Elizabethan drama, edited Shakespeare; and with the most imperfect knowledge of philosophy, wrote the "Essay on Man." But what is this "little knowledge" which is supposed to be so dangerous? What is it "little" in relation to? If in relation to what there is to know, then all human knowledge is little. If in relation to what actually is known by somebody, then we must condemn as "dangerous" the knowledge which Archimedes possessed of mechanics, or Copernicus of astronomy; for a shilling primer and a few weeks' study will enable any student to outstrip in mere information some of the greatest teachers of the past.

No doubt, that little knowledge which thinks itself to be great, may possibly be a dangerous, as it certainly is a most ridiculous thing. We have all suffered under that eminently absurd individual who, on the strength of one or two volumes, imperfectly apprehended by himself, and long discredited in the estimation of every one else, is prepared to supply you on the shortest notice with a dogmatic solution of every problem suggested by this "unintelligible world"; or the political variety of the same pernicious genus, whose statecraft consists in the ready application to the most complex question of national interest of some high-sounding commonplace which has done weary duty on a thousand platforms, and which even in its palmiest days was never fit for anything better than a peroration. But in our dislike of the individual, do not let us mistake the diagnosis of his disease. He suffers not from ignorance, but from stupidity. Give him learning and you make him not wise, but only more pretentious in his folly.

I say, then, that so far from a little knowledge being undesirable, a little knowledge is all that on most subjects any of us can hope to attain, and that as a source not of worldly profit but of personal pleasure, it may be of incalculable value to its possessor. But it will naturally be asked, "How are we to select from among the infinite number of things which may be known, those which it is best worth while for us to know?" We are constantly being told to concern ourselves with learning what is important, and not to waste our energies upon what is insignificant. But what are the marks by which we shall recognize the important, and how is it to be distinguished from the insignificant? A precise and complete answer to this question which shall be true for all men cannot be given. I am considering knowledge, recollect, as it ministers to enjoyment, and from this point of view each unit of information is obviously of importance in proportion as it increases the general sum of enjoyment which we obtain from knowledge. This, of course, makes it impossible to lay down precise rules which shall be an equally sure guide to all sorts and conditions of men; for in this, as in other matters, tastes must differ, and against real difference of taste there is no appeal.

There is, however, one caution which it may be worth your while to keep in view—Do not be persuaded into applying any general proposition on this subject with a foolish impartiality to every kind of knowledge. There are those who tell you that it is the broad generalities and the far-reaching principles which govern the world, which are alone worthy of your attention. A fact which is not an illustration of a law, in the opinion of these persons; appears to lose all its value. Incidents which do not fit into some great generalization, events which are merely picturesque, details which are merely curious—they dismiss as unworthy the interest of a reasoning being.

Now, even in science, this doctrine in its extreme form does not hold good. The most scientific of men have taken profound interest in the investigation of facts from the determination of which they do not anticipate any material addition to our knowledge of the laws which regulate the universe. In these matters I need hardly say that I speak wholly without authority. But I have always been under the impression that an investigation which has cost hundreds of thousands of pounds; which has stirred on three occasions the whole scientific community throughout the civilized world; on which has been expended the utmost skill in the construction of instruments and their application to purposes of research (I refer to the attempts made to determine the distance of the sun by observations of the transit of Venus) would, even if it had been brought to a successful issue, have furnished mankind with the knowledge of no new astronomical principle. The laws which govern the motions of the solar system, the proportions which the various elements in that system bear to one another, have long been known. The distance of the sun itself is known within limits of error, relatively speaking, not very considerable. Were the measuring-rod we apply to the heavens based on an estimate of the sun's distance from the earth, which was wrong by (say) three per cent., it would not to the lay mind seem to affect very materially our view either of the distribution of the heavenly bodies or of their motions. And yet this information, this piece of celestial gossip, would seem to be that which was chiefly expected from the successful prosecution of an investigation in which whole nations have interested themselves.

But though no one can, I think, pretend that science does not concern itself, and properly concern itself, with facts which are not in themselves, to all appearance, illustrations of law it is undoubtedly true that for those who desire to extract the greatest pleasure from science, a knowledge, however elementary, of the leading principles of investigation and the larger laws of nature, is the acquisition most to be desired. To him who is not a specialist, a comprehension of the broad outlines of the universe as it presents itself to the scientific imagination, is the thing most worth striving to attain. But when we turn from science to what is rather vaguely called history, the same principles of study do not, I think, altogether apply, and mainly for this reason—that while the recognition of the reign of law is the chief amongst the pleasures imparted by science, our inevitable ignorance makes it the least among the pleasures imparted by history.

It is no doubt true that we are surrounded by advisers who tell us that all study of the past is barren except in so far as it enables us to determine the laws by which the evolution of human societies is governed. How far such an investigation has been up to the present time fruitful in results I will not inquire. That it will ever enable us to trace with accuracy the course which states and nations are destined to pursue in the future, or to account in detail for their history in the past, I do not indeed believe. We are borne along like travelers on some unexplored stream. We may know enough of the general configuration of the globe to be sure that we are making our way towards the ocean. We may know enough by experience or theory of the laws regulating the flow of liquids, to conjecture how the river will behave under the varying influences to which it may be subject. More than this we cannot know. It will depend largely upon causes which, in relation to any laws which we are ever likely to discover, may properly be called accidental, whether we are destined sluggishly to drift among fever-stricken swamps, to hurry down perilous rapids, or to glide gently through fair scenes of peaceful cultivation.

But leaving on one side ambitious sociological speculations, and even those more modest but hitherto more successful investigations into the causes which have in particular cases been principally operative in producing great political changes, there are still two modes in which we can derive what I may call "spectacular" enjoyment from the study of history. There is first the pleasure which arises from the contemplation of some great historic drama, or some broad and well-marked phase of social development. The story of the rise, greatness, and decay of a nation is like some vast epic which contains as subsidiary episodes the varied stories of the rise, greatness, and decay of creeds, or parties, and of statesmen. The imagination is moved by the slow unrolling of this great picture of human mutability, as it is moved by the contrasted permanence of the abiding stars. The ceaseless conflict, the strange echoes of long-forgotten controversies, the confusion of purpose, the successes which lay deep the seeds of future evils, the failures that ultimately divert the otherwise inevitable danger, the heroism which struggles to the last for a cause foredoomed to defeat, the wickedness which sides with right, and the wisdom which huzzas at the triumph of folly—fate, meanwhile, through all this turmoil and perplexity, working silently towards the predestined end—all these form together a subject, the contemplation of which need surely never weary.

But there is yet another and very different species of enjoyment to be derived from the records of the past, which require a somewhat different method of study in order that it may be fully tasted. Instead of contemplating, as it were, from a distance, the larger aspects of the human drama, we may elect to move in familiar fellowship amid the scenes and actors of special periods. We may add to the interest we derive from the contemplation of contemporary politics, a similar interest derived from a not less minute, and probably more accurate, knowledge of some comparatively brief passage in the political history of the past. We may extend the social circle in which we move—a circle perhaps narrowed and restricted through circumstances beyond our control—by making intimate acquaintances, perhaps even close friends, among a society long departed, but which, when we have once learnt the trick of it, it rests with us to revive.

It is this kind of historical reading which is usually branded as frivolous and useless, and persons who indulge in it often delude themselves into thinking that the real motive of their investigations into bygone scenes and ancient scandals is philosophic interest in an important historical episode, whereas in truth it is not the philosophy which glorifies the details, but the details which make tolerable the philosophy. Consider, for example, the case of the French Revolution. The period from the taking of the Bastile to the fall of Robespierre is of about the same length as very commonly intervenes between two of our general elections. On these comparatively few months libraries have been written. The incidents of every week are matters of familiar knowledge. The character and the biography of every actor in the drama has been made the subject of minute study; and by common admission, there is no more fascinating page in the history of the world. But the interest is not what is commonly called philosophic, it is personal. Because the Revolution is the dominant fact in modern history, therefore people suppose that the doings of this or that provincial lawyer, tossed into temporary eminence and eternal infamy by some freak of the revolutionary wave, or the atrocities committed by this or that mob, half drunk with blood, rhetoric, and alcohol, are of transcendent importance. In truth their interest is great, but their importance is small. What we are concerned to know as students of the philosophy of history is, not the character of each turn and eddy in the great social cataract, but the manner in which the currents of the upper stream draw surely in towards the final plunge, and slowly collected themselves after the catastrophe, again to pursue, at a different level, their renewed and comparatively tranquil course.

Now, if so much of the interest of the French Revolution depends upon our minute knowledge of each passing incident, how much more necessary is such knowledge when we are dealing with the quiet nooks and corners of history—when we are seeking an introduction, let us say, into the literary society of Johnson or the fashionable society of Walpole! Society, dead or alive, can have no charm without intimacy, and no intimacy without interest in trifles which I fear Mr. Harrison would describe as "merely curious." If we would feel at our ease in any company, if we wish to find humor in its jokes and point in its repartees, we must know something of the beliefs and the prejudices of its various members—their loves and their hates, their hopes and their fears, their maladies, their marriages, and their flirtations. If these things are beneath our notice, we shall not be the less qualified to serve our Queen and country, but need make no attempt to extract pleasure out of one of the most delightful departments of literature.

That there is such a thing as trifling information, I do not of course question; but the frame of mind in which the reader is constantly weighing the exact importance to the universe at large of each circumstance which the author presents to his notice, is not one conducive to the true enjoyment of a picture whose effect depends upon a multitude of slight and seemingly insignificant touches, which impress the mind often without remaining in the memory. The best method of guarding against the danger of reading what is useless is to read only what is interesting—a truth which will seem a paradox to a whole class of readers, fitting objects of our commiseration, who may be often recognized by their habit of asking some adviser for a list of books, and then marking out a scheme of study in the course of which all these are to be conscientiously perused.

These unfortunate persons apparently read a book principally with the object of getting to the end of it. They reach the word "*Finis*" with the same sensation of triumph as an Indian feels who strings a fresh scalp to his girdle. They are not happy unless they mark by some definite performance each step in the weary path of self-improvement. To begin a volume and not to finish it would be to deprive themselves of this satisfaction; it would be to lose all the reward of their earlier self-denial by a lapse from virtue at the end. To skip, according to their literary code, is a form of cheating: it is a mode of obtaining credit for erudition on false pretences; a plan by which the advantages of learning are surreptitiously obtained by those who have not won them by honest toil. But all this is quite wrong. In matters literary, works have no saving efficacy. He has only half learnt the art of reading who has not added to it the even more refined accomplishments of skipping and of skimming; and the first step has hardly been taken in the direction of making literature a pleasure until interest in the subject, and not a desire to spare (so to speak) the author's feelings, or to accomplish an appointed task, is the prevailing motive of the reader.

I have now reached, not indeed the end of my subject, which I have scarcely begun, but the limits inexorably set by the circumstances under which it is treated. Yet I am unwilling to conclude without meeting an objection to my method of dealing with it which has, I am sure, been present to the minds of not a few who have been good enough to listen to me with patience. It will be said that I have ignored the higher functions of literature, that I have degraded it from its rightful place, by discussing only certain ways in which it may minister to the entertainment of an idle hour, leaving wholly out of sight its contributions to what Mr. Harrison calls our "spiritual sustenance."

Now this is partly because the first of these topics, and not the second, was the avowed subject of my address; but it is partly because I am deliberately of opinion that it is the pleasures and not the profits, spiritual or temporal, of literature which most require to be preached in the ear of the ordinary reader. I hold, indeed, the faith that all such pleasures minister to the development of much that is best in man, mental and moral; but the charm is broken and the subject lost if the remote consequence is consciously pursued to the exclusion of the immediate end.

It will not, I suppose, be denied that the beauties of nature are at least as well qualified to minister to our higher needs as are the beauties of literature. Yet we do not say we are going to walk to the top of such and such a hill in order to provide ourselves with "spiritual sustenance." We say we are going to look at the view. And I am convinced that this, which is the natural and simple way of considering literature as well as nature, is also the true way. The habit of always requiring some reward for knowledge beyond the knowledge itself, be that reward some material prize, or be it what is vaguely called self-improvement, is one with which I confess I have little sympathy, fostered though it is by the whole system of our modern education.

Do not suppose that I desire the impossible. I would not, if I could, destroy the examination system. But there are times, I admit, when I feel tempted somewhat to vary the prayer of the poet, and to ask whether heaven has not reserved in pity to this much educating generation some peaceful desert of literature as yet unclaimed by the crammer or the coach, where it might be possible for the student to wander, even perhaps to stray, at his own pleasure, without finding every beauty labeled, every difficulty engineered, every nook surveyed, and a professional cicerone standing at every corner to guide each succeeding traveler along the same well-worn round. If such a wish were granted, I would further ask that the domain of knowledge thus left outside the examination system should be the literature of our own country.

I grant to the full that the systematic study of *some* literature must be a principal element in the education of youth. But why should that literature be our own? Why should we brush off the bloom and freshness from the works to which Englishmen and Scotchmen most naturally turn for refreshment, namely, those written in their own language? Why should we associate them with the memory of hours spent in weary study; in the effort to remember for purposes of examination what no human being would wish to remember for any other; in the struggle to learn something, not because the learner desires to know it, but because he desires some one else to know that he knows it? This is the dark side of the examination system—a system necessary, and therefore excellent, but one which does, through the very efficiency and thoroughness of the drill by which it imparts knowledge, to some extent impair the most delicate pleasures by which the acquisition of knowledge should be attended.

How great those pleasures may be, I trust there are many here who can testify. When I compare the position of the reader of to-day with that of his predecessor of the Sixteenth century, I am amazed at the ingratitude of those who are tempted even for a moment to regret the invention of printing and the multiplication of books. There is now no mood of mind to which a man may not administer the appropriate nutriment or medicine at the cost of reaching down a volume from his book-shelf. In every department of knowledge infinitely more is known, and what is known is incomparably more accessible than it was to our ancestors. The lighter forms of literature, good, bad, and indifferent, which have added so vastly to the happiness of mankind, have increased beyond powers of computation; nor do I believe that there is any reason to think that they have elbowed out their more serious and important brethren.

It is perfectly possible for a man, not a professed student, and who only gives to reading the leisure hours of a business life, to acquire such a general knowledge of the laws of nature and the facts of history, that every great advance made in either department shall be to him both intelligible and interesting; and he may besides have among his familiar friends many a departed worthy whose memory is embalmed in the pages of memoir or biography. All this is ours for the asking. All this we shall ask for, if only it be our happy fortune to love, for its own sake, the beauty and the knowledge to be gathered from books. And if this be our fortune, the world may be kind or unkind—it may seem to us to be hastening on the wings of enlightenment and progress to an imminent millennium, or it may weigh us down with the sense of insoluble difficulty and irremediable wrong; but whatever else it be, so long as we have good health and a good library, it can hardly be dull.

GEORGE BANCROFT

THE PEOPLE IN ART, GOVERNMENT, AND RELIGION

[Address of George Bancroft, historian and statesman (born in Worcester, Mass., October 3, 1800; died in Washington, D. C., January 17, 1891), delivered before the Adelphi Society, of Williams College, in August, 1835.]

Gentlemen of the Adelphi Society:—The material world does not change in its masses or in its powers. The stars shine with no more lustre than when they first sang together in the glory of their birth. The flowers that gemmed the fields and the forests before America was discovered, now bloom around us in their season. The sun that shone on Homer shines on us in unchanging lustre; the bow that beamed on the patriarch still glitters in the clouds. Nature is the same. For her no new forces are generated; no new capacities are discovered. The earth turns on its axis, and perfects its revolutions, and renews its seasons without increase or advancement.

But a like passive destiny does not attach to the inhabitants of the earth. For them expectations of social improvement are no delusion; the hopes of philanthropy are more than a dream. The five senses do not constitute the whole inventory of our source of knowledge. They are the organs by which thought connects itself with the external universe; but the power of thought is not merged in the exercise of its instruments. We have functions which connect us with heaven, as well as organs which set us in relation with earth. We have not merely the senses to open to us the external world, but an internal sense, which places us in connection with the world of intelligence and the decrees of God. There is a spirit in man—not in the privileged few, not in those of us only who, by the favor of Providence, have been nursed in public schools, it is in man: it is the attribute of the race. The spirit, which is the guide to truth, is the gracious gift to each member of the human family.

Reason exists within every breast. I mean not that faculty which deduces inferences from the experience of the senses, but that higher faculty which, from the infinite treasures of its own consciousness, originates truth and assents to it by the force of intuitive evidence; that faculty which raises us beyond the control of time and space and gives us faith in things eternal and invisible. There is not the difference between one mind and another which the pride of philosophers might conceive. To them no faculty is conceded which does not belong to the meanest of their countrymen. In them there cannot spring up a truth which does not equally have its germ in every mind. They have not the power of creation; they can but reveal what God has implanted in every breast. The intellectual functions by which relations are perceived are the common endowments of the race. The differences are apparent, not real. The eye in one person may be dull, in another quick; in one distorted and in another tranquil and clear; yet the relation of the eye to light is in all men the same. Just so, judgment may be liable in individual minds to bias and passion, and yet its relation to truth is immutable and universal.

In questions of practical duty conscience is God's umpire whose light illumines every heart; there is nothing in books which had not first, and has not still its life within us. Religion itself is a dead letter wherever its truths are not renewed in the soul. The individual conscience may be corrupted by interest or debauched by pride, yet the rule of morality is distinctly marked; its harmonies are to the mind like music to the ear; and the moral judgment when carefully analyzed and referred to its principles is always founded in right. The Eastern superstition which bids its victims prostrate themselves before the advancing car of their idols springs from a noble root, and is but a melancholy perversion of that self-devotion which enables the Christian to bear the cross and subject his personal passions to the will of God. Immorality of itself never won to its support the inward voice; conscience if questioned never forgets to curse the guilty with the memory of sin, to cheer the upright with the meek tranquillity of approval. And this admirable power which is the instinct of Deity is the attribute of every man; it knocks at the palace gate, it dwells in the meanest hovel. Duty like death, enters every abode and delivers its message. Conscience like reason and judgment, is universal.

That the moral affections are planted everywhere needs only to be asserted to be received. The savage mother loves her offspring with all the fondness that a mother can know. Beneath the odorous shade of the boundless forests of Chili the native youth repeats the story of love as sincerely as it was ever chanted in the valley of Vaucluse. The affections of family are not the growth of civilization. The charities of life are scattered everywhere; enameling the vales of human being as the flowers upon the meadows. They are not the fruit of study, nor the privilege of refinement, but a natural instinct.

Our age has seen a revolution in works of imagination. The poet has sought his theme in common life. Never is the genius of Scott more pathetic than when as in the "Antiquary" he delineates the sorrows of a poor fisherman, or as in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" he takes his heroine from a cottage. And even Wordsworth, the purest and most original poet of the day in spite of the inveterate character of his political predilections, has thrown the light of genius on the walks of commonest life; he finds a lesson in every grave of the village churchyard; he discloses the boundless treasures of feeling in the peasant. The laborer and the artisan, the strolling peddler, becomes through his genius a teacher of the sublimest morality; and the solitary wagoner, the lonely shepherd, even the feeble mother of an idiot boy, furnishes lessons in the reverence for humanity.

If from things relating to truth, justice, and affection, we turn to those relating to the beautiful, we may here still further assert that the sentiment for the beautiful resides in every breast. The lovely forms of the external world delight us from their adaptation to our powers.

> "Yea, what were mighty Nature's self,
> Her features, could they win us,
> Unhelped by the poetic voice
> That hourly speaks within us?"

The Indian mother on the borders of Hudson's Bay decorates her manufactures with ingenious devices and lovely colors prompted by the same instinct which guided the pencil and mixed the colors of Raphael. The inhabitant of Nootka Sound tattooes his body with the method of harmonious Arabesques. Every form to which the hands of the artist have ever given birth, sprung first into being as a conception of his mind from a natural faculty which belongs not to the artist exclusively, but to man. Beauty like truth and justice lives within us; like virtue and like moral law it is a companion of the soul. The power which leads to the production of beautiful forms or perception of them in the works which God has made is an attribute of humanity.

But I am asked if I despise learning. Shall one who has been much of his life in schools and universities plead the equality of uneducated nature? Is there no difference between the man of refinement and the uneducated savage?

"I am a man," said Black Hawk nobly to the chief of the first republic of the world; "I am a man," said the barbarous chieftain, "and you are another."

I speak for the universal diffusion of human powers, not of human attainments; for the capacity for progress, not for the perfection of undisciplined instincts. The fellowship which we should cherish with the race receives the Comanche warrior and the Caffre within the pale of equality. Their functions may not have been exercised, but they exist. Immure a person in a dungeon; as he comes to the light of day, his vision seems incapable of performing its office. Does that destroy your conviction in the relation between the eye and light? The rioter over his cups resolves to eat and drink and be merry; he forgets his spiritual nature in his obedience to the senses; but does that destroy the relation between conscience and eternity? "What ransom shall we give," exclaimed the senators of Rome to the savage Attila. "Give," said the barbarian, "all your gold and jewels, your costly furniture and treasures, and set free every slave." "Ah," replied the degenerate Romans, "what then will be left to us?" "I leave you your souls," replied the unlettered invader from the steppes of Asia, who had learnt in the wilderness to value the immortal mind and to despise the servile herd that esteemed only their fortunes, and had no true respect for themselves. You cannot discover a tribe of men but you also find the charities of life, and the proofs of spiritual existence. Behold the ignorant Algonquin deposit a bow and quiver by the side of the departed warrior, and recognize his faith in immortality. See the Comanche chieftain, in the heart of our continent, inflict on himself the severest penance; and reverence his confession of the needed atonement for sin. The barbarian who roams o'er the western prairies has like passions and like endowments with ourselves. He bears with him the instinct of Deity; the consciousness of a spiritual nature; the love of beauty; the rule of morality.

And shall we reverence the dark-skinned Caffre? Shall we respect the brutal Hottentot? You may read the right answer written on every heart. It bids me not despise the sable hunter that gathers a livelihood in the forests of southern Africa. All are men. When we know the Hottentot better we shall despise him less.

If it be true that the gifts of the mind and heart are universally diffused, if the sentiment of truth, justice, love, and beauty exists in every one, then it follows as a necessary consequence that the commonest judgment in taste, politics, and religion is the highest authority on earth, and the nearest possible approach to an infallible decision. From the consideration of individual powers I turn to the action of the human mind in masses.

If reason is a universal faculty, universal decision is the nearest criterion of truth. The common mind winnows opinions; it is the sieve which separates error from certainty. The exercise by many of the same faculty on the same subject would naturally lead to the same conclusions. But if not, the very differences of opinion that arise prove the supreme judgment of the general mind. Truth is one. It never contradicts itself. One truth cannot contradict another truth. Hence truth is the bond of union. But error not only contradicts truth but may contradict itself, so that there may be many errors and each at variance with the rest. Truth is therefore of necessity an element of harmony; error as necessarily an element of discord. Thus there can be no continuing universal judgment but a right one. Men cannot agree in an absurdity; neither can they agree in a falsehood.

If wrong opinions have often been cherished by the masses, the cause always lies in the complexity of the ideas presented. Error finds its way into the soul of a nation only through the channel of truth. It is to a truth that men listen; and if they accept error also it is only because error is for the time so closely interwoven with the truth that the one cannot readily be separated from the other.

Unmixed error can have no existence in the public mind. Wherever you see men clustering together to form a party you may be sure that however much error may be there truth is there also. Apply this principle boldly, for it contains a lesson of candor and a voice of encouragement. There never was a school of philosophy nor a clan in the realm of opinion but carried along with it some important truth. And therefore every sect that has ever flourished has benefited humanity; for the errors of a sect pass away and are forgotten; its truths are re-received into the common inheritance. To know the seminal thought of every prophet and leader of a sect is to gather all the wisdom of mankind.

> "By heaven! there should not be a seer who left
> The world one doctrine, but I'd task his lore,
> And commune with his spirit. All the truth
> Of all the tongues of earth; I'd have them all,
> Had I the powerful spell to raise their ghosts."

The sentiment of beauty as it exists in the human mind is the criterion in works of art, inspires the conceptions of genius and exercises a final judgment on its productions. For who are the best judges in matters of taste? Do you think the cultivated individual? Undoubtedly not; but the collective mind. The public is wiser than the wisest critic. In Athens the arts were carried to perfection when the "fierce democracy" was in the ascendant; the temple of Minerva and the works of Phidias were planned and perfected to please the common people. When Greece yielded to tyrants, her genius for excellence in art expired, or rather the purity of taste disappeared, because the artist then endeavored to gratify a patron and therefore humored his caprice, while before he had endeavored to delight the race.

When after a long eclipse the arts again burst into a splendid existence it was equally under the popular influence. During the rough contests and feudal tyrannies of the middle age religion had opened in the church an asylum for the people. There the serf and the beggar could kneel; there the pilgrim and the laborer were shrived, and the children of misfortune not less than the prosperous were welcomed to the house of prayer. The church was consequently at once the guardian of equality and the nurse of the arts; and the souls of Giotto, of Perugino, and Raphael, moved by an infinite sympathy with the crowd, kindled into divine conceptions of beautiful forms. Appealing to the sentiment of devotion in the common mind, they dipped their pencils in living colors to decorate the altars where man adored. By degrees the wealthy nobility desired, in like manner, to adorn their palaces; but at the attempt the quick familiarity of the artists with the beautiful declined. Instead of the brilliant works which spoke to the soul a school arose which appealed to the senses; and in the land which had produced the most moving pictures addressed to religious feeling and instinct with the purest beauty, the banquet halls were covered with grotesque forms such as float before the imagination when excited and bewildered by sensual indulgence. Instead of holy families the ideal representations of the virgin and the godlike child, of the enduring faith of martyrs and the blessed benevolence of evangelic love, there came the motley group of fauns, and satyrs of Diana stooping to Endymion, of voluptuous beauty and the forms of licentiousness. Humanity frowned on the desecration of the arts, and painting no longer vivified by a fellow-feeling with the multitude, lost its greatness in the attempt to adapt itself to personal humors.

If with us arts are destined to a brilliant career the inspiration must spring from the vigor of the people. Genius will not create to flatter patrons or decorate saloons. It yearns for larger influences, it feeds on wider sympathies, and its perfect display can never exist except in an appeal to the general sentiment for the beautiful.

Again. Italy is famed for its musical compositions, its inimitable operas. It is a well-known fact that the best critics are often deceived in their judgment of them, while the pit, composed of the throng, does without fail, render a true verdict.

But the taste for music, it may be said, is favored by natural organization. Precisely a statement that sets in a clearer light the natural capacity of the race, for taste is then not an acquisition but in part a gift. But let us pass to the works of literature.

Who are by way of eminence the poets of all mankind? Surely Homer and Shakespeare. Now Homer formed his taste as he wandered from door to door a vagrant minstrel paying for hospitality by song, and Shakespeare wrote for an audience composed in a great measure of the common people.

The little story of Paul and Virginia is a universal favorite. When it was first written the author read it aloud to a circle in Paris, composed of the wife of the Prime Minister and the choicest critics of France. They condemned it as dull and insipid. The author appealed to the public, and the children of all Europe reversed the decree of the Parisians. The judgment of children, that is the judgment of the common mind under its most innocent and least imposing form, was more truthworthy than the criticism of the select refinement of the most polished city in the world.

Demosthenes of old formed himself to the perfection of eloquence by means of addresses to the crowd. The great comic poet of Greece, emphatically the poet of the vulgar mob, is distinguished above all others for the incomparable graces of his diction; and it is related of one of the most skilful writers in the Italian that when inquired of where he had learned the purity and nationality of his style, he replied, from listening to country people as they brought their produce to market.

At the revival of letters a distinguished feature of the rising literature was the employment of the dialect of the vulgar. Dante used the language of the populace and won immortality. Wycliffe, Luther, and at a later day Descartes, each employed his mother tongue and carried truth directly to all who were familiar with its accents. Every beneficent revolution in letters has the character of popularity; every great reform among authors has sprung from the power of the people in its influence on the development and activity of mind.

The same influence continues unimpaired. Scott in spite of his reverence for the aristocracy spurned a drawing-room reputation; the secret of Byron's superiority lay in part in the agreement which existed between his muse and the democratic tendency of the age. German literature is almost entirely a popular creation. It was fostered by no monarch; it was dandled by no aristocracy. It was plebeian in its origin and therefore manly in its results.

In like manner the best government rests on the people and not on the few, on persons and not on property, on the free development of public opinion and not on authority; because the munificent Author of our being has conferred the gifts of mind upon every member of the human race without distinction of outward circumstances. Whatever of other possessions may be engrossed the mind asserts its own independence. Lands, estates, the produce of minds, the prolific abundance of the seas may be usurped by a privileged class. Avarice assuming the form of ambitious power may grasp realm after realm, subdue continents, compass the earth in its schemes of aggrandizement, and sigh after worlds, but mind eludes the power of appropriation; it exists only in its own individuality, it is not a property which cannot be confiscated and cannot be torn away. It laughs at chance, it bursts from imprisonment, it defies monopoly. A government of equal rights must, therefore, rest upon mind, not wealth, not brute force; some of the moral intelligence of the community should rule the state. Prescription can no more assume to be a valid plea for political injustice; society studies to eradicate established abuses and to bring social institutions and laws into harmony with moral right; not dismayed by the natural and necessary imperfections of all human effort, and not giving way to despair because every hope does not at once ripen into fruit.

The public happiness is the true object of legislation and can be secured only by the masses of mankind, themselves awakened to a knowledge and care of their own interests. Our free institutions have reversed the false and ignoble distinctions between men; and, refusing to gratify the pride of caste, have acknowledged the common mind to be the true material for a commonwealth. Everything has hitherto been done for the happy few. It is not possible to endow an aristocracy with greater benefits than they have already enjoyed; there is no room to hope that individuals will be more highly gifted or more fully developed than the greatest sages of past times. The world can advance only through the culture of the moral and intellectual powers of the people. To accomplish this end by means of the people themselves is the highest purpose of government. If it be the duty of the individual to strive after a perfection like the perfection of God, how much more ought a nation to be the image of duty. The common mind is the true Parian marble fit to be wrought into the likeness to a God. The duty of America is to secure the culture and the happiness of the masses by their reliance on themselves.

The absence of the prejudices of the old world leaves us here the opportunity of consulting independent truth, and man is left to apply the instinct of freedom to every social relation and public interest. We have approached so near to nature that we can hear her gentlest whispers; we have made humanity our lawgiver and our oracle; and therefore the nation receives, vivifies and applies principles which in Europe the wisest accept with distrust. Freedom of mind and of conscience, freedom of the seas, freedom and industry, equality of franchise—each great truth is firmly grasped, comprehended and enforced, for the multitude is neither rash nor fickle. In truth it is less fickle than those who profess to be its guides. Its natural dialectics surpass the logic of the schools. Political action has never been so constant and so unwavering as when it results from a feeling or a principle diffused through society. The people is firm and tranquil in its movements and necessarily acts with moderation because it becomes but slowly impregnated with new ideas, and effects no changes except in harmony with the knowledge which it has acquired. Besides where it is permanently possessed of power there exists neither the occasion nor the desire for frequent change. It is not the parent of tumult; sedition is bred in the lap of luxury, and its chosen emissaries are the beggared spendthrift and the impoverished libertine. The government by the people is in very truth the strongest government in the world. Discarding the implements of terror it dares to rule by moral force and has its citadel in the heart.

Such is the political system which rests on reason, reflection, and the free expression of deliberate choice. There may be those who scoff at the suggestion that the decision of the whole is to be preferred to the judgment of the enlightened few. They say in their hearts that the masses are ignorant; that farmers know nothing of legislation; that mechanics should not quit their workshops to join in forming public opinion. But true political science does indeed venerate the masses. It maintains not as has been perversely asserted that "the people can make right," but that the people can discern right. Individuals are but shadows, too often engrossed by the pursuit of shadows, the race is immortal; individuals are of limited sagacity, the common mind is infinite in its experience; individuals are languid and blind, the many are ever wakeful; individuals are corrupt, the race has been redeemed; individuals are time-serving, the masses are fearless; individuals may be false, the masses are ingenuous and sincere; individuals claim the divine sanction of truth for the deceitful conceptions of their own fancies; the Spirit of God breathes through the combined intelligence of the people. Truth is not to be ascertained by the impulse of an individual, it emerges from the contradictions of present opinions; it raises itself in majestic serenity above the strifes of parties and the conflict of sects; it acknowledges neither the solitary mind nor the separate faction as its oracle, but owns as its only faithful interpreter the dictates of pure reason itself proclaimed by the general voice of mankind. The decrees of the universal conscience are the nearest approach to the presence of God in the soul of man.

Thus the opinion which we respect is indeed not the opinion of one or of a few but the sagacity of the many. It is hard for the pride of cultivated philosophy to put its ear to the ground and listen reverently to the voice of lowly humanity, yet the people collectively are wiser than the most gifted individual for all his wisdom constitutes but a part of others'. When the great sculptor of Greece was endeavoring to fashion the perfect model of beauty he did not passively imitate the form of the loveliest woman of his age, but he gleaned the several lineaments of his faultless work from the many. And so it is that a perfect judgment is the result of comparison where error eliminates error and truth is established by concurring witnesses. The organ of truth is the invisible decision of the unbiased world; she pleads before no tribunal but public opinion; she owns no safe interpreter but the common mind; she knows no court of appeals but the soul of humanity. It is when the multitude give counsel that right purposes find safety; theirs is the fixedness that cannot be shaken; theirs is the understanding which exceeds in wisdom; theirs is the heart of which the largeness is as the sand on the seashore.

It is not by vast armies, by immense natural resources, by accumulations of treasure, that the greatest results in modern civilization have been accomplished. The traces of the career of conquest pass away, hardly leaving a scar on the national intelligence. Famous battle-grounds of victory are most of them comparatively indifferent to the human race; barren fields of blood, the scourges of their times, but affecting the social condition as little as the raging of a pestilence. Not one benevolent institution, not one ameliorating principle in the Roman State was a voluntary concession of the aristocracy; each useful element was borrowed from the democracies of Greece or was a reluctant concession to the demands of the people. The same is true in modern political life. It is the confession of an enemy to democracy that "all the great and noble institutions of the world have come from popular efforts."

It is the uniform tendency of the popular element to elevate and bless humanity. The exact measure of the progress of civilization is the degree in which the intelligence of the common mind has prevailed over wealth and brute force; in other words, the measure of the progress of civilization is the progress of the people. Every great object connected with the benevolent exertions of the day, has reference to the culture of those powers which are alone the common inheritance. For this the envoys of a religion cross seas and visit remotest isles; for this the press in its freedom teems with the productions of maturest thought; for this philanthropists plan new schemes of education; for this halls in every city and village are open to the public instructor. Not that we view with indifference the glorious efforts of material industry, the increase in the facility of internal intercourse, the accumulations of thrifty labor, the varied results of concentrated action. But even there it is mind that achieves the triumph. It it the genius of the architect that gives beauty to the work of human hands and makes the temple, the dwelling, or the public edifice an outward representation of the spirit of propriety and order. It is science that guides the zeal of cupidity to the construction of the vast channels of communication which are fast binding the world into one family. And it is as a method of moral improvement that this swifter means of intercourse derives its greatest value. Mind becomes universal property; the poem that is published on the soil of England finds its response on the shores of Lake Erie and the banks of the Missouri, and is admired near the sources of the Ganges. The defence of public liberty in our own halls of legislation penetrates to the plains of Poland, is echoed along the mountains of Greece, and pierces the darkest night of Eastern despotism.

The universality of the intellectual and moral powers and the necessity of their development for the progress of the race proclaim the great doctrine of the natural right of every human being to moral and intellectual culture. It is the glory of our fathers to have established in their laws the equal claims of every child to the public care of its morals and its mind. From this principle we may deduce the universal right to leisure: that is, to time not appropriated to material purposes but reserved for the culture of the moral affections and the mind. It does not tolerate the exclusive enjoyment of leisure by a privileged class, but defending the rights of labor would suffer none to sacrifice the higher purposes of existence in unceasing toil for that which is not life. Such is the voice of nature, such the conscious claim of the human mind. The universe opens its pages to every eye, the music of creation resounds in every ear, the glorious lessons of immortal truth that are written in the sky and on the earth address themselves to every mind and claim attention from every human being. God has made man upright that he might look before and after, and he calls upon every one not merely to labor but to reflect; not merely to practice the revelations of divine will, but to contemplate the displays of divine power. Nature claims for every man leisure, for she claims every man as a witness to the divine glory manifested in the created world.

"Yet evermore, through years renewed
In undisturbed vicissitude
Of seasons balancing their flight
On the swift wings of day and night,
Kind nature keeps a heavenly door
Wide open for the scattered poor,
Where flower-breathed incense to the skies
Is wafted in loud harmonies;
And ground fresh cloven by the plow
Is fragrant with a humbler vow;
Where birds and brooks from living dells
Chime forth unwearied canticles,
And vapors magnify and spread
The glory of the sun's bright head;
Still constant in her worship, still
Conforming to the Almighty will,
Whether men sow or reap the fields,
Her admonitions nature yields;
That not by bread alone we live,
Or what a hand of flesh can give;
That every day should leave some part,
Free for a Sabbath of the heart;
So shall the seventh be truly blest,
From morn to eve with hallowed rest."

The right to universal education being thus acknowledged by our conscience not less than by our laws, it follows that the people is the true recipient of truth. Do not seek to conciliate individuals, do not dread the frowns of a sect, do not yield to the prescription of a party, but pour out truth into the common mind. Let the waters of intelligence like the rains of heaven descend on the whole earth, and be not discouraged by the dread of encountering ignorance. The prejudices of ignorance are more easily removed than the prejudices of interest; the first are blindly adopted, the second wilfully preferred. Intelligence must be diffused among the whole people, truth must be scattered among those who have no interest to suppress its growth. The seeds that fall on the exchange or in the hum of business may be choked by the thorns that spring up in the hotbed of avarice; the seeds that are let fall in the saloon may be like those dropped by the wayside which take no root. Let the young aspirant after glory scatter seeds of truth broadcast on the wide bosom of humanity, in the deep fertile soil of the public mind. There it will strike deep root and spring up and bear a hundredfold and bloom for ages and ripen fruit through remote generations.

It is alone by infusing great principles into the common mind that revolutions in human society are brought about. They never have been, they never can be effected by superior individual excellence. The age of the Antonines is the age of the greatest glory of the Roman empire. Men distinguished by every accomplishment of culture and science for a century in succession possessed undisputed sway over more than one hundred millions of men, until, at last, in the person of Mark Aurelian, philosophy herself seemed to mount the throne. And did she stay the downward tendencies of the Roman empire? Did she infuse new elements of life into the decaying constitution? Did she commence one great beneficent reform? Not one permanent amelioration was effected. Philosophy was clothed with absolute power; and yet absolute power accomplished nothing for humanity. It could accomplish nothing. Had it been possible, Aurelian would have wrought a change. Society can be regenerated, the human race can be advanced, only by moral principles diffused through the multitude.

And now let us take an opposite instance; let us see if amelioration follows when, in despite of tyranny, truth finds access to the common people. Christianity itself shall furnish me the example.

When Christianity first made its way into Rome the imperial city was the seat of wealth, philosophy, and luxury. Absolute government was already established; and had the will of Claudius been gained or the conscience of Messalina been roused, or the heart of Narcissus, once a slave, then Prime Minister, been touched by the recollections of his misfortunes, the aid of the sovereign of the civilized world would have been engaged. And the messenger of divine truth making his appeal to them—was his mission to the emperor and his minions? To the empress and her flatterers? To the servile senators? To wealthy favorites? Paul preserves for us the names of the first converts: the Roman Mary and Junia, Julia and Nerea, and the beloved brother, all plebeian names unknown to history. "Greet them," he adds, "that be of the household of Narcissus." Now every Roman household was a community of slaves. Narcissus, himself a freedman, was the chief minister of the Roman empire; his ambition had left him no moments for the envoy from Calvary; the friends of Paul were a freedman's slaves. When God selected a channel by which Christianity should make its way in the city of Rome, and assuredly be carried forward to acknowledged supremacy in the Roman empire, he gave to the apostle of the Gentiles favor in the household of Narcissus; he planted the truth deep in the common soil. Had Christianity been received at court it would have been stifled or corrupted by the prodigal vices of the age; it lived in the hearts of the common people; it sheltered itself against oppression in the catacombs and among tombs; it made misfortune its comfort and sorrow its companion, and labor its state. It rested on a rock, for it rested on the people; it was gifted with immortality, for it struck root in the hearts of the million.

So completely was this greatest of all reforms carried forward in the vale of life, that the great moral revolution, the great step of God's providence in the education of the human race, was not observed by the Roman historians. Once indeed at this early period the Christians are mentioned; for, in the reign of Nero, their purity being hateful to the corrupt, Nero abandoned them to persecution. In the darkness of midnight they were covered with pitch and set on fire to light the streets of Rome, and this singularity has been recorded. But their system of morals and religion, though it was the new birth of the world, escaped all notice.

Paul, who was a Roman citizen, was beheaded just outside the walls of the eternal city; and Peter, who was a plebeian and could not claim the distinction of the ax and block, was executed on the cross, with his head downwards to increase the pain of the indignity. Do you think the Roman emperor took notice of the names of these men when he signed their death-warrants? And yet, as they poured truth into the common mind, what series of kings, what lines of emperors, can compare with them in their influence on the destinies of mankind?

Yes, reforms in society are only effected through the masses of the people, and through them have continually taken place. New truths have been successively developed and are becoming the common property of the human family for improving its condition. This progress is advanced by every sect precisely because each sect obtained vitality, itself of necessity embodied a truth, by every political party, for the conflicts of party are the war of ideas; by every nationality, for a nation cannot exist as such until humanity makes it special trustee of some part of its wealth for the ultimate benefit of all.

The irresistible tendency of the human race is therefore to advancement, for absolute power has never succeeded and can never succeed in suppressing a single truth. An idea once revealed may find its admission into every living breast and live there. Like God, it becomes immortal and omnipresent. The movement of the species is upward, irresistibly upward. The individual is often lost; Providence never disowns the race. No principle once promulgated has ever been forgotten. No "timely tramp" of a despot's foot ever trod out one idea. The world cannot retrograde; the dark ages cannot return. Dynasties perish, seeds are buried, nations have been victims to error of martyrs for right; humanity has always been on the advance, gaining maturity, universality and power.

Yes, truth is immortal, it cannot be destroyed; it is invincible, it cannot long be resisted. Not every great principle has yet been generated, but when once proclaimed and diffused it lives without end in the safe custody of the race. States may pass away, every just principle of legislation which has been once established will endure. Philosophy has sometimes forgotten God, a great people never did. The scepticism of the last century could not uproot Christianity because it lived in the hearts of the millions. Do you think that infidelity is spreading? Christianity never lived in the hearts of so many millions as at this moment. The forms under which it is professed may decay, for they, like all that is the work of men's hands, are subject to changes and chances of mortal being, but the spirit of truth is incorruptible; it may be developed, illustrated, and applied; it never can die; it never can decline.

No truth can perish, no truth can pass away; the flame is undying, though generations disappear. Wherever moral truth has struck into being, humanity claims and guards the greatest bequest. Each generation gathers together imperishable children of the past, and increases them by new sons of light alike radiant with immortality.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

Photogravure after a photograph from life

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

THE TRANSMISSION OF DR. JOHNSON'S PERSONALITY

[Address of Augustine Birrell, Quain Professor of Law in University College, London, from 1876, Member of Parliament from 1889 (born in Wavertree, near Liverpool, England, January 19, 1850; ———), delivered before the Johnson Club, a society which was formed by the admirers of Samuel Johnson on the 13th day of December, 1884, at the Cock Tavern, Fleet Street, London. Mr. Birrell was Prior of the Club in 1895.]

To talk about Dr. Johnson has become a confirmed habit of the British race. Four years after Johnson's death, Boswell, writing to Bishop Percy, said: "I dined at Mr. Malone's on Wednesday with Mr. W. G. Hamilton, Mr. Flood, Mr. Windham, and Mr. Courtenay, and Mr. Hamilton observed very well what a proof it was of Johnson's merit that we had been talking of him all the afternoon." That was a hundred and ten years ago. We have been talking of him ever since. But what does this perpetual interest in Dr. Johnson prove? Why, nothing whatever, except that he was interesting. But this is a great deal; indeed, it is the whole matter for a man, a woman, or a book. When you come to think of it, it is our sole demand. Just now authors, an interesting class, are displaying a great deal of uneasiness about their goods—whether they are to be in one volume or in three; how the profits (if any) are to be divided; what their books should be about, and how far the laws of decency should be observed in their construction. All this is very wearisome to the reader, who does not care whether a book be as long as "Clarissa Harlowe," or as short as "The Luck of Roaring Camp," provided only and always that it is interesting. And this is why Johnson is supreme, and why we go on talking about him long after we have exhausted the subject of our next-door neighbor.

Not many years ago, at our own annual gathering on the 13th of December, two of our guests were called upon (the practice is inhospitable) to say something. One was an Irish patriot, who had languished in jail during a now ancient *régime,* who on demanding from the chaplain to be provided with some book which was not the Bible, a collection of writings with which he was already, so he assured the chaplain, well acquainted, was supplied with Boswell, a book, it so chanced, he had never before read. He straightway, so he told us, forgot both his own and his country's woes. "How happily the days of Thalaba went by!" and now, in the retrospect of life, his prison days wear the hues of enjoyment and delight. He has since ceased to be a patriot, but he remains a Boswellian.

The other guest was no less or more than the gigantic Bonnor, the Australian cricketer. He told us that until that evening he had never heard of Dr. Johnson. Thereupon somebody (I hope it was the patriot, and not a member of the club) was thoughtless enough to titter audibly. "Yes," added Bonnor, in heightened tones, and drawing himself proudly up, "and what is more, I come from a great country, where you might ride a horse sixty miles a day for three months, and never meet anybody who had. But," so he proceeded, "I have heard of him now, and can only say that were I not Bonnor the cricketer, I would be Samuel Johnson." He sat down amidst applause, and the sorrowful conviction straightway seized hold of me that could the Doctor have obtained permission to revisit Fleet Street, his earthly heaven, that night, and had he come in amongst us, he would certainly have preferred both the compliment and the conversation of the cricketer to those of the critics he would have found at the table.

This, at all events, is what I mean by being interesting. But how does it come about that we can all at this distance of time be so infatuated about a man who was not a great philosopher or poet, but only a miscellaneous writer? The answer must be, Johnson's is a transmitted personality.

To transmit personality is the secret of literature, as surely as the transmission of force is the mainspring of the universe. It is also the secret of religion.

To ask how it is done is to break your heart. Genius can do it sometimes, but what cannot genius do? Talent fails oftener than it succeeds. Mere sincerity of purpose is no good at all, unless accompanied by the rare gift of personal expression. A rascal like Benvenuto Cellini, or Casanova, an oddity like Borrow, is more likely to possess this gift than a saint; and this is why it is so much to be regretted that we have fewer biographies of avowed rogues than of professed saints. But I will not pursue this branch of the subject further.

Johnson's, I repeat, is a transmitted personality. We know more about him than we do about anybody else in the wide world. Chronologically speaking, he might have been one of the four great-grandfathers of most of us. But what do any of you know about that *partie carré* of your ancestors? What were their habits and customs? Did they wear tye-wigs or bob-wigs? What were their opinions? Can you tell me a single joke they ever made? Who were their intimate friends? What was their favorite dish? They lived and died. The truth is, we inhabit a world which has been emptied of our predecessors. Perhaps it is as well; it leaves the more room for us to occupy the stage during the short time we remain upon it.

But though we cannot acquire the secret; though we cannot deliberately learn how to transmit personality from one century to another, either our own personality or anybody else's, still, we may track the path and ask by what ways may personality be transmitted.

Dr. Johnson's case is in the main that of a personality transmitted to us by means of a great biography. He comes down to us through Boswell. To praise Boswell is superfluous. His method was natural, and therefore, I need not add, intensely original. He had always floating through his fuddled brain a great ideal of portraiture.

Johnson himself, though he does not seem to have had any confidence in his disciple, preferring to appoint the unclubable Hawkins his literary executor, nevertheless furnished Boswell with hints and valuable directions; but the credit is all Boswell's, whose one aim was to make his man live. To do this he was prepared, like a true artist, to sacrifice everything. The proprieties did not exist for him. Then, what a free hand he had. Johnson left neither wife nor child. I don't suppose Black Frank, Johnson's servant and residuary legatee, ever read a line of the "Biography." There was no daughter married to a country squire to put her pen through the fact that Johnson's father kept a bookstall. There was no grandson in the Church to water down the witticisms that have reverberated through the world. He was tendered plenty of bad advice. He coarsely rejected it. Miss Hannah More besought his tenderness "for our virtuous and most revered departed friend, I beg you will mitigate some of his asperities." To which Boswell replied that he would not cut off his claws nor make a tiger a cat to please anybody.

The excellent Bishop Percy humbly requested Boswell that his (the Bishop's) name might be suppressed in the pages of the forthcoming "Biography." To him Boswell—"As to suppressing your lordship's name, I will do anything to oblige your lordship but that very thing. I owe to the authenticity of my work to introduce as many names of eminent persons as I can. Believe me, my lord, you are not the only Bishop in the number of great men with which my pages are graced. *I am resolute as to this matter.*"

This sets me thinking of the many delightful pages of the great "Biography" in which the name of Percy occurs, in circumstances to which one can understand the Bishop objecting. So absurd a creature is man, particularly what Carlyle used to call shovel-hatted man. How easily might the greatest of our biographies have been whittled away to nothing—to the dull ineptitudes with which we are all familiar, but for the glorious intrepidity of Boswell, who, if he did not practice the whole duty of man, at least performed the whole duty of a biographer.

As a means of transmitting personality memoirs rank high. Here we have Miss Burney's "Memoirs" to help us, and richly do they repay study, and Mrs. Thrale's marvelous collection of anecdotes, sparkling with womanly malice. Less deserving of notice are the volumes of Miss Anna Seward's correspondence, edited by Sir Walter Scott, who did not choose for their motto, as he fairly might have done, Sir Toby Belch's famous observation to that superlative fool Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though you write with a goose-pen—no matter."

But whether we read the "Biography" or the "Memoirs," it cannot escape our notice that Johnson's personality has been transmitted to us chiefly by a record of his talk. It is a perilous foundation on which to build reputation, for it rests upon the frail testimony of human memory and human accuracy. How comes it that we are all well persuaded that Boswell and the rest of the recorders did not invent Johnson's talk, but that it has come down to us bearing his veritable image and superscription? It is sometimes lightly said that had we records of other men's talk it would be as good as Johnson's. It is Boswells who are the real want. This I deny.

To be a great table-talker—and be it borne in mind a good deal of what is sometimes called table-talk is not table-talk at all, but extracts from commonplace books and carefully doctored notes—you must have, first, a marked and constant character, and, second, the gift of characteristic expression, so as to stamp all your utterances, however varied, however flatly contradictory one with another, with certain recognizable and ever-present marks or notes. The great Duke of Wellington possessed these qualifications, and consequently, though his conversation, as recorded by Lord Stanhope and others, is painfully restricted in its range of subject, and his character is lacking in charm, it is always interesting, and sometimes remarkable. All the stories about Wellington are characteristic, and so are all the stories about Johnson. They all fit in with our conception of the character of the man about whom they are told, and thus strengthen and confirm that unity of impression which is essential if personality is to be transmitted down the ages.

The last story of Johnson I stumbled across is in a little book called "A Book for a Rainy Day," written by an old gentleman called Smith, the author of a well-known life of Nollekens, the sculptor, a biography written with a vein of causticity some have attributed to the fact that the biographer was not also a legatee. Boswell, thank Heaven, was above such considerations. He was not so much as mentioned in his great friend's will. The hated Hawkins was preferred to him—Hawkins, who wrote the authorized "Life of Johnson," in which Boswell's name is only mentioned once, in a foot-note. But to return to Mr. Smith. In this book of his he records: "I once saw Johnson follow a sturdy thief who had stolen his handkerchief in Grosvenor Square, seize him by the collar with both hands, and shake him violently, after which he quickly let him loose, and then with his open hand gave him so powerful a smack on the face as to send him off the pavement staggering."

Now, in this anecdote of undoubted authenticity Johnson said nothing whatever, he fired off no epigram, thundered no abuse, and yet the story is as characteristic as his famous encounter with the Thames bargee.

You must have the character first, and the talk comes afterwards. It is the old story; anybody can write like Shakespeare, if he has the mind.

But still, for this talk Johnson possessed great qualities. Vast and varied was his information on all kinds of subjects. He knew not only books, but a great deal about trades and manufactures, ways of existence, customs of business. He had been in all sorts of societies, kept every kind of company. He had fought the battle of life in a hand-to-hand encounter; had slept in garrets; had done hack work for booksellers; in short, had lived on fourpence halfpenny a day. By the side of Johnson, Burke's knowledge of men and things was bookish and notional. He had a great range of fact. Next, he had a strong mind operating upon and in love with life. He never lost his curiosity in his fellow men.

Then he had, when stirred by contact with his friends, or inflamed by the desire of contradiction, an amazingly ready wit and a magnificent vocabulary always ready for active service in the field. Add to this, extraordinary, and at times an almost divine tenderness, a deep-rooted affectionateness of disposition, united to a positively brutal aversion to any kind of exaggeration, particularly of feelings, and you get a combination rarely to be met with.

Another point must not be forgotten—ample leisure. The Dr. Johnson we know is the *post-pension* Doctor. Never, surely, before or since did three hundred pounds a year of public money yield (thanks mainly to Boswell) such a perpetual harvest for the public good. Not only did it keep the Doctor himself and provide a home for Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Desmoulins and Miss Carmichael and Mr. Levett, but it has kept us all going ever since. Dr. Johnson, after his pension, which he characteristically wished was twice as large, so that the newspaper dogs might make twice as much noise about it, was a thoroughly lazy fellow, who hated solitude with the terrible hatred of inherited melancholia. He loved to talk, and he hated to be alone. He said: "John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do."

But, of course, Wesley—a bright and glorious figure of the last century, to whom justice will some day be done when he gets from under the huge human organization which has so long lain heavily on the top of him—Wesley had on his eager mind and tender conscience the conversion of England, whose dark places he knew; he could not stop all night exchanging intellectual hardihood with Johnson. Burke, too, had his plaguey politics, to keep Lord John Cavendish up to the proper pitch of an uncongenial enthusiasm, and all sorts of entanglements and even lawsuits of his own; Thurlow had the woolsack; Reynolds, his endless canvases and lady sitters; Gibbon, his history; Beauclerk, his assignations. One by one these eminent men would get up and steal away, but Johnson remained behind.

To sum this up, I say, it is to his character, plus his mental endowments, as exhibited by his talk, as recorded by Boswell and others, that the great world of Englishmen owe their Johnson. Such sayings as "Hervey was a vicious man, but he was very kind to me; if you call a dog Hervey I should love him," throb through the centuries and excite in the mind a devotion akin to, but different from, religious feeling. The difference is occasioned by the entire absence of the note of sanctity. Johnson was a good man and a pious man, and a great observer of days; but despite his bow to an archbishop, he never was in the way of becoming a saint. He lived fearfully, prayerfully, but without assurance or exaltation.

Another mode of the transmission of personality is by letters. To be able to say what you mean in a letter is a useful accomplishment, but to say what you mean in such a way as at the same time to say what you are is immortality. To publish a man's letters after his death is nowadays a familiar outrage; they often make interesting volumes, seldom permanent additions to our literature. Lord Beaconsfield's letters to his sister are better than most, but of the letter-writers of our own day Mrs. Carlyle stands proudly first—her stupendous lord being perhaps a good second. Johnson's letters deserve more praise than they have received. To win that praise they only require a little more attention. Dr. Birkbeck Hill has collected them in two stately volumes, and they form an excellent appendix to his great edition of the Life. They are in every style, from the monumental to the utterly frivolous, but they are always delightful and ever characteristic. Their friendliness—an excellent quality in a letter—is perhaps their most prominent feature. It is hardly ever absent. Next to their friendliness comes their playfulness; gayety, indeed, there is none. At heart our beloved Doctor was full of gloom, but though he was never gay, he was frequently playful, and his letters abound with an innocent and touching mirth and an always affectionate fun. Some of his letters—those, for example, to Miss Porter after his mother's death—are, I verily believe, as moving as any ever written by man. They reveal, too, a thoughtfulness and a noble generosity it would be impossible to surpass. I beseech you to read Dr. Johnson's letters; they are full of literature, and with what is better than literature, life and character and comradeship. Had we nothing of Johnson but his letters, we should know him and love him.

Of his friend Sir Joshua's two most famous pictures I need not speak. One of them is the best known portrait in our English world. It has more than a trace of the vile melancholy the sitter inherited from his father, a melancholy which I fear turned some hours of every one of his days into blank dismay and wretchedness.

At last, by a route not, I hope, wearisomely circuitous, we reach Johnson's own books, his miscellaneous writings, his twelve volumes octavo, and the famous Dictionary.

It is sometimes lightly said, "Oh, nobody reads Johnson," just as it is said, "Nobody reads Richardson, nobody reads Sterne, nobody reads Byron!" It is all nonsense; there is always somebody reading Johnson, there is always somebody weeping over Richardson, there is always somebody sniggering over Sterne and chuckling over Byron. It is no disrespect to subsequent writers of prose or poetry to say that none of their productions do or ever can supply the place of the "Lives of the Poets," of "Clarissa," of the Elder Shandy and his brother Toby, or of "Don Juan." Genius is never crowded out.

But I am willing enough to admit that Johnson was more than a writer of prose, more than a biographer of poets; he was himself a poet, and his poetry, as much as his prose, nay, more than his prose, because of its concentration, conveys to us the same dominating personality that bursts from the pages of Boswell like the genii from the bottle in the Arabian story.

Of poetic freedom he had barely any. He knew but one way of writing poetry, namely, to chain together as much sound sense and sombre feeling as he could squeeze into the fetters of rhyming couplets, and then to clash those fetters loudly in your ear. This proceeding he called versification. It is simple, it is monotonous, but in the hands of Johnson it sometimes does not fall far short of the moral sublime. "London" and the "Vanity of Human Wishes" have never failed to excite the almost passionate admiration of succeeding poets. Ballantyne tells us how Scott avowed he had more pleasure in reading "London" and the "Vanity of Human Wishes" than any other poetical compositions he could mention, and adds: "I think I never saw his countenance more indicative of high admiration than while reciting them aloud." Byron loved them; they never failed to move Tennyson to cries of approval. There is, indeed, that about them which stamps them great. They contain lines which he could easily have bettered, verbosities a child can point out; but the effect they produce, on learned and simple, on old and young, is one and the same. We still hear the voice of Johnson, as surely as if he had declaimed the verses into a phonograph. When you turn to them you are surprised to find how well you know them, what a hold they have got upon the English mind, how full of quotations they are, how immovably fixed in the glorious structure of English verse.

Poor Sprat has perished despite his splendid tomb in the Abbey. Johnson has only a cracked stone and a worn-out inscription (for the Hercules in St. Paul's is unrecognizable), but he dwells where he would wish to dwell—in the loving memory of men.

JOSEPH C. S. BLACKBURN

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE

[Address by Senator Blackburn (born in Woodford County, Ky., October 1, 1838; ——), delivered at Lexington, Ky., November 16, 1887, on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of John C. Breckinridge.]

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Citizens of Kentucky: With doubt I come to the discharge of a service that belonged to another. Near four hundred years ago the French Knight died. When the life of the Chevalier Bayard went out, it was said there was none left among the living to pronounce his eulogy. Kentucky was more fortunate when this, her modern Bayard, died, for she then numbered among her living sons one thoroughly equipped and fitted for the task that has fallen to me. Whether as soldier, upholding upon foreign soil the flag of his country that he loved so faithfully and served so well, or in the council chambers of the republic, or in that later, darker bloodier period of that country's history; the illustrious names, the towering figures of Breckinridge and Preston are so indissolubly linked that fame will claim them as a common heritage. Had Preston's honored life been spared until this hour, this monument would have been dedicated with an oration that would have endured in the memory of men as long as yonder bronze will defy the touch of time.

When a great man dies the living seek to perpetuate his memory. For this monuments are builded, mausoleums founded and statues erected. This is not done to appease the dead nor to render their sleep more peaceful or profound, but rather to inspire the living to nobler and better

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lives. No monuments that we may build, no honors that we may render, no eulogiums that we may utter, can reach into that far-off mysterious realm to which the spirit of the mighty dead has gone; but the living may be taught by great example and ambition may be stirred in those who are to follow us by study of the lives of those who were truly great. Kentucky has selected a model to offer to her coming generations. She, the great commonwealth, comes to-day with uncovered head to consecrate a statue that she has built with loving hands to the memory of an illustrious son whom "she wisely nursed for fame."

John Cabell Breckinridge was born in this city on the 16th day of January, 1821. He came of a family that for generations had been distinguished for illustrious services rendered to the State and country. His father, Joseph Cabell Breckinridge, died at 35, after having ranged himself among the leaders of his day and State. His grandfather, John Breckinridge, died at the early age of 45, but into that short life he crowded the honors that are scarcely ever gathered in a century. As the law officer of the Government in the cabinet of Mr. Jefferson, as an expounder of the principles of constitutional government set forth in his immortal resolutions of 1798, defining the limitations fixed by the Constitution upon Federal power, he placed himself in the front rank of American statesmen, and became, as it were, the second father of a political system that stood, in its grand and well-balanced proportions, the wonder and glory of the world. His maternal grandfather, Samuel Stanhope Smith, was president of Princeton College and reckoned among the foremost men of letters of his generation; whilst his great-grandfather upon his mother's side, John Witherspoon, a direct descendant of John Knox, was a distinguished member of that convention of sages, statesmen, patriots and heroes who framed and issued to the world the immortal Declaration of Independence.

Born of such an ancestry, bearing upon his youthful shoulders the responsibilities inseparable from such an illustrious lineage, much was expected of the young Kentuckian, when, with couched lance and vizor down, he entered the fiercely heated arena of political strife, destined to still fiercer, whiter heat, in which to prove his title to the name be bore, around which clustered so much of hereditary glory. But high as was the standard of expectation, Breckinridge met and went far beyond its severest demands.

Is it to be wondered that a man bred like this, upon whom nature, with lavish hand, had bestowed more than a liberal share of intellectual power, of magnetism, of eloquence and courage, should play a conspicuous part in the most turbulent and perilous period of his country's history? Is it to be wondered that he became the nucleus around which centered all the elements that sought to establish those same principles which had been so stoutly asserted and steadfastly maintained by all the ancestry that lay behind him? Born and reared, having lived and died here among you, it is not needed that I should trace in detail his development from boyhood to manhood, nor need I deal with those years that lie behind his entrance into public life.

Having been graduated at Centre College, he studied law at Princeton, was admitted to the bar and located in the then sparsely settled State of Iowa. His love for his own State predominated and he soon returned to this, his native place, and began with bright promise the practice of his profession. From its peaceful paths he was soon called to enter the military service of his country.

As major of the Third Regiment of Kentucky Volunteers, he served with gallantry and distinction through the Mexican War, and was with that portion of the army which terminated the contest by the occupation of the Mexican capital. Returning to his home he was starting anew upon his professional life when called upon to take his place in the arena of active politics. The conditions under which he made that appearance were peculiar if not anomalous. Breckinridge had inherited the creed of Democracy. His study of our system of government had but strengthened and deepened his convictions of the soundness of that party's principles. His State, his congressional district and his native county were all Whig by overwhelming majorities. All had felt the influence and been permeated by the magnetic power of the great Whig leader. This was the home of the Great Commoner, then and for many years the central figure of American politics.

Mr. Clay, in the ripened fullness of his great powers, stood the acknowledged leader of the Federal Senate. To attempt to wrench either county, district or State from the close grasp of the great captain, required the exercise of sublimest faith; but defying conditions, with unfaltering faith in the creed that he cherished, Breckinridge entered the contest and in 1849, as the Democratic representative from Fayette County, appeared in the lower house of the Kentucky Legislature. The part that he bore in the legislation and debates of that body soon marked him as a man reserved for no ordinary destiny. In 1851 he was nominated for Congress in this, the Ashland district, whose loyalty to the Whig party had always been so constant and devoted that it was not thought possible that it could be loosed from its moorings; but, through abundant caution, the opposition, determined that Mr. Clay's own district should not be surrendered, selected as their candidate the scarred and honored veteran of the War of 1812. Gen. Leslie Combs was immensely popular—one of the most captivating, humorous and inimitable campaigners that ever appeared upon the Kentucky hustings. The campaign was active, hot and sharp. Breckinridge won by a majority that surprised his supporters and staggered his opponents. Not overestimating, but conscious of, his own great powers, he now felt that the future was his own. He had laid broad and deep the foundations of his strength at home.

The power of the Whig party was waning in Kentucky; its organization had crumbled under his own ponderous blows; its citadel had been stormed and carried; its mighty leader, in many respects the grandest that this continent has ever furnished, wasted by the labors of half a century, broken in health and bent with age, was rapidly passing to his honored and consecrated grave. Clay once gone, there would be none to take his place. His often beaten but ever faithful legions were to be left headless, as were the Highland hosts when Roderick's bugle was no longer heard. The future opened before Breckinridge, the grandest vista down which mortal vision ever swept to scan its assured possessions. Without the sacrifice of modest dignity, Breckinridge moved promptly to the front rank in that council chamber of his country and stood at last the peer of any who sat about him. Renominated in 1853, the Whig party made a last desperate rally to compass his defeat, selecting as its candidate ex-Governor Letcher, known as the invincible apostle of its faith when commissioned to preach it to the populace. The contest was even fiercer than the one preceding, but at its close Breckinridge emerged from the smoke and turmoil of the fray with a shield brighter than before, upon which was recorded another triumph splendidly achieved.

Of his brilliant service for four years in the national House of Representatives, the imperishable records of the country furnish the best and most complete testimony. The Whig party was rapidly disintegrated. The day of its power and usefulness was past. New organizations were in process of construction. The masses of the Whig party in the Southern States drifted into what was soon known as the Know-Nothing organization, whilst in the North they affiliated with the Republican party, till then too weak to be considered as a rival in the great struggle for national supremacy, while many of its most devoted adherents, unwilling or unable to adapt themselves to new and changed conditions, still held together and strove to preserve their old and honored form.

The Democracy seemed united and solid. It looked as though it held an unlimited lease on Federal power. Breckinridge, with a national reputation established, was now accepted as the ablest, most available and promising young leader of this vast, compact and dominant party. Here was threatened a break in his political career. Pressed by lack of fortune like his great predecessor, Mr. Clay, he voluntarily retired from Congress to devote himself to the prosecution of his profession; but the country had already fixed its measure upon his value as a political leader.

In 1856 the national Democratic convention met in Cincinnati. After a sharp contest between Mr. Douglas of Illinois and Mr. Buchanan of Pennsylvania, the latter was nominated for the Presidency. This was a recognition of the older class of leaders who were rapidly passing away. Recognizing the necessity for such action, the convention turned instinctively to the accepted leader of the more active and younger elements of the party and, against his urgent protest, and amid scenes of wildest enthusiasm the gifted young Kentuckian was given the second place upon the ticket. His nomination electrified the Democracy of the country and the ticket was elected by an overwhelming majority. For four years he presided over the Senate with conspicuous ability and fairness. Evidences of discord now appeared in the ranks of the Democracy. Breckinridge stood without a rival for the Presidential nomination, except in the person of Douglas.

The Charleston convention of 1860 went to pieces without making a nomination, Breckinridge refusing to allow his name to go before it. Breckinridge received the nomination of the Baltimore convention, representing one section of the party; Douglas became the candidate of the other. The organization was hopelessly divided and defeat was inevitable. Breckinridge received 72 electoral votes, Douglas 12, demonstrating the former's strong hold upon his party. In 1859 Breckinridge had been elected to the Senate of the United States for six years, beginning March 4, 1861, to succeed the Hon. John J. Crittenden. His term as senator began with the hour that closed his term as Vice-President. He had scarcely passed the constitutional limit of age when he became a member of the Kentucky legislature. He was but five years beyond the constitutional requirement when elected to the Federal Congress. At thirty-five he was elected to the second office within the gift of the American people; while at 40 he was senator-elect from Kentucky, Vice-President and the candidate of the majority wing of his party for the Presidency of the United States. This record stands without a parallel in American history.

On the fourth of March, 1861, Mr. Lincoln was elected President. The clouds that had been lowering since the disruption of the Charleston convention gathered thickly and fast. Fanatics in the North, elated over the first triumphs of a sectional party, planted upon a single sectional issue, were deaf to every suggestion of a peaceful solution of the situation, whilst Southern leaders, taking hasty counsel of the chagrin brought by defeat, pushed the dread issue to a precipitate and fatal decision. Passion had thrust reason from her throne. State after State had seceded from the Union. War, with all its attendant horrors, confronted us.

Kentucky, conscious of the peril she must meet, earnestly strove to avert the conflict. None doubted, for all knew, that if coercion were attempted, her sympathies were with the South. Trusting to promises made, only to be broken, by many of the most prominent leaders of the Union party in the State, Kentucky was beguiled into a sense of security. She relied upon the address published to the world over the signature of James Speed, George D. Prentice and others, and indorsed by Crittenden, declaring that no military force of the Government should be marched into or over the soil of Kentucky to wage war upon the people of the South.

Her honest but credulous people, believing that these promises were to be made good, still clamoring for the neutrality the State had proclaimed, were awakened from their dream to find that the fraud which had been so successfully practiced had given place to the force that, through military occupation, was ample for her enslavement. The Senate was convened in extraordinary session in March 1861. Breckinridge then assumed for the first time his great and grave responsibilities as a senator. His position was trying in the extreme. With his inherited principles and well-matured convictions he could hold no sympathy with the policy adopted by the Federal Administration. He did not believe that the power existed in the Federal Government to coerce a sovereign State by force of arms. He did believe that the essential and fundamental principles of States' rights and local self-government were being ruthlessly violated and the constitutional limitations upon Federal power were being trampled under foot. He knew that his heart and the hearts of his people were with the South and yet he loved the Union with an unfaltering and a deathless devotion. Holding to the right of secession, he did not regard it as a wise or prudent remedy for existing conditions.

He went to his great place as a senator to plead with all his power for an adjustment of the issue. The supreme hour of trial had come. 'Twas like the approach of the hour of crucifixion. How earnestly he must have prayed, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" Never were patriotism, conscience and courage subjected to severer test. His love for and devotion to the union of the States still burned as brightly as when he painted it in his own matchless eloquence in his memorable eulogy upon Mr. Clay and his never-to-be-forgotten oration upon the removal of the Senate from the old to the new chamber.

During the period which preceded the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, Breckinridge had, from his position as Vice-President, been barred from participation in debate. He had seen State after State withdraw its representation from the august body over the deliberations of which he presided with impartial dignity, and was able only to exercise a mute influence in support of the Crittenden Compromise resolutions, with which he was heartily in sympathy. Those who knew him best were well aware that his great heart was filled with patriotic concern at the threatening storm which was fast gathering. A just inquiry into the sentiments which animated him at this trying period of his country's history will show that they were the same which had challenged the admiration of his countrymen when he was the recipient of the highest popular favor.

His utterances at a time long anterior to the critical period of which we speak, when read by the light of after events, will be received by those who desire to do justice to his deserts as prophetic warnings of a great mind, anxious to avert public calamity, rather than as the arguments of one seeking, as his enemies claim, to overthrow the government of his choice. Within the mind and heart of John C. Breckinridge there dwelt the most profound love and admiration for the principles of the Constitution and for a government administered under them. Fortunately, although no historian has yet formulated these views for the enlightenment of posterity, he has left in enduring print the record which vindicated his name.

On the fourth of January, 1859, in the memorable address which he delivered as Vice-President in vacating the old Senate chamber to occupy the new one, he said in a burst of patriotic fervor, after reviewing the progress of the country to its then advanced position of national glory: "Is there an American who regrets the past? Is there one who will deride his country's laws, pervert her Constitution, or alienate her people? If there be such a man, let his memory descend to posterity laden with the execration of all mankind." Concluding, he placed upon record in imperishable words his estimate of that Constitution: "And now, Senators, we leave this memorable chamber, bearing with us unimpaired the Constitution we received from our forefathers. Let us cherish it with grateful acknowledgments of the Divine Power who controls the destinies of empires, and whose goodness we adore. The structures reared by men yield to the corroding tooth of time. These marble halls must molder into ruin; but the principles of constitutional liberty, guarded by wisdom and virtue, unlike material elements, do not decay. Let us devoutly trust that another Senate, in another age, shall bear to a new and larger chamber this Constitution, vigorous and inviolate, and that the last generation of posterity shall witness the deliberations of the representatives of American States, still united, prosperous and free."

Again on December 21, 1859, in an address delivered before the legislature of his own State on the occasion of his election as senator, treating of the threatened disruption of the States, he said: "When questioned I will say in your name, 'Kentucky will act in a manner answerable to her character and history. She will cling to the Constitution while a shred of it remains, and if, unhappily, madness and folly and wicked counsels succeed to destroy the fairest fabric ever erected to liberty among men, she will conduct herself with so much wisdom, moderation and firmness as to stand justified before the tribunal of history and in the eye of heaven for the part she will play in the most disastrous drama ever enacted in the theatre of the world.'"

In further proof of my assertion as to the persistence of the great Kentuckian's patriotism, I give the following extract from a speech delivered in the Senate after the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, March 20, 1861: "I inherited and all my life have cherished a habitual and cordial attachment to the constitutional union and now would be willing any day to die for it. But while I believe that, administered according to the true principles of the Constitution, it is the best government on earth, I also believe that, administered without the lines of the Constitution, by the simple power of a sectional majority, it becomes the worst on earth; and for myself, neither in public nor private life, will I consent to sacrifice the principles of constitutional, of municipal, liberty, and of State equality, to the naked idea of Federal unity."

War had come. The Southern senators had gone. Deserted and abandoned, solitary and alone, treading in the footsteps of the immortal Clay, illustrating his statesmanship, his patriotism and his courage, pleading for a rational adjustment and honorable peace, he will pass into history all the grander because he stood alone.

Suspected and mistrusted upon his entrance into the Senate, he patiently braved and bore it all. The battle of Manassas was fought. A beaten and broken army sought refuge in the capital, but this triumph of the South extorted no exultation from the grave and anxious senator. His allegiance was still due to the Government that he was seeking to serve. He had seen the political system of his forefathers shattered. His efforts were futile. His mission was ended. Amid the ruin that surrounded, in this same chamber over which he had so long presided, sadly surveying the wreck that had come both to the Union and himself, he sat like Caius Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. All was lost but honor.

Brave words he spoke. Unawed by power, he dared to plead his convictions. He clung with a hope that defied despair. He came back to his people to find that they were shackled. His love of country, his hopes, his ambitions, his aspirations, were all at stake. Before him had stretched all that a trusting people could bestow. The goal for which American statesmen have ever struggled had been within his easy reach, but was only to be attained by a forfeiture of principles and an abandonment of friends. He took counsel of his conscience and did not err. Cæsar had been accredited with pushing aside a crown, but Cæsar accepted imperial power. Washington refused to don the purple of permanent authority, but Washington accepted the rulership of a new-born republic. This man calmly surveyed the field and put behind him the well-assured possession of the greatest trust ever committed to mortal man—the Presidency of a republic numbered with the foremost nations of the earth—a place that outranks crowns, if acquired not by fraud or accident, but as a tribute paid to ability and conspicuous service.

None who knew him doubted the decision he would make. Faithfully and fearlessly he had striven to avert war and save the union of the States. His powers had all been exerted and exhausted. Nothing remained but to take his place where conscience pointed and meet the inevitable with lofty courage.

He knew that the voice of Kentucky was stifled by the methods already described. He knew that, with the mailed hand of military power at her throat, she could not voice the will of her people. He knew that the State could not go with him to the Confederacy, but that he must go alone, uncovered by her shield; but he knew that thousands of her intrepid sons would gather to his standard and follow where he led. He did not ask to place his action upon the ground of obedience to the edict of his State. He recognized as the great issue involved in the struggle, the preservation or destruction of the whole system of constitutional government. He believed that the question to be determined was whether the government which survived should be one of limited powers, under which the liberties of the citizen might find shelter, or one resting alone upon arbitrary power. Every principle or conviction that he cherished was at stake. He did not hesitate. Refusing to recognize as a State government those who were overawed by a military government they dared not defy, on the 8th of October, 1861, he published an address from Bowling Green to the people of Kentucky, returned to them the great trust they had given, resigned his seat in the Senate, and, flinging away ambition, drew that sword that was never sheathed until the last army had melted from the earth and the flag that he followed had gone down at last amid tears and blood.

Viewed in the light of results personal to Breckinridge, the great mistake of his life would appear to consist in the persistency with which he clung to the hope of a peaceful adjustment and in his failure to take his State with him into the Confederacy, which he could undoubtedly have done in the spring of 1861. The only explanation is to be found in the hope, to which he tenaciously clung, of a settlement without resort to arms. With Kentucky as a member of the Confederacy, Breckinridge would have stood on even terms with the other leaders in that great drama, but throughout this stormy period he seems never to have thought of self, but only to take his place wherever assigned and discharge his duties as best he could. He never sought promotion nor did he need to. Of his record as a soldier, let the history of that great struggle testify.

The fields of Shiloh, Stone River, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Monocacy, Newmarket, Cold Harbor and Saltville bear ample testimony to his great ability as a commander and his cool, unfaltering courage. After his transfer from the western army to Virginia, he came under the eye of the great commander. Lee here had the opportunity of measuring the man. So had the authorities at Richmond. As the result he was called to the head of the War Department of the Government. It was too late. With all his great powers as an executive officer he could not retrieve the losses nor restore the wastage of well-nigh four years of incessant, terrific strife. The resources of the Government were exhausted, the Confederacy was already tottering to its fall; its doom was sealed, its hour about to strike.

No member of the cabinet possessed in the same degree the confidence of the Executive, the army and the country. His last official act was an attempt to negotiate a peace securing terms that were alike liberal to the vanquished and creditable to the victor. There was no longer a government or army left to the South. Breckinridge stood a proscribed man beyond the shelter of the law. In all the history of this Government the legislative authority has never, save in this one instance, usurped and exercised the odious power carried in a bill of attainder. The eruptions of that war period had flung into the Federal Senate a member who, moved by the same greed of notoriety that possessed the aspiring youth who fired the Ephesian dome, offered a resolution, which the Senate, in its mad frenzy, adopted, declaring that Breckinridge, THE TRAITOR, be expelled from that chamber. No trial was had, no confession received, no testimony taken.

Here to-day in the presence of the world, in the sight of Almighty God, Kentucky files her imperishable answer to that libel. States do not build monuments to traitors. Breckinridge had already, by his own act, ceased to be a senator. The decree passed in open defiance of the Constitution was but a *brutum fulmen*, serving only to evidence the malignity of its authors. Breckinridge was left no choice, no alternative. An alien in the land of his birth, denied the protection of the laws that he had borne so conspicuous a part in framing for the government of a country, many of the brightest pages of whose history were adorned with the names of his ancestry and his own, he determined to seek shelter in foreign lands from the tyranny that pursued him.

Who will paint his emotions as he stood upon the shore, looking out upon the sea in search of a sail that would carry him he knew not whither? His hopes were blighted, his ambitions were buried, his career was ended, his work was done and his life lay behind him. He was bidding what seemed to be an eternal farewell to home and country, to family and friends. Calmly he surveyed the universal wreck that reigned around him. His great soul was unshaken. "Though a broken orb should fall, fearless he would stand amid its ruins." In an open boat he crossed to the Cuban shore. He remained abroad until bitterness and passion had sufficiently subsided to permit him to return to spend what little of life was left him and to die among those who loved him so fondly; but destined to wear into his grave the clanking shackles that a narrow, unwise and unmanly policy had riveted upon his limbs.

His own dignity, in the light of his antecedents, precluded any slavish appeal for pardon. He never asked and never received the right of citizenship. He came back with the consent of the Government to live and die an exile in the home of his fathers, to obey the laws that had been made and to respect the authorities that had been established. Faithfully he observed the Constitution. Never obtruding himself upon public notice, taking no part in the controversies pending; in the quiet of home and friendship's circles he patiently waited the end that was so near. On the 17th day of May, 1875, the irrevocable mandate came. Conscious to the last, fully advised of the inevitable, calm and unmoved he faced for the last time the grim destroyer that he had so often confronted upon the field of battle. Conscious of the rectitude of his own life, feeling that he had done the right as God had given him power to see it, he surrendered back to his Creator unspotted a life that had been given to the service of his fellows.

Breckinridge might have returned to public service had he desired. Had he asked for relief from political disabilities it would have been granted. There was no honor within Kentucky's gift that he would not have been tendered. The pathos that gathered about his life, the lofty dignity, the sublime courage that had marked his bearing in disaster, made him the idol of his people. But he saw no good, but only harm, to result from his reappearance in the field of politics.

Whether he proved himself worthy to be numbered among the great, history must determine. Its verdict will be traced with impartial pen. That verdict Kentucky, with unfaltering faith, abides. It would be as unreasonable to expect justice from those who differed from his conclusions as to look for impartial judgment at our hands, who fought by his side. Strive as we may, we cannot be fair. Confidently I surrender the right of judgment to posterity, assured that when the passions and prejudices of this generation have been buried and his name shall be assigned to the place in history that he has fairly won, it will be found enrolled among the brightest that this commonwealth has furnished to the shining list of the immortals.

It may be true that he had his equals as orator, statesman and soldier; but in fairness it must be conceded that in all these characters combined he had no superior. Mr. Clay was probably the greatest popular leader this country has ever known; but it will be admitted that in that realm Clay, Breckinridge and Douglas constitute an immortal trio whose like we have never seen. As a statesman, while he ranks with the first, it might not be fair to claim for him pre-eminence over all the men of his day. As a soldier, his record, conspicuously brilliant, did not lift him above the well-earned plane attained by several of the great commanders of either side. But measured in all these rôles, he stands without a peer in this country's annals. Tried everywhere—in the stormy House of Representatives; as the presiding officer of the most august deliberative body on earth; in debate, as a member of the Senate; in the field, as commander of division or corps; or as chief war officer of a government struggling for its existence—anywhere, everywhere, he loomed up above those by whom he was surrounded as one born to rule. No success elated him, no disaster disheartened.

It is not to the soldier, but to the honored son that Kentucky dedicates this statue. In the legislature that decreed him this honor there were true and manly men united who held no sympathy with his views and bitterly opposed the cause for which he fought. Despite political differences they united in doing honor to the memory of one who stood as the embodiment of our civilization, representing all that was chivalrous, manly and true. Remembering this, I would not stir the bitterness and passions of the past. The war lies behind us. Would to God it had carried with it its own sad and bitter memories. A majority of those who witnessed its coming are no longer upon the earth. Most of its great chieftains have crossed the shadowy line. Grant and Lee, Johnston and Thomas, Jackson, MacPherson, Breckinridge and others have long since met upon the other side, we hope in fraternity and eternal good will.

A country, united not only in name but in purpose, in hope and in destiny, will cherish the memory of all its worthy sons and teach posterity to hold it as a precious legacy. 'Tis true that no proud Pantheon stood with eager, opening gates to receive his honored ashes; but they rest in the soil that nourished his birth, while his fame reposes in an ever enduring Pantheon—the hearts of his people. Here, within the limits of your beautiful city, rise toward heaven the monument of Clay and the statue of Breckinridge. Well may you guard these treasures. Around them cluster a half-century of glory. Westminster Abbey holds no more precious dust. Earth never gave sepulcher to grander men. But it is the lessons that these monuments teach that we would impress. The greatest of historians told us nearly two thousand years ago: "The bodies of men are perishing and mortal, so likewise are their statues; but the form of mind is eternal and can never be preserved by any foreign material or art, but only by the real character and behavior of the persons who imitate it."

May the youth of our State and country learn from a study of his life, whom to-day we honor, the lofty patriotism, the dignity, the fidelity and courage that constitute the worthy citizen.

Recalling the past and measuring her responsibilities to the future, in the presence of her sons and daughters, in the sight of Omnipotent God, Kentucky dedicates this monument to her broad-brained, great-hearted idol son. Orator, statesman, soldier, patriot, to thy immortal name and to thy deathless fame Kentucky consecrates this statue and tenders it to posterity as proof of the love she bore thee.

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE

JAMES A. GARFIELD

[Eulogy by James G. Blaine, statesman, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Senator, Secretary of State in the Cabinets of Presidents Garfield, Arthur, and Harrison (born in West Brownsville, Pa., January 31, 1830; died in Washington, D. C., January 27, 1893), delivered in Washington, February 28, 1882, in the presence of both Houses of Congress, the Supreme Court, the President and his Cabinet, assembled for a special memorial service to the dead President.]

Mr. President:—For the second time in this generation, the great departments of the Government of the United States are assembled in the Hall of Representatives, to do honor to the memory of a murdered President. Lincoln fell at the close of a mighty struggle, in which the passions of men had been deeply stirred. The tragical termination of his great life, added but another to the lengthened succession of horrors which had marked so many lintels with the blood of the first-born. Garfield was slain in a day of peace, when brother had been reconciled to brother, and when anger and hate had been banished from the land. " Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited where such example was least to have been looked for, let him not give the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate. Let him draw rather a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon, not so much an example of human nature in its depravity and in its paroxysms of crime, as an infernal being, a fiend in the ordinary display and development of his character."

From the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth till the uprising against Charles I, about twenty thousand emigrants came from Old England to New England. As they came in pursuit of intellectual freedom and ecclesiastical independence, rather than for worldly honor and profit, the emigration naturally ceased when the contest for religious liberty began in earnest at home. The man who struck his most effective blow for freedom of conscience, by sailing for the Colonies in 1620, would have been accounted a deserter to leave after 1640. The opportunity had then come on the soil of England for that great contest, which established the authority of Parliament, gave religious freedom to the people, sent Charles to the block, and committed to the hands of Oliver Cromwell the supreme executive authority of England. The English emigration was never renewed, and from these twenty thousand men, with a small emigration from Scotland and France, are descended the vast numbers who have New England blood in their veins. In 1685 the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV scattered to other countries four hundred thousand Protestants, who were among the most intelligent and enterprising of the French subjects—merchants of capital, skilled manufacturers, and handicraftsmen, superior at the time to all others in Europe. A considerable number of these Huguenot French came to America. A few landed in New England, and became prominent in its history.

Their names have in large part become anglicized, or have disappeared, but their blood is traceable in many of the most reputable families, and their fame is perpetuated in honorable memorials and useful institutions. From these two sources, the English Puritan and the French Huguenot, came the late President, his father, Abram Garfield, being descended from the one, and his mother, Eliza Ballou, from the other. It was good stock on both sides—none better, none braver, none truer. There was in it an inheritance of courage, of manliness, of imperishable love of liberty, of undying adherence to principle. Garfield was proud of his blood, and, with as much satisfaction as if he were a British nobleman reading of his stately ancestral record in Burke's Peerage, he spoke of himself as ninth in descent from those who would not endure the oppression of the Stuarts, and seventh in descent from the brave French Protestants who refused to submit to tyranny even from the Grand Monarque. General Garfield delighted to dwell on these traits, and during his only visit to England he busied himself in discovering every trace of his forefathers in parish registries, and on ancient army rolls. Sitting with a friend in the gallery of the House of Commons one night, after a long day's labor in his early field of research, he said with evident elation, that in every war in which for three centuries patriots of English blood had struck sturdy blows for constitutional government and human liberty, his family had been represented. They were at Marston Moor, at Naseby, and Preston; they were at Bunker Hill, at Saratoga, and at Monmouth, and his own person had battled in the same great cause in the war which preserved the union of States.

Losing his father before he was two years old, the early life of Garfield was one of privation, but its poverty has been made indelicately and unjustly prominent. Thousands of readers have imagined him as a ragged, starving child, whose reality too often greets the eye in the squalid sections of our large cities. General Garfield's infancy and youth had none of the pitiful features appealing to the tender heart and to the open hand of charity. He was a poor boy in the same sense in which Henry Clay was a poor boy; in which Andrew Jackson was a poor boy; in which Daniel Webster was a poor boy; in the same sense in which a large majority of the eminent men of America in all generations have been poor boys.

Before a great multitude of men in a public speech, Mr. Webster bore this testimony: "It did not happen to me to be born in a log-cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log-cabin, raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke rose first from its crude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. It remains still. I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all."

I know of this primitive family abode. With the requisite change of scene, the same words would aptly portray the early days of Garfield. The poverty of the frontier, where all are engaged in a common struggle, and where a common sympathy and hearty co-operation lighten the burdens of each, is a very different poverty—different in kind, different in influence and effect from that conscious and humiliating indigence, which is every day forced to contrast itself with neighboring wealth, on which it feels a sense of grinding dependence. The poverty of the frontier is indeed no poverty. It is but the beginning of wealth, and has the boundless possibilities of the future always opening before it. No man ever grew up in the agricultural regions of the West, where a house-raising, or even a corn-husking is matter of common interest or helpfulness, with any other feeling than that of broad-minded, generous independence. This honorable independence marked the youth of Garfield, as it marks the youth of millions of the best blood and brain, now training for the future citizenship and future government of the Republic. Garfield was born heir to land, to the title of freeholder, which has been the patent and passport of self-respect with the Anglo-Saxon race ever since Hengist and Horsa landed on the shores of England. His adventure on the canal, an alternative between that and the deck of a Lake Erie schooner, was a farmer boy's device for earning money, just as the New England lad begins a possibly great career by sailing before the mast on a coasting vessel, or on a merchantman bound to the farther India or to the China seas. No manly man feels anything of shame in looking back to early struggles with adverse circumstances, and no man feels a worthier pride than when he has conquered the obstacles to his progress. But no one of noble mold desires to be looked upon as having occupied a menial position, as having been repressed by a feeling of inferiority, or as having suffered the evils of poverty until relief was found at the hand of charity. General Garfield's youth presented no hardships which family love and family energy did not overcome, subjected him to no privations which he did not cheerfully accept, and left no memories save those which were recalled with delight and transmitted with profit and with pride.

Garfield's early opportunities for securing an education were extremely limited, and yet were sufficient to develop in him an intense desire to learn. He could read at three years of age, and each winter he had the advantage of the district school. He read all the books he found within the circle of his acquaintance. Some of them he got by heart. While yet in childhood he was a constant student of the Bible, and became familiar with its literature. The dignity and earnestness of his speech in his maturer life gave evidence of this early training.

At eighteen years of age he was able to teach school, and thenceforward his ambition was to obtain a college education. To this end he bent all his efforts, working in the harvest-field, at the carpenter's bench, and in the winter season teaching the common schools of the neighborhood. While thus laboriously occupied, he found time to prosecute his studies, and was so successful that at twenty-two he was able to enter the junior class at Williams College, then under the presidency of the venerable and honored Mark Hopkins, who, in the fullness of his powers, survives the eminent pupil to whom he was of inestimable service.

The history of Garfield's life to this period presents no novel features. He had, undoubtedly, shown perseverance, self-reliance, self-sacrifice, and ambition—qualities which, be it said, for the honor of our country, are everywhere to be found among the young men of America. But from his graduation at Williams, onward to the hour of his tragical death, Garfield's career was eminent and exceptional. Slowly working through his educational period, receiving his diploma when only twenty-four, he seemed at one bound to spring into conspicuous and brilliant success. Within six years he was successively president of a college, State Senator of Ohio, Major-General of the army of the United States, and Representative elect to the National Congress—a combination of honors so varied, so elevated, within a period so brief, and to a man so young, is without precedent or parallel in the history of the country.

Garfield's army life was begun with no other military knowledge than such as he had hastily gained from books in the few months preceding his march to the field. Stepping from civil life to the head of a regiment, the first order he received when ready to cross the Ohio was to assume command of a brigade, and to operate as an independent force in Eastern Kentucky. His immediate duty was to check the advance of Humphrey Marshall, who was marching down the Big Sandy with the intention of occupying, in connection with other Confederate forces, the entire territory of Kentucky, and of precipitating the State into secession. This was at the close of the year 1861. Seldom, if ever, has a young college professor been thrown into a more embarrassing and discouraging position. He knew just enough of military science, as he expressed it himself, to measure the extent of his ignorance, and, with a handful of men, he was marching in rough winter weather into a strange country, among a hostile population, to confront a largely superior force, under the command of a distinguished graduate of West Point, who had seen active and important service in two preceding wars. The result of the campaign is matter of history. The skill, the endurance, the extraordinary energy shown by Garfield, the courage he imparted to his men, raw and untried as himself; the measures he adopted to increase his force and to create in the enemy's mind exaggerated estimates of his numbers, bore perfect fruit in the routing of Marshall, the capture of his camp, the dispersion of his force, and the emancipation of an important territory from the control of the rebels. Coming at the close of the long series of disasters to the Union arms, Garfield's victory had an unusual and extraneous importance, and, in the popular judgment, elevated the young commander to the rank of a military hero. With less than two thousand men in his entire command, with a mobilized force of only eleven hundred, without cannon, he had met an army of five thousand and defeated them, driving Marshall's forces successively from two strongholds of their own selection, fortified with abundant artillery. Major-General Buell, commander of the Department of the Ohio, an experienced soldier of the regular army, published an order of thanks and congratulations on the brilliant result of the Big Sandy campaign, which would have turned the head of a less cool and sensible man than Garfield. Buell declared that his services had called into action the highest qualities of a soldier, and President Lincoln supplemented these words of praise by the more substantial reward of a brigadier-general's commission, to bear date from the day of his decisive victory over Marshall.

The subsequent military career of Garfield fully sustained the brilliant beginning. With his new commission he was assigned to the command of a brigade in the Army of the Ohio, and took part in the second and decisive day's fight in the great battle of Shiloh.

The remainder of the year 1862 was not especially eventful to Garfield, as it was not to the armies with which he was serving. His practical sense was called into exercise in contemplating the task assigned him by General Buell, of reconstructing bridges and re-establishing lines of railway communication for the army. His occupation in this useful but not brilliant field was varied by service on courts-martial of importance, in which department of duty he won a valuable reputation, attracting the notice and securing the approval of the able and eminent Judge-Advocate General of the army. That of itself was warrant to honorable fame, for among the great men who in those trying days gave themselves with entire devotion to the service of their country, one who brought to that service the respect, learning, the most fervid eloquence, the most varied attainments, who in the day of triumph sat reserved and silent and grateful, "as Francis Deak in the hour of Hungary's deliverance," was Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, and in his honorable retirement he enjoys the respect and veneration of all who love the union of the States.

Early in 1863 Garfield was assigned to the highly important and responsible post of Chief of Staff to General Rosecrans, then at the head of the Army of the Cumberland. Perhaps in a great military campaign no subordinate officer requires sounder judgment and quicker knowledge of men than the Chief of Staff to the commanding general. An indiscreet man, in such a position, can sow more discord, breed more jealousy, and disseminate more strife than any other officer in the entire organization. When General Garfield assumed his new duties he found various troubles already well developed, and seriously affecting the value and efficiency of the Army of the Cumberland. The energy, the impartiality, and the tact with which he sought to allay these dissensions, and to discharge the duties of his new and trying position, will always remain one of the most striking proofs of his great versatility. His military duties closed on the memorable field of Chickamauga, a field which, however disastrous to the Union arms, gave to him the occasion of winning imperishable laurels. The very rare distinction was accorded him of a great promotion for his bravery on a field that was lost. President Lincoln appointed him a Major-General in the army of the United States, "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chickamauga."

The Army of the Cumberland was reorganized under the command of General Thomas, who promptly offered Garfield one of its divisions. He was extremely desirous to accept the position, but was embarrassed by the fact that he had, a year before, been elected to Congress, and the time when he must take his seat was drawing near. He preferred to remain in the military service, and had, within his own breast, the largest confidence of success in the wider field which his new rank opened to him. Balancing the arguments on the one side and the other, anxious to determine what was for the best, desirous, above all things, to do his patriotic duty, he was decisively influenced by the advice of President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, both of whom assured him that he could, at that time, be of especial value in the House of Representatives. He resigned his commission of Major-General on the 5th day of December, 1863, and took his seat in the House of Representatives on the 7th. He had served two years and four months in the army, and had just completed his thirty-second year.

The Thirty-eighth Congress is pre-eminently entitled in history to the designation of the War Congress. It was elected while the war was flagrant, and every member was chosen upon the issues involved in the continuance of the struggle. The Thirty-seventh Congress had indeed legislated to a large extent on war measures, but it was chosen before any one believed that secession of the States would be actually attempted. The magnitude of the work which fell upon its successor was unprecedented, both in respect to the vast sum of money raised for support of the army and navy, and for the new and extraordinary powers of legislation which it was forced to exercise. Only twenty-four States were represented, and 182 members were upon its rolls. Among these were many distinguished party leaders on both sides—veterans in the public service, with established reputations for ability, and with that skill which comes only from parliamentary experience. Into this assemblage of men Garfield entered, without special preparation, and, it might almost be said, unexpectedly. The question of taking command of a division of troops under General Thomas, or taking his seat in Congress, was kept open till the last moment—so late, indeed, that the resignation of his military commission and his appearance in the House were almost contemporaneous. He wore the uniform of a major-general of the United States army on Saturday, and on Monday, in civilian's dress, he answered to the roll-call as a Representative in Congress from the State of Ohio.

He was especially fortunate in the constituency which elected him. Descended almost entirely from New England stock, the men of the Ashtabula district were intensely radical on all questions relating to human rights. Well educated, thrifty, thoroughly intelligent in affairs, acutely discerning of character, not quick to bestow confidence, and slow to withdraw it, they were at once the most helpful and most exact of supporters. Their tenacious trust in men in whom they have once confided is illustrated by the unparalleled fact that Elisha Whittlesey, Joshua R. Giddings, and James A. Garfield represented the district for fifty-four years. There is no test of a man's ability in any department of public life more severe than service in the House of Representatives; there is no place where so little deference is paid to reputation previously acquired or to eminence won outside; no place where so little consideration is shown for the feelings or failures of beginners. What a man gains in the House he gains by sheer force of his own character, and, if he loses and falls back, he must expect no mercy, and will receive no sympathy. It is a field in which the survival of the strongest is the recognized rule, and where no pretense can survive, and no glamor can mislead. The real man is discovered, his worth is impartially weighed, his rank is irrevocably decided. With possibly a single exception, Garfield was the youngest member in the House when he entered, and was but seven years from his college graduation; but he had not been in his seat sixty days before his ability was recognized, and his place conceded. He stepped to the front with the confidence of one who belonged there. The House was crowded with strong men of both parties; nineteen of them have since been transferred to the Senate, and many of them have served with distinction in the gubernatorial chairs of their respective States, and on foreign missions of great consequence. But, among all, none grew so rapidly, none so firmly, as Garfield. As is said by Trevelyan of his parliamentary hero, Garfield succeeded " because all the world in concert could not have kept him in the background, and because, when once in the front, he played his part with a prompt intrepidity and a commanding ease that were but the outward symptoms of the immense reserves of energy on which it was in his power to draw." Indeed, the apparently reserved force which Garfield possessed was one of his great characteristics. He never did so well but that it seemed he could easily have done better. He never expended so much strength but that he seemed to be holding additional power at call. This is one of the happiest and rarest distinctions of an effective leader, and often counts for as much in persuading an assembly as an eloquent and elaborate argument.

His military life, illustrated by honorable performance and rich in promise, was, as he himself felt, prematurely terminated and necessarily incomplete. Speculation as to what he might have done in a field where the great prizes are so few cannot be profitable. It is sufficient to say that as a soldier he did his duty bravely, he did it intelligently, he won an enviable fame, and he retired from the service without blot or breath against him. As a lawyer, though admirably equipped for the profession, he can scarcely be said to have entered on its practice.

The few efforts made at the bar were distinguished by the same high order of talent which he exhibited on every field where he was put to the test, and, if a man may be accepted as a competent judge of his own capacities and adaptations, the law was the profession to which Garfield should have devoted himself. But fate ordained otherwise, and his reputation in history will rest largely upon his service in the House of Representatives. That service was exceptionally long. He was nine times consecutively chosen to the House, an honor enjoyed by not more than six other Representatives of the more than five thousand who have been elected from the organization of the Government to this hour.

As a parliamentary orator, as a debater on an issue squarely joined, where the position had been chosen and the ground laid out, Garfield must be assigned a very high rank. More, perhaps, than any other man with whom he was associated in public life, he gave careful and systematic study to public questions, and he came to every discussion in which he took part with elaborate and complete preparation. He was a steady and indefatigable worker. Those who imagine that talent or genius can supply the place, or achieve the results of labor, will find no encouragement in Garfield's life. In preliminary work he was apt, rapid, and skilful. He possessed in a high degree the power of readily absorbing ideas and facts, and, like Dr. Johnson, had the art of getting from a book all that was of value in it, by a reading apparently so quick and cursory that it seemed like a mere glance at the table of contents. He was pre-eminently a fair and candid man; in debate he took no petty advantage, stooped to no unworthy methods, avoided personal allusion, rarely appealed to prejudice, did not seek to inflame passion. He had a quicker eye for the strong point of his adversary than for his weak point, and on his own side he so marshaled his weighty arguments as to make his hearers forget any possible lack in the complete strength of his position. He had a habit of stating his opponent's side with such amplitude of fairness, and such liberality of concession, that his followers often complained that he was giving his case away. But never, in his prolonged participation in the proceedings of the House, did he give his case away, or fail, in the judgment of competent and impartial listeners, to gain the mastery.

These characteristics, which marked Garfield as a great debater, did not, however, make him a great parliamentary leader. A parliamentary leader, as that term is understood wherever free representative government exists, is necessarily and very strictly the organ of his party. An ardent American defined the instinctive warmth of patriotism when he offered the toast, " Our country, always right; but, right or wrong, our country." The parliamentary leader who has a body of followers, that will do, and dare, and die for the cause, is one who believes his party always right, but, right or wrong, is for his party. No more important or exacting duty devolves upon him than the selection of the field and the time for contest. He must know not merely how to strike, but where to strike, and when to strike. He often skilfully avoids the strength of his opponent's position, and scatters confusion in his ranks by attacking an exposed point, when really the righteousness of the cause and strength of the logical intrenchment are against him. He conquers often both against the right and the heavy battalions, as when young Charles Fox, in the days of his Toryism, carried the House of Commons against justice, against immemorial rights, against his own convictions—if, indeed, at that period Fox had convictions—and, in the interests of a corrupt administration, in obedience to a tyrannical sovereign, drove Wilkes from the seat to which the electors of Middlesex had chosen him, and installed Luttrell in defiance not merely of law, but of public decency. For an achievement of that kind Garfield was disqualified—disqualified by the texture of his mind, by the honesty of his heart, by his conscience, and by every instinct and aspiration of his nature.

The three most distinguished parliamentary leaders hitherto developed in this country are Mr. Clay, Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Thaddeus Stevens. Each was a man of consummate ability, of great earnestness, of intense personality, differing widely each from the others, and yet with a signal trait in common—the power to command. In the give-and-take of daily discussion; in the art of controlling and consolidating reluctant and refractory followers; in the skill to overcome all forms of opposition, and to meet with competency and courage the various phases of unlooked-for assault or unsuspected defection, it would be difficult to rank with these a fourth name in all our congressional history. But of these, Mr. Clay was the greatest. It would, perhaps, be impossible to find in the parliamentary annals of the world, a parallel to Mr. Clay in 1841, when, at sixty-four years of age, he took the control of the Whig party from the President who had received their suffrages, against the power of Webster in the Cabinet, against the eloquence of Choate in the Senate, against the herculean efforts of Caleb Cushing and Henry A. Wise, in the House. In unshared leadership, in the pride and plentitude of power, he hurled against John Tyler, with deepest scorn, the mass of that conquering column which had swept over the land in 1840, and drove his Administration to seek shelter behind the lines of his political foes. Mr. Douglas achieved a victory scarcely less wonderful when, in 1854, against the secret desires of a strong Administration, against the wise counsel of the older chiefs, against the conservative instincts and even the moral sense of the country, he forced a reluctant Congress into a repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, in his contest from 1865 to 1868, actually advanced his parliamentary leadership until Congress tied the hands of the President, and governed the country by its own will, leaving only perfunctory duties to be discharged by the Executive. With $200,000,000 of patronage in his hands at the opening of the contest, aided by the active force of Seward in the Cabinet, and the moral power of Chase on the bench, Andrew Johnson could not command the support of one-third in either House against the parliamentary uprising of which Thaddeus Stevens was the animating spirit and the unquestioned leader. From these three great men Garfield differed radically—differed in the quality of his mind, in temperament, in the form and phase of ambition. He could not do what they did, but he could do what they could not, and in the breadth of his congressional work he left that which will longer exert a potential influence among men, and which, measured by the severe test of posthumous criticism, will secure a more enduring and more enviable fame.

Those unfamiliar with Garfield's industry, and ignorant of the details of his work, may in some degree measure them by the annals of Congress. No one of the generation of public men to which he belonged has contributed so much that will be valuable for future reference. His speeches are numerous, many of them brilliant, all of them well studied, carefully phrased, and exhaustive of the subject under consideration. Collected from the scattered pages of ninety royal octavo volumes of "Congressional Records," they would present an invaluable compendium of the political history of the most important era through which the National Government has ever passed. When the history of this period shall be impartially written, when war legislation, measures of reconstruction, protection of human rights, amendments to the Constitution, maintenance of public credit, steps towards specie resumption, true theories of revenue, may be reviewed, unsurrounded by prejudice and disconnected from partisanism, the speeches of Garfield will be estimated at their true value, and will be found to comprise a vast magazine of fact and argument, of clear analysis and sound conclusion. Indeed, if no other authority were accessible his speeches in the House of Representatives from December, 1863, to June, 1880, would give a well-connected history and complete defense of the important legislation of the seventeen eventful years that constitute his parliamentary life. Far beyond that, his speeches would be found to forecast many great measures yet to be completed—measures which he knew were beyond the public opinion of the hour, but which he confidently believed would secure popular approval within the period of his own lifetime, and by the aid of his own efforts.

Differing as Garfield did from his brilliant parliamentary leaders, it is not easy to find his counterpart anywhere in the record of American public life. He, perhaps, more nearly resembled Mr. Seward in his supreme faith in the all-conquering power of principle. He had the love of learning, and the patient industry of investigation, to which John Adams owes his prominence and his Presidency. He had some of those ponderous elements of mind which distinguished Mr. Webster, and which, indeed, in all our public life, have left the great Massachusetts Senator without an intellectual peer. In English parliamentary history, as in our own, the leaders in the House of Commons present points of essential difference from Garfield. But some of his methods recall the best features in the strong, independent course of Sir Robert Peel, and striking resemblances are discernible in that most promising of modern Conservatives, who died too early for his country and his fame, Lord George Bentinck. He had all of Burke's love for the sublime and the beautiful, with possibly something of his superabundance, and, in his faith and his magnanimity, in his power of statement, in his subtle analysis, in his faultless logic, in his love of literature, in his wealth and world of illustration, one is reminded of that great English statesman of to-day, who, confronted with obstacles that would daunt any but the dauntless, reviled by those whose supposed rights he is forced to invade, still labors with serene courage for the amelioration of Ireland, and for the honor of the English name.

Garfield's nomination to the Presidency, while not predicted or anticipated, was not a surprise to the country. His prominence in Congress, his solid qualities, his wide reputation, strengthened by his then recent election as Senator from Ohio, kept him in the public eye as a man occupying the very highest range among those entitled to be called statesmen. It was not mere chance that brought him this high honor. "We must," says Mr. Emerson, "reckon success a constitutional trait. If Eric is in robust health, and has slept well, and is at the top of his condition, and thirty years old, at his departure from Greenland, he will steer west, and his ships will reach Newfoundland. But take out Eric, and put in a stronger and bolder man, and the ships will sail six hundred, one thousand, fifteen hundred miles farther, and reach Labrador and New England. There is no chance in results."

As a candidate, Garfield steadily grew in popular favor. He was met with a storm of detraction at the very hour of his nomination, and it continued with increasing volume and momentum until the close of his victorious campaign:

> No might nor greatness in mortality
> Can censure 'scape; backwounding calumny
> The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
> Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

Under it all he was calm, and strong and confident, never lost his self-possession, did no unwise act, spoke no hasty or ill-considered word. Indeed, nothing in his whole life is more remarkable or more creditable than his bearing through those five full months of vituperation—a prolonged agony of trial to a sensitive man, a constant and cruel draft upon the powers of moral endurance. The great mass of these unjust imputations passed unnoticed, and, with the general débris of the campaign, fell into oblivion. But in a few instances the iron entered his soul, and he died with the injury unforgotten, if not unforgiven.

One aspect of Garfield's candidacy was unprecedented. Never before in the history of partisan contests in this country had a successful Presidential candidate spoken freely on passing events and current issues. To attempt anything of the kind seemed novel, rash, and even desperate. The older class of voters recalled the unfortunate Alabama letter in which Mr. Clay was supposed to have signed his political death-warrant. They remembered also the hot-tempered effusion by which General Scott lost a large share of his popularity before his nomination, and the unfortunate speeches which rapidly consumed the remainder. The younger voters had seen Mr. Greeley in a series of vigorous and original addresses preparing the pathway for his own defeat. Unmindful of these warnings, unheeding the advice of friends, Garfield spoke to large crowds as he journeyed to and from New York in August, to a great multitude in that city, to delegations and deputations of every kind that called at Mentor during the summer and autumn. With innumerable critics watchful and eager to catch a phrase that might be turned into odium or ridicule, or a sentence that might be distorted to his own or his party's injury, Garfield did not trip or halt in any one of his seventy speeches. This seems all the more remarkable when it is remembered that he did not write what he said, and yet spoke with such logical consecutiveness of thought, and such admirable decision of phrase, as to defy the accident of misreport and the malignity of misrepresentation.

In the beginning of his Presidential life, Garfield's experience did not yield him pleasure or satisfaction. The duties that engross so large a portion of the President's time were distasteful to him, and were unfavorably contrasted with his legislative work. "I have been dealing all these years with ideas," he impatiently exclaimed one day, "and here I'm dealing only with persons. I have been heretofore treating of the fundamental principles of government, and here I am considering all day whether A or B shall be appointed to this or to that office." He was earnestly seeking some practical way of correcting the evils arising from the distribution of overgrown and unwieldy patronage—evils always appreciated and often discussed by him, but whose magnitude had been more deeply impressed upon his mind since his accession to the Presidency. Had he lived, a comprehensive improvement in the mode of appointment, and in the tenure of office, would have been proposed by him, and with the aid of Congress, no doubt, perfected. But, while many of the executive duties were not grateful to him, he was assiduous and conscientious in their discharge. From the very outset, he exhibited administrative talent of a high order. He grasped the helm of office with the hand of a master. In this respect, indeed, he constantly surprised many who were not most intimately associated with him in the Government, and especially those who feared he might be lacking in the executive faculty. His disposition of business was orderly and rapid; his power of analysis and his skill in classification enabled him to dispatch a vast mass of detail with singular promptness and ease; his Cabinet meetings were admirably conducted; his clear presentation of official subjects, his well-considered suggestions of topics on which discussion was invited, his quick decision when all had been heard, combined to show a thoroughness of mental training as rare as his natural ability, and his facile adaptation to a new and enlarged field of labor.

With perfect comprehension of all the inheritances of the war, with a cool calculation of the obstacles in the way, impelled always by a generous enthusiasm, Garfield conceived that much might be done by his Administration toward restoring harmony between the different sections of the Union. He was anxious to go South and speak to the people. As early as April he had ineffectually endeavored to arrange for a trip to Nashville, whither he had been cordially invited, and he was again disappointed a few weeks after to find he could not go to South Carolina to attend the centennial commemoration of the victory of Cowpens; but for the autumn, he definitely counted on being present at three memorable assemblies in the South —the celebration at Yorktown, the opening of the Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, and the meeting of the Army of the Cumberland at Chattanooga. He was already turning over in his mind his address for each occasion, and the three taken together, he said to a friend, gave him the exact scope and verge he needed. At Yorktown he would have before him the associations of a hundred years that bound the South and the North in the sacred memory of a common danger and a common victory; at Atlanta he would present the material interests and the industrial development which appealed to the thrift and independence of every household, and which should unite the two sections by the instinct of self-interest and self-defense. At Chattanooga he would revive memories of the war only to show that, after all its disasters and all its sufferings, the country was stronger and greater, the Union rendered indissoluble, and the future, through the agony and blood of one generation, made brighter and better for all.

Garfield's ambition for the success of his Administration was high. With strong caution and conservatism in his nature, he was in no danger of attempting rash experiments, or of resorting to the empiricism of statesmanship; but he believed that renewed and closer attention should be given to questions affecting the material interests and commercial prosperity of fifty millions of people. He believed that our continental relations, extensive and undeveloped as they are, involved responsibility, and could be cultivated in profitable friendship, or be abandoned to harmful indifference or lasting enmity. He believed, with equal confidence, that an essential forerunner to a new era of national progress must be a feeling of contentment in every section of the Union, and a general belief that the benefits and burdens of government would be common to all. Himself a conspicuous illustration of what ability and ambition may do under Republican institutions, he loved his country with a passion of patriotic devotion, and every waking thought was given to her advancement. He was an American in all his aspirations, and he looked to the destiny and influence of the United States with the philosophical composure of Jefferson and the demonstrative confidence of John Adams.

The political events which disturbed the President's serenity for many weeks before that fateful day in July, form an important chapter in his career, and, in his own judgment, involved matters of principle and of right, which are vitally essential to the constitutional administration of the Federal Government. It would be out of place here and now to speak the language of controversy; but the events referred to, however, they may continue to be the source of contention with others, have become, so far as Garfield is concerned, as much a matter of history as his heroism at Chickamauga, or his illustrious service in the House. Detail is not needed, full and personal. Antagonism shall not be rekindled by any word uttered to-day. The motives of those opposing him are not to be here adversely interpreted, nor their course harshly characterized; but of the dead President this is to be said, and said because his own speech is forever silenced, and he can be no more heard except through the fidelity and the love of surviving friends: from the beginning to the end of the controversy he so much deplored, the President was never for one moment actuated by motives of gain to himself, or loss to others. Least of all, did he harbor revenge; rarely did he ever show resentment, and malice was not in his nature. He was congenially employed only in the exchange of good offices, and the doing of kindly deeds. There was not an hour, from the beginning of the trouble until the fatal shot entered his body, when the President would not gladly, for the sake of restoring harmony, have retraced any step he had taken, if such retracing had merely involved consequences personal to himself. The pride of consistency, or any supposed sense of humiliation, that might result from surrendering his position, had not a feather's weight with him. No man was less subject to such influences from within or without; but after most anxious deliberation, and the coolest survey of all circumstances, he solemnly believed that the true prerogatives of the Executive were involved in the issue which had been raised, and that he would be unfaithful to his supreme obligation if he failed to maintain, in all their vigor, the constitutional rights and dignities of the great office. He believed this in all the convictions of conscience, when in sound and vigorous health, and he believed it in his suffering and prostration, in the last conscious thought which his wearied mind bestowed on transitory struggles of life. More than this need not be said; less than this could not be said.

Justice to the dead, the highest obligation that devolves upon the living, demands the declaration that, in all the bearings of the subject, actual or possible, the President was content in his mind, justified in his conscience, immovable in his conclusions.

The religious element in Garfield's character was deep and earnest. In his youth he espoused the faith of the Disciples, a sect of that great Baptist communion which, in different ecclesiastical establishments, is so numerous and so influential through all parts of the United States; but the broadening tendency of his mind, and his active spirit of inquiry, were early apparent, and carried him beyond the dogmas of sect and the restraints of association. In selecting a college in which to continue his education, he rejected Bethany, though presided over by Alexander Campbell, the greatest preacher of his church. His reasons were characteristical: First, that Bethany leaned too heavily toward slavery; and, second, that, being himself a Disciple, and the son of Disciple parents, he had little acquaintance with people of other beliefs, and he thought it would make him more liberal, quoting his own words, both in his religious and general views, to go into a new circle, and be under new influences. The liberal tendency which he anticipated as the result of wider culture was fully realized. He was emancipated from mere sectarian belief, and with eager interest pushed his investigation in the direction of modern progressive thought. He followed with quickening steps in the paths of exploration and speculation so fearlessly trodden by Darwin, by Huxley, by Tyndall, and by other living scientists of the radical and advanced type. His own church binding its disciples by no formulated creed, but accepting the Old and New Testaments as the word of God, with unbiased liberty of private interpretation, favored if it did not stimulate the spirit of investigation. Its members profess with sincerity, and profess only to be of one mind and one faith with those who followed the Master and who were first called Christians at Antioch. But, however high Garfield reasoned of "fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute," he was never separated from the Church of the Disciples in his affections and in his associations. For him it held the Ark of the Covenant; to him was the gate of heaven.

The world of religious belief is full of solecisms and contradictions. A philosophic observer declares that men by the thousand will die in defense of a creed whose doctrines they do not comprehend, and whose tenets they habitually violate. It is equally true that men by the thousands will cling to church organizations with instinctive and undying fidelity when their belief in mature years is radically different from that which inspires them as neophytes. But after this range of speculation and this latitude of doubt, Garfield came back always with freshness and delight to simpler instincts of religious faith which, earliest implanted, longest survive. Not many weeks before his assassination, walking on the banks of the Potomac with a friend, and conversing on these topics of personal religion, concerning which noble natures have an unconquerable reserve, he said that he found the Lord's prayer and the simple petitions learned in infancy infinitely restful to him, not merely in their stated repetition, but in their casual and frequent recall as he went about the daily duties of life. Certain texts of Scripture had a very strong hold on his memory and heart. He heard, while in Edinburgh some years ago, an eminent Scotch preacher who prefaced his sermon with reading the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, which book had been the subject of careful study with Garfield during all his religious life. He was greatly impressed by the elocution of the preacher, and declared that it had imparted a new and deeper meaning to the majestic utterances of St. Paul. He referred often in after years to that memorable service, and dwelt with exaltation of feeling upon the radiant promise and the assured hope with which the great apostle of the Gentiles was persuaded "that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

The crowning characteristic of General Garfield's religious opinions, as indeed of all his opinions, was his liberality. In all things he had charity. Tolerance was of his nature. He respected in others the qualities he possessed himself; sincerity of conviction and frankness of expression. With him the inquiry was not as to what a man believes, but does he believe it? The lines of his friendship and his confidence encircled men in every creed, and to the end of his life on his ever lengthening list of friends were to be found the names of a pious Catholic priest and of an honest-minded and generous freethinker.

On the morning of Saturday, July 2d, the President was a contented and happy man, not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly happy. On his way to the railroad station, to which he drove slowly, in conscious enjoyment of the beautiful morning, with an unwonted sense of leisure and a keen anticipation of pleasure, his talk was all in the grateful and gratulatory vein. He felt that, after four months of trial, his Administration was strong in his grasp of affairs, strong in popular favor, and destined to grow stronger, that grave difficulties confronting him at his inauguration had been safely passed. That trouble lay behind him and not before him. That he was soon to meet the wife whom he loved, now recovering from an illness which had but lately disquieted, and, at times, almost unnerved him; that he was going to his *alma mater* to renew the most cherished associations of his young manhood, and to exchange greetings with those whose deepening interest had followed every step of his upward progress, from the day he entered upon his college course until he had attained the loftiest position in the gift of his countrymen. Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning, James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man.

No foreboding of evil haunted him, not the slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky; his terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death, and he did not quail, not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne. With clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes ! Whose lips may tell what brilliant broken plans, what baffled high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm manhood friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant Nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full rich honors of her early toil and tears, the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter, the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care, and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demands! Before him, desolation and great darkness, and his soul was not shaken.

His countrymen were thrilled with an instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the centre of a Nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world; but all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet, he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the divine degree. As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the weary hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will. Within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices, with wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders, on its far sails whitening in the morning light, on its restless waves rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun, on the red clouds of evening reaching low to the horizon, on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning, which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that, in the silence of the receding world, he heard the great wave breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

CHARACTER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[Funeral address by Phillips Brooks, preacher, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, 1891-93 (born in Boston, December 13, 1835; died there, January 23, 1893), delivered in Philadelphia, on Sunday, April 23, 1865, while the body of President Lincoln lay in state at Independence Hall. It was on this spot, according to his biographers Nicolay and Hay, that Lincoln had said, on the birthday of Washington, 1861, that he would "rather be assassinated than give up the principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence."]

While I speak to you to-day, the body of the President who ruled this people is lying, honored and loved, in our city. It is impossible with that sacred presence here for me to stand and speak of ordinary topics which occupy the pulpit. I must speak of him to-day; and I therefore undertake to do what I had intended to do at some future time, to invite you to study with me the character of Abraham Lincoln, the impulses of his life and the causes of his death. I know how hard it is to do it rightly, how impossible it is to do it worthily. But I shall speak with confidence, because I speak to those who love him, and whose ready love will fill out the deficiencies in a picture which my words will weakly try to draw.

We take it for granted, first of all, that there is an essential connection between Mr. Lincoln's character and his violent and bloody death. It is no accident, no arbitrary decree of Providence. He lived as he did, and he died as he did, because he was what he was. The more we see of events, the less we come to believe in any fate or destiny except the destiny of character. It will be our duty, then, to see what there was in the character of our great President that created the history of his life, and at last produced the catastrophe of his cruel death. After the first trembling horror, the first outburst of indignant sorrow, has grown calm, these are the questions which we are bound to ask and answer.

It is not necessary for me even to sketch the biography of Mr. Lincoln. He was born in Kentucky fifty-six years ago, when Kentucky was a pioneer State. He lived, as a boy and man, the hard and needy life of a backswoodsman, a farmer, a river boatman, and, finally, by his own efforts at self-education, of an active, respected, influential citizen, in the half-organized and manifold interests of a new and energetic community. From his boyhood up he lived in direct and vigorous contact with men and things, not, as in older States and easier conditions, with words and theories; and both his moral convictions and intellectual opinions gathered from that contact a supreme degree of that character by which men knew him, that character which is the most distinctive possession of the best American nature, that almost indescribable quality which we call, in general, clearness or truth, and which appears in the physical structure as health, in the moral constitution as honesty, in the mental structure as sagacity, and in the region of active life as practicalness.

This one character, with many sides, all shaped by the same essential force and testifying to the same inner influences, was what was powerful in him and decreed for him the life he was to live and the death he was to die. We must take no smaller view than this of what he was. Even his physical conditions are not to be forgotten in making up his character. We make too little always of the physical; certainly we make too little of it here if we lose out of sight the strength and muscular activity, the power of doing and enduring, which the backwoods boy inherited from generations of hard-living ancestors, and appropriated for his own by a long discipline of bodily toil. He brought to the solution of the question of labor in this country not merely a mind, but a body thoroughly in sympathy with labor, full of the culture of labor, bearing witness to the dignity and excellence of work in every muscle that work had toughened and every sense that work had made clear and true. He could not have brought the mind for his task so perfectly, unless he had first brought the body whose rugged and stubborn health was always contradicting to him the false theories of labor, and always asserting the true.

As to the oral and mental powers which distinguished him, all embraceable under this general description of clearness or truth, the most remarkable thing is the way in which they blend with one another, so that it is next to impossible to examine them in separation. A great many people have discussed very crudely whether Abraham Lincoln was an intellectual man or not; as if intellect were a thing always of the same sort, which you could precipitate from the other constituents of a man's nature and weigh by itself, and compare by pounds and ounces in this man with another. The fact is, that in all the simplest characters that line between the mental and moral natures is always vague and indistinct. They run together, and in their best combinations you are unable to discriminate, in the wisdom which is their result, how much is moral and how much is intellectual. You are unable to tell whether in the wise acts and words which issue from such a life there is more of the righteousness that comes of a clear conscience, or of the sagacity that comes of a clear brain. In more complex characters and under more complex conditions, the moral and the mental lives come to be less healthily combined. They co-operate, they help each other, less. They come even to stand over against each other as antagonists; till we have that vague but most melancholy notion which pervades the life of all elaborate civilization, that goodness and greatness, as we call them, are not to be looked for together; till we expect to see and so do see a feeble and narrow conscientiousness on the one hand, and a bad, unprincipled intelligence on the other, dividing the suffrages of men.

It is the great boon of such characters as Mr. Lincoln's that they reunite what God has joined together and man has put asunder. In him was vindicated the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness. The twain were one flesh. Not one of all the multitudes who stood and looked up to him for direction with such a loving and implicit trust can tell you to-day whether the wise judgments that he gave came most from a strong head or a sound heart. If you ask them, they are puzzled. There are men as good as he, but they do bad things. There are men as intelligent as he, but they do foolish things. In him goodness and intelligence combined and made their best result of wisdom. For perfect truth consists not merely in the right constituents of character, but in their right and intimate conjunction. This union of the mental and moral into a life of admirable simplicity is what we most admire in children; but in them it is unsettled and unpractical. But when it is preserved into manhood, deepened into reliability and maturity, it is that glorified childlikeness, that high and reverend simplicity, which shames and baffles the most accomplished astuteness, and is chosen by God to fulfil his purposes when he needs a ruler for his people, of faithful and true heart, such as he had who was our President.

Another evident quality of such a character as this will be its freshness or newness, if we may so speak. Its freshness or readiness—call it what you will—its ability to take up new duties and do them in a new way, will result of necessity from its truth and clearness. The simple natures and forces will always be the most pliant ones. Water bends and shapes itself to any channel. Air folds and adapts itself to each new figure. They are the simplest and the most infinitely active things in nature. So this nature, in very virtue of its simplicity, must be also free, always fitting itself to each new need. It will always start from the most fundamental and eternal conditions, and work in the straightest, even although they be the newest, ways to the present prescribed purpose. In one word, it must be broad and independent and radical. So that freedom and radicalness in the character of Abraham Lincoln were not separate qualities, but the necessary results of his simplicity and childlikeness and truth.

Here then we have some conception of the man. Out of this character came the life which we admire and the death which we lament to-day. He was called in that character to that life and death. It was just the nature, as you see, which a new nation such as ours ought to produce. All the conditions of his birth, his youth, his manhood, which made him what he was, were not irregular and exceptional, but were the normal conditions of a new and simple country. His pioneer home in Indiana was a type of the pioneer land in which he lived. If ever there was a man who was a part of the time and country he lived in, this was he. The same simple respect for labor won in the school of work and incorporated into blood and muscle; the same unassuming loyalty to the simple virtues of temperance and industry and integrity; the same sagacious judgment which had learned to be quick-eyed and quick-brained in the constant presence of emergency; the same direct and clear thought about things, social, political, and religious, that was in him supremely, was in the people he was sent to rule. Surely, with such a type-man for ruler, there would seem to be but a smooth and even road over which he might lead the people whose character he represented into the new region of national happiness and comfort and usefulness, for which that character had been designed.

But then we come to the beginning of all trouble. Abraham Lincoln was the type-man of the country, but not of the whole country. This character which we have been trying to describe was the character of an American under the discipline of freedom. There was another American character which had been developed under the influence of slavery. There was no one American character embracing the land. There were two characters, with impulses of irrepressible and deadly conflict. This citizen whom we have been honoring and praising represented one. The whole great scheme with which he was ultimately brought in conflict, and which has finally killed him, represented the other. Beside this nature, true and fresh and new, there was another nature, false and effete and old. The one nature found itself in a new world, and set itself to discover the new ways for the new duties that were given it. The other nature, full of the false pride of blood, set itself to reproduce in a new world the institutions and the spirit of the old, to build anew the structure of the feudalism which had been corrupt in its own day, and which had been left far behind by the advancing conscience and needs of the progressing race. The one nature magnified labor, the other nature depreciated and despised it. The one honored the laborer, and the other scorned him. The one was simple and direct; the other complex, full of sophistries and self-excuses. The one was free to look all that claimed to be truth in the face, and separate the error from the truth that might be in it; the other did not dare to investigate, because its own established prides and systems were dearer to it than the truth itself, and so even truth went about in it doing the work of error. The one was ready to state broad principles, of the brotherhood of man, the universal fatherhood and justice of God, however imperfectly it might realize them in practice; the other denied even the principles, and so dug deep and laid below its special sins the broad foundation of a consistent, acknowledged sinfulness. In a word, one nature was full of the influences of freedom, the other nature was full of the influences of slavery.

The cause that Abraham Lincoln died for shall grow stronger by his death—stronger and sterner. Stronger to set its pillars deep into the structure of our nation's life; sterner to execute the justice of the Lord upon his enemies. Stronger to spread its arms and grasp our whole land into freedom; sterner to sweep the last poor ghost of slavery out of our haunted homes. But while we feel the folly of this act, let not its folly hide its wickedness. It was the wickedness of slavery putting on a foolishness for which its wickedness and that alone is responsible, that robbed the nation of a President and the people of a father. And remember this, that the folly of the slave-power in striking the representative of freedom, and thinking that thereby it killed freedom itself, is only a folly that we shall echo if we dare to think that in punishing the representatives of slavery who did this deed, we are putting slavery to death. Dispersing armies and hanging traitors, imperatively as justice and necessity may demand them both, are not killing the spirit out of which they sprang. The traitor must die because he has committed treason. The murderer must die because he has committed murder. Slavery must die, because out of it, and it alone, came forth the treason of the traitor and the murder of the murderer. Do not say that it is dead. It is not, while its essential spirit lives. While one man counts another man his born inferior for the color of his skin, while both in North and South prejudices and practices, which the law cannot touch, but which God hates, keep alive in our people's hearts the spirit of the old iniquity, it is not dead. The new American nature must supplant the old. We must grow like our President, in his truth, his independence, his religion, and his wide humanity. Then the character by which he died shall be in us, and by it we shall live. Then peace shall come that knows no war, and law that knows no treason; and full of his spirit a grateful land shall gather round his grave, and, in the daily psalm of prosperous and righteous living, thank God forever for his life and death.

So let him lie here to-day, and let our people go and bend with solemn thoughtfulness and look upon his face and read the lessons of his burial. As he paused here on his journey from the Western home and told us what by the help of God he meant to do, so let him pause upon his way back to his Western grave and tell us, with a silence more eloquent than words, how bravely, how truly, by the strength of God, he did it. God brought him up as he brought David up from the sheepfolds to feed Jacob, his people, and Israel, his inheritance. He came up in earnestness and faith, and he goes back in triumph. As he pauses here to-day, and from his cold lips bids us bear witness how he has met the duty that was laid on him, what can we say out of our full hearts but this—" He fed them with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all his power."

The Shepherd of the People! that old name that the best rulers ever craved. What ruler ever won it like this dead President of ours? He fed us faithfully and truly. He fed us with counsel when we were in doubt, with inspiration when we sometimes faltered, with caution when we would be rash, with calm, clear, trusted cheerfulness through many an hour when our hearts were dark. He fed hungry souls all over the country with sympathy and consolation. He spread before the whole land feasts of great duty and devotion and patriotism, on which the land grew strong. He fed us with solemn, solid truths. He taught us the sacredness of government, the wickedness of treason. He made our souls glad and vigorous with the love of liberty that was in his. He showed us how to love truth and yet be charitable—how to hate wrong and all oppression, and yet not treasure one personal injury or insult. He fed all his people, from the highest to the lowest, from the most privileged down to the most enslaved. Best of all, he fed us with a reverent and genuine religion. He spread before us the love and fear of God just in that shape in which we need them most, and out of his faithful service of a higher Master who of us has not taken and eaten and grown strong? "He fed them with a faithful and true heart." Yes, till the last. For at the last, behold him standing with hand reached out to feed the South with mercy, and the North with charity, and the whole land with peace, when the Lord who had sent him called him, and his work was done!

He stood once on the battle-field of our own State, and said of the brave men who had saved it words as noble as any countryman of ours ever spoke. Let us stand in the country he has saved, and which is to be his grave and monument, and say of Abraham Lincoln what he said of the soldiers who had died at Gettysburg. He stood there with their graves before him, and these are the words he said:—

> "We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far beyond our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

May God make us worthy of the memory of Abraham Lincoln!

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

POETRY

[Address by William Cullen Bryant, editor and poet (born in Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794; died in New York City, June 12, 1878), delivered in the spring of 1825, before the New York Athenæum—which afterwards became the Society Library—as one of a series on Poetry, having for its special title " Poetry in Its Relation to Our Age and Country."]

An opinion prevails, which neither wants the support of respectable names nor of plausible reasonings, that the art of poetry, in common with its sister arts, painting and sculpture, cannot in the present age be cultivated with the same degree of success as formerly. It has been supposed that the progress of reason, of science and of the useful arts has a tendency to narrow the sphere of the imagination and to repress the enthusiasm of the affections. Poetry, it is alleged, whose office it was to nurse the infancy of the human race, and to give it its first lessons of wisdom, having fulfilled the part to which she was appointed, now resigns her charge to severer instructors. Others again, refining upon this idea, maintain that not only the age in which we live must fail to produce anything to rival the productions of the ancient masters of song, but that our own country, of all parts of the globe, is likely to remain the most distant from such a distinction.

Our citizens are held to possess, in a remarkable degree, the heedful, calculating, prosaic spirit of the age, while our country is decried as peculiarly barren of the materials of poetry. The scenery of our land these rea-

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From "Prose Writings of William Cullen Bryant." Edited by Parke Godwin. Published by permission.

soners admit to be beautiful, but they urge that it is the beauty of a face without expression; that it wants the associations of tradition which are the soul and interest of scenery; that it wants the national superstitions which linger yet in every district in Europe, and the legends of distant and dark ages and of wild and unsettled times of which the old world reminds you at every step. Nor can our country, they say, ever be more fruitful of these materials than at present. For this is not an age to give birth to new superstitions, but to explode and root out old, however harmless and agreeable they may be, while half the world is already wondering how little the other half will finally believe. Is it likely, then, that a multitude of interesting traditions will spring up in our land to ally themselves with every mountain, every hill, every forest, every river, and every tributary brook? There may be some passages of our early history which associate themselves with particular places, but the argument is that the number of these will never be greatly augmented. The genius of our nation is quiet and commercial. Our people are too much in love with peace and gain, the state of society is too settled, and the laws too well enforced and respected, to allow of wild and strange adventures. There is no romance either in our character, our history, or our condition of society; and, therefore, it is neither likely to encourage poetry, nor capable of supplying it with those materials—materials drawn from domestic traditions and manners—which render it popular.

If these views of the tendency of the present age, and the state of things in our own country, are to be received as true, it must be acknowledged that they are not only exceedingly discouraging to those who make national literature a matter of pride, but, what is worse, that they go far toward causing that very inferiority on which they so strongly insist. Not that there is any danger that the demand for contemporary poetry will entirely cease. Verses have always been, and always will be written, and will always find readers; but it is of some consequence that they should be good verses, that they should exert the healthful and beneficial influences which I consider as belonging to the highest productions of the art; not feebly and imperfectly, but fully and effectually.

If, however, excellence in any art is believed to be unattainable it will never be attained. There is, indeed, no harm in representing it as it really is, in literature as in every other pursuit as rare and difficult, for by this means they who aspire to it are incited to more vigorous exertions. The mind of man glories in nothing more than in struggling successfully with difficulty, and nothing more excites our interest and admiration than the view of this struggle and triumph. The distinction of having done what few are able to do is the more enviable from its unfrequency, and attracts a multitude of competitors who catch each other's ardor and imitate each other's diligence. But if you go a step farther and persuade those who are actuated by a generous ambition that this difficulty amounts to an impossibility, you extinguish their zeal at once. You destroy hope, and with it strength; you drive from the attempt those who were most likely and most worthy to succeed, and you put in their place a crowd of inferior contestants, satisfied with a low measure of excellence, and incapable of apprehending anything higher. Should, then, the views of this subject of which I have spoken be untrue we may occasion much mischief by embracing them; and it becomes us, before we adopt them, to give them an attentive examination, and to be perfectly satisfied of their soundness.

But, if it be a fact that poetry in the present age is unable to attain the same degree of excellence as formerly, it cannot certainly be ascribed to any change in the original and natural faculties and dispositions of mind by which it is produced and by which it is enjoyed. The theory that men have degenerated in their mental powers and moral temperament is even more absurd than the notion of a decline in their physical strength, and is too fanciful to be combated by grave reasoning. It would be difficult, I fancy, to persuade the easiest credulity that the imagination of man has become, with the lapse of ages, less active and less capable of shaping the materials at its command into pictures of majesty and beauty. Is anybody whimsical enough to suppose that the years that have passed since the days of Homer have made men's hearts cold and insensible, or deadened the delicacy of their moral perceptions, or rendered them less susceptible of cultivation? All the sources of poetry in the mind, and all the qualities to which it owes its power over the mind, are assuredly left us. Degeneracy, if it has taken place, must be owing to one of two things—either to the absence of those circumstances which, in former times, developed and cherished the poetical faculty to an extraordinary degree, or to the existence of other intellectual interests which, in the present age, tend to repress its natural exercise.

What, then, were the circumstances which fostered the art of poetry in ancient times? They have been defined to be the mystery impressed on all the operations of nature as yet not investigated and traced to their laws—the beautiful systems of ancient mythology, and, after their extinction, the superstitions that linger like ghosts in the twilight of a later age. Let us examine separately each of these alleged advantages. That there is something in whatever is unknown and inscrutable which strongly excites the imagination and awes the heart, particularly when connected with things of unusual vastness and grandeur, is not to be denied. But I deny that much of this mystery is apparent to an ignorant age, and I maintain that no small degree of inquiry and illumination is necessary to enable the mind to perceive it. He who takes all things to be as they appear, who supposes the earth to be a great plain, the sun a moving ball of fire, the heavens a vault of sapphire, and the stars a multitude of little flames lighted up in its arches—what does he think of mysteries or care for them? But enlighten him a little further. Teach him that the earth is an immense sphere; that the wide land whose bounds he knows so imperfectly is an isle in the great oceans that flow all over it; talk to him of the boundlessness of the skies, and the army of worlds that move through them, and, by means of the knowldege that you communicate, you have opened to him a vast field of the unknown and the wonderful. Thus it ever was and ever will be with the human mind; everything which it knows introduces to its observation a greater multitude of things which it does not know; the clearing up of one mystery conducts it to another; all its discoveries are bounded by a circle of doubt and ignorance which is wide in proportion to the knowledge it enfolds. It is a pledge of the immortal destinies of the human intellect that it is forever drawn by a strong attraction to the darker edge of this circle, and forever attempting to penetrate the obscurities beyond. The old world, then, is welcome to its mysteries; we need not envy it on that account; for, in addition to our superior knowledge and as a consequence of it, we have even more of them than it, and they are loftier, deeper, and more spiritual.

But the mythologies of antiquity!—in particular, the beautiful mythologies of Greece and Rome, of which so much enters into the charming remains of ancient poetry! Beautiful those mythologies unquestionably were, and exceedingly varied and delightfully adapted to many of the purposes of poetry; yet it may be doubted whether, on the whole, the art gained more by them than it lost. For remark that, so far as mystery is a quality of poetry, it has been taken away almost entirely by the myth. The fault of the myth was that it accounted for everything. It had a god for every operation of nature—a Jupiter to instil the showers and roll the thunder, a Phœbus to guide the chariot of the sun, a divinity to breathe the winds, a divinity to pour out every fountain. It left nothing in obscurity; everything was seen. Its very beauty consisted in minute disclosures. Thus the imagination was delighted, but neither the imagination nor the feelings were stirred up from their inmost depths. That system gave us the story of a superior and celestial race of beings, to whom human passions were attributed, and who were, like ourselves, susceptible of suffering; but it elevated them so far above the creatures of earth in power, in knowledge, and in security from the calamities of our condition, that they could be the subjects of little sympathy. Therefore it is that the mythological poetry of the ancients is as cold as it is beautiful, as unaffecting as it is faultless. And the genius of this mythological poetry, carried into the literature of a later age, where it was cultivated with a less sincere and earnest spirit, has been the destruction of all nature and simplicity. Men forsook the sure guidance of their own feelings and impressions, and fell into gross offences against taste. They wished to describe the passion of love, and they talked of Venus and her boy Cupid and his bow; they would speak of the freshness and glory of morning, and they fell to prattling of Phœbus and his steeds.

No wonder that poetry has been thought a trifling art when thus practiced. For my part I cannot but think that human beings, placed among the things of this earth, with their affections and sympathies, their joys and sorrows, and the accidents of fortune to which they are liable, are infinitely a better subject for poetry than any imaginary race of creatures whatever. Let the fountain tell me of the flocks that have drank at it; of the village girl that has gathered spring flowers on its margin; the traveler that has slaked his thirst there in the hot noon, and blessed its waters; the schoolboy that has pulled the nuts from the hazels that hang over it as it leaps and sparkles in its cool basin; let it speak of youth and health and purity and gladness, and I care not for the naiad that pours it out. If it must have a religious association let it murmur of the invisible goodness that fills and feeds its reservoirs in the darkness of the earth. The admirers of poetry, then, may give up the ancient mythology without a sigh. Its departure has left us what is better than all it has taken away: it has left us men and women; it has left us the creatures and things of God's universe to the simple charm of which the cold splendor of that system blinded men's eyes, and to the magnificence of which the rapid progress of science is every day adding new wonders and glories. It has left us, also, a more sublime and affecting religion, whose truths are broader, higher, nobler than any outlook to which its random conjectures ever attained.

With respect to later superstitions, traces of which linger yet in many districts of the civilized world—such as the belief in witchcraft, astrology, the agency of foul spirits in the affairs of men, in ghosts, fairies, water-sprites, and goblins of the wood and the mine—I would observe that the ages which gave birth to this fantastic brood are not those which have produced the noblest specimens of poetry. Their rise supposes a state of society too rude for the successful cultivation of the art. Nor does it seem to me that the bigoted and implicit reception of them is at all favorable to the exercise of poetic talent. Poetry, it is true, sometimes produces a powerful effect by appealing to that innate love of the supernatural which lies at the bottom of every man's heart and mind, and which all are willing to indulge, some freely and some by stealth, but it does this for the most part by means of those superstitions which exist rather in tradition than in serious belief. It finds them more flexible and accommodating; it is able to mold them to its purposes, and at liberty to reject all that is offensive. Accordingly, we find that even the poets of superstitious ages have been fond of going back to the wonders and prodigies of elder days. Those who invented fictions for the age of chivalry, which one would be apt to think had marvels enough of its own, delighted to astonish their readers with tales of giants, dragons, hippogriffs, and enchanters, the home of which was laid in distant ages, or, at least, in remote countries. The best witch ballad, with the exception, perhaps, of "Tam o' Shanter," that I know of is Hogg's "Witch of Fyfe," yet both these were written long after the belief in witches had been laughed out of countenance.

It is especially the privilege of an age which has no engrossing superstitions of its own to make use in its poetry of those of past ages; to levy contributions from the credulity of all time, and thus to diversify indefinitely the situations in which its human agents are placed. If these materials are managed with sufficient skill to win the temporary assent of the reader to the probability of the supernatural circumstances related, the purpose of the poet is answered. This is precisely the condition of the present age; it has the advantage over all ages that have preceded it in the abundance of those collected materials, and its poets have not been slow to avail themselves of their aid.

In regard to the circumstances which are thought in the present age to repress and limit the exercise of the poetical faculty, the principal if not the only one is supposed to be the prevalence of studies and pursuits unfavorable to the cultivation of the imagination and to enthusiasm of feeling. True it is that there are studies and pursuits which principally call into exercise other faculties of the mind, and that they are competitors with Poetry for the favor of the public. But it is not certain that the patronage bestowed on them would be extended to her, even if they should cease to exist. Nay, there is strong reason to suppose that they have done something to extend her influence, for they have certainly multiplied the number of readers, and everybody who reads at all sometimes reads poetry, and generally professes to admire what the best judges pronounce excellent, and, perhaps, in time to come to enjoy it. Various inclinations continue, as heretofore, to impel one individual to one pursuit and another to another—one to chemistry and another to poetry—yet I cannot see that their different labors interfere with each other, or that, because the chemist prosecutes his science successfully, therefore the poet should lose his inspiration. Take the example of Great Britain. In no country are the sciences studied with greater success, yet in no country is poetry pursued with more ardor. Spring and autumn reign hand in hand in her literature; it is loaded at once with blossoms and fruits. Does the poetry of that island at the present day—the poetry of Wordsworth, Scott, Coleridge, Byron, Southey, Shelley, and others—smack of the chilling tendencies of the physical sciences? Or, rather, is it not bold, varied, impassioned, irregular, and impatient of precise laws, beyond that of any former age? Indeed, has it not the freshness, the vigor, and perhaps also the disorder, of a new literature?

The amount of knowledge necessary to be possessed by all who would keep pace with the age, as much greater as it is than formerly, is not, I apprehend, in danger of oppressing and smothering poetical talent. Knowledge is the material with which Genius builds her fabrics. The greater its abundance the more power is required to dispose it into order and beauty, but the more vast and magnificent will be the structure. All great poets have been men of great knowledge. Some have gathered it from books, as Spenser and Milton; others from keen observation of men and things, as Homer and Shakespeare. On the other hand, the poetry of Ossian, whether genuine or not, is an instance of no inconsiderable poetical talent struggling with the disadvantages of a want of knowledge. It is this want which renders it so singularly monotonous. The poverty of the poet's ideas confined his mind to a narrow circle, and his poems are a series of changes rung upon a few thoughts and a few images.

Single passages are beautiful and affecting, but each poem, as a whole, is tiresome and uninteresting.

I come, in the last place, to consider the question of our own expectations in literature, and the probability of our producing in the new world anything to rival the immortal poems of the old. Many of the remarks already made on the literary spirit of the present age will apply also to this part of the subject. Indeed, in this point of view, we should do ill to despair of our country, at least until the lapse of many years shall seem to have settled the question against us. Where the fountains of knowledge are by the roadside, and where the volumes from which poetic enthusiasm are caught and fed are in everybody's hands, it would be singularly strange if, amid the multitude of pursuits which occupy our citizens, nobody should think of taking verse as a path to fame. Yet, if it shall be chosen and pursued with the characteristic ardor of our countrymen, what can prevent its being brought to the same degree of perfection here as in other countries? Not the want of encouragement surely, for the literary man needs but little to stimulate his exertions, and with that little his exertions are undoubtedly greater. Who would think of fattening a racehorse? Complaints of the poverty of poets are as old as their art, but I never heard that they wrote the worse verses for it. It is enough, probably, to call forth their most vigorous efforts, that poetry is admired and honored by their countrymen. With respect to the paucity of national traditions, it will be time to complain of it when all those of which we are possessed are exhausted. Besides, as I have already shown, it is the privilege of poets, when they suppose themselves in need of materials, to seek them in other countries. The best English poets have done this. The events of Spenser's celebrated poem take place within the shadowy limits of fairy-land. Shakespeare has laid the scene of many of his finest tragedies in foreign countries. Milton went out of the world for the subject of his two epics. Byron has taken the incidents of all his poems from outside of England. Southey's best work is a poem of Spain—of chivalry, and of the Roman Church. For the story of one of his narrative poems, Moore went to Persia; for that of another, to the antediluvian world. Wordsworth and Crabbe, each in a different way, and each with great power, abjuring all heroic traditions and recollections, and all aid from the supernatural and the marvelous, have drawn their subjects from modern manners and the simple occurrences of common life. Are they read, for that reason, with any the less avidity by the multitudes who resort to their pages for pastime, for edification, for solace, for noble joy, and for the ecstasies of pure delight?

It has been urged by some, as an obstacle to the growth of elegant literature among us, that our language is a transplanted one, framed for a country and for institutions different from ours, and therefore not likely to be wielded by us with such force, effect, and grace as it would have been if it had grown up with our nation, and received its forms and its accessions from the exigencies of our experience. It seems to me that this is one of the most unsubstantial of all the brood of phantoms which have been conjured up to alarm us. Let those who press this opinion descend to particulars. Let them point out the peculiar defects of our language in its application to our natural and political situation. Let them show in what respects it refuses to accommodate itself easily and gracefully to all the wants of expression that are felt among us. Till they do this let us be satisfied that the copious and flexible dialect that we speak is as equally proper to be used at the equator as at the poles, and at any intermediate latitude; and alike in monarchies or republics. It has grown up, as every forcible and beautiful language has done, among a simple and unlettered people; it has accommodated itself, in the first place, to the things of nature, and, as civilization advanced, to the things of art; and thus it has become a language full of picturesque forms of expression, yet fitted for the purposes of science. If a new language were to arise among us in our present condition of society, I fear that it would derive too many of its words from the roots used to signify canals, railroads, and steamboats—things which, however well thought of at present, may perhaps a century hence, be superseded by still more ingenious inventions. To try this notion about a transplanted dialect, imagine one of the great living poets of England emigrated to this country. Can anybody be simple enough to suppose that his poetry would be the worse for it?

I infer, then, that all the materials of poetry exist in our own country, with all the ordinary encouragements and opportunities for making a successful use of them. The elements of beauty and grandeur, intellectual greatness and moral truth, the stormy and the gentle passions, the casualties and the changes of life, and the light shed upon man's nature by the story of past times and the knowledge of foreign manners, have not made their sole abode in the old world beyond the waters. If under these circumstances our poetry should finally fail of rivalling that of Europe, it will be because Genius sits idle in the midst of its treasures.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

[Address by William Cullen Bryant, delivered at the unveiling of the statue of Sir Walter Scott, in Central Park, New York, November 2, 1872.]

FELLOW CITIZENS:—The Scottish residents of this city, whose public spirit and reverence for genius have moved them to present to the people of New York the statue of their countryman which has just now been unveiled to the public gaze, have honored me with a request that I should so far take part in these ceremonies as to speak a few words concerning the great poet and novelist, of whose renown they are so justly proud.

As I look round on this assembly I perceive few persons of my own age—few who can remember, as I can, the rising and setting of this brilliant luminary of modern literature. I well recollect the time when Scott, then thirty-four years of age, gave to the world his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the first of his works which awakened the enthusiastic admiration that afterwards attended all he wrote. In that poem the spirit of the old Scottish ballads—the most beautiful of their class—lived again. In it we had all their fire, their rapid narrative, their unlabored graces, their pathos, animating a story to which he had given a certain breadth and unity. We read with scarcely less delight his poem "Marmion," and soon afterwards the youths and maidens of our country hung with rapture over the pages of his "Lady of the Lake." I need not enumerate his other poems, but this I will say of them all, that no metrical narratives in our language seem to me to possess an equal power of enchaining the attention of the reader, and carrying him on from incident to incident with such entire freedom from weariness. These works printed in cheap editions, were dispersed all over our country; they found their way to almost every fireside, and their popularity raised up both here and in Great Britain a multitude of imitators now forgotten.

This power over the mind of the reader was soon to be exemplified in a more remarkable manner, and when, at the age of forty-three, Scott gave to the world, without any indication of its authorship, his romance, "Waverley," all perceived that a new era in the literature of fiction had begun. "Here," they said, "is a genius of a new order. What wealth of materials, what free mastery in molding them into shape, what invention, humor, pathos, vivid portraiture of character—nothing overcharged or exaggerated, yet all distinct, spirited, and life-like! Are we not," they asked, "to have other works by the same hand?"

The desire thus expressed was soon gratified. The expected romances came forth with a rapidity which amazed their readers. Some, it is true, ascribed them to Scott as the only man who could write them. "It cannot be," said others; "Scott is occupied with writing histories and poems, and editing work after work, which requires great labor and research; he has no time for writing romances like these." So he went on, throwing off these remarkable works as if the writing of them had been but a pastime, and fairly bombarding the world with romances from his mysterious covert. It was like what in the neighborhood of this city we see on a fine evening of the Fourth of July, when rocket after rocket rises from the distant horizon and bursts in the air, throwing off to right and left jets of flame and fire-balls of every brilliant hue, yet whose are the hands that launch them we know not. So we read and wondered and lost ourselves in conjectures as to the author who ministered to our delight, and when at length at a public dinner in the year 1827, Scott avowed himself to be the sole author of the "Waverley Novels," the interest which we felt at this disclosure was hardly less than that with which we heard of the issue of the great battle of Waterloo.

I have seen a design by some artist in which Scott is shown surrounded by the personages whom, in his poems and romances, he has called into being. They formed a vast crowd, face beyond face, each with its characteristic expression—a multitude so great that it reminded me of the throng—the cloud, I may call it, of cherubims which in certain pictures on the walls of European churches surround the Virgin Mother. For forty years has Scott lain in his grave, and now his countrymen place in this park an image of the noble brow so fortunately copied by the artist, beneath which the personages of his imagination grew into being. Shall we say grew, as if they sprang up spontaneously in his mind, like plants from a fruiftul soil, while his fingers guided the pen that noted down their words, and recorded their acts? Or should we imagine the faculties of his mind to have busied themselves at his bidding in the chambers of that active brain, and gradually to have molded the characters of his wonderful fictions to their perfect form? At all events, let us say that He who breathed the breath of life into the flame, of which a copy is before us, imparted with that breath a portion of his own creative power.

And now as the statue of Scott is set up in this beautiful park, which a few years since possessed no human associations, historical or poetic, connected with its shades, its lawns, its rocks and its waters, these grounds become peopled with new memories. Henceforth the silent earth at this spot will be eloquent of old traditions, the airs that stir the branches of the trees will whisper of feats of chivalry to the visitor. All that vast crowd of ideal personages created by the imagination of Scott will enter with his sculptured effigy and remain—Fergus and Flora McIvor, Meg Merrilies, and Dirk Hatteraik, the Antiquary and his sister and Edie Ochiltree, Rob Roy and Helen McGregor, and Baillie Jarvie, and Dandie Dinmont and Diana Vernon and Old Mortality—but the night would be upon us before I could go through the muster-roll of this great army. They will pass in endless procession around the statue of him in whose prolific brain they had their birth until the language which we speak shall perish, and the spot on which we stand shall be again a woodland wilderness.

EARL OF CARNARVON

FREEMASONRY; ANCIENT AND MODERN

[Address by Henry Howard Molyneux Herbert, Earl of Carnarvon, statesman (born June, 1831; died June 28, 1890), delivered at the installation of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales (now Edward VII), as Grand Master of English Freemasons, at Royal Albert Hall, London, April 28, 1874. The ceremony was performed in the presence of nearly eight thousand Masons. The Prince was, with certain formalities, invested with the collar and jewel of his office, and placed in the chair; and the trumpets having challenged attention, Sir Albert Woods made proclamation of his election.]

Your Royal Highness and Most Worshipful Grand Master:—It has been, from time immemorial, the custom when any Master of the Craft was placed in this chair to remind him of the duties that he then undertook, and although it is unnecessary that I should remind your Royal Highness, who is so conversant with all the affairs of the Craft, of those duties, it is right that that old and time-honored custom should not absolutely disappear, and therefore it is my duty to address to you a few words on this occasion.

Sir, your Royal Highness, knows well that Freemasonry possesses many titles to respect, even in the eyes of the outer world. It has, first of all, a great antiquity—an antiquity ascending into the sphere, I may say, of immemorial tradition; secondly, it is known and practised in every country, in every clime, and in every race of civilized men; and lastly, in this country, above all, it has associated itself with human sympathies and charitable institutions. [Cheers.] Let me say further that while in these modern times it has changed its character in some respects, it has lost nothing which can claim the respect of men.

Formerly, through the dim periods of the Middle Ages, it carved its records upon the public buildings of Europe, upon the tracery of the cathedral windows and the ornamentation of palaces. Now, as I have said, it is content to devote itself to works of sympathy and charity, and in them it finds its highest praise and reward. Let me draw one further distinction—no one will say that it is an invidious one. In some other countries it has been unfortunately the lot of Freemasonry to find itself allied with faction and intrigue—with what I may call the darker side of politics. In England it has been signally the reverse. The Craft here has allied itself with social order, with the great institutions of the country, and above all, with Monarchy, the crowning institution of all. Your Royal Highness is not the first—but many of your illustrious family have sat in that chair. By the lustre of your great name and position you will reflect honor upon the Craft to-day; but it is also something, sir, to be at the head of such a body as this vast assembly now represents; for I may truly say that never before, in the whole history of Freemasonry, has such a Grand Lodge been convened as that on which my eyes rest at this moment.

And there is this further and inner view to be taken—that, far as my eye can carry me over these serried ranks of white and blue, of gold and purple, I recognize in them men who have solemnly undertaken obligations of worth and morality, men who have undertaken the duties of citizens and the loyalty of subjects. Sir, I am but expressing, though very feebly, the feelings and the aspirations of this great assembly when I say that I trust that the connection of your Royal Highness with the Craft may be lasting, and that you may never, sir, have occasion for one moment's regret or anxiety when you look back upon the events of to-day.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

Photogravure after a photograph from life

[illegible]

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

PATRIOTISM

[Address of the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, British statesman, Secretary of State for the Colonies (born in London, July, 1836; ——), delivered at Glasgow, Scotland, November 3, 1897, upon his installation as Lord Rector of Glasgow University. The occasion was marked by the presence of a large assembly, nearly five thousand people filling St. Andrew's Hall. Lord Stair, Chancellor of the University, occupied the chair, and Professor Moody Stuart presented Mr. Chamberlain for his degree of Doctor of Laws.]

My Lord, Ladies and Gentlemen:—My first duty is to thank you for the great honor which you have conferred upon me in electing me to fill a position which in past times has been dignified by so many illustrious men. Since Francis Jeffrey delivered the first address, pronounced under similar circumstances, the history of the Lord Rectorship of the University of Glasgow has been in some sort a record of the public life and intellectual activity of the United Kingdom—politicians, poets, and preachers, the representatives of letters and of science, men of thought and men of action, have successively occupied this platform, and have anticipated me in the task which I have undertaken to perform. The honor that you have done me has been enhanced by the fact that it was unsolicited and unexpected, and that it has been conferred by the unanimous voices of the four nations which form the constituent body. My appreciation of it has been quickened by the sense that I possess none of those claims of previous association of birth or nationality or of academic distinction which, in many cases, have guided and justified your selection, and that your choice has therefore been determined solely by your generous appreciation of a public service which has now extended over a period of nearly thirty years.

In the course of this interval of time to which for a moment I look back, momentous changes have taken place in the constitution and situation of this kingdom. Public opinion has altered greatly on many of the questions which occupied it at the beginning of the period; false judgments have been corrected, and new ideals have been formed; the leaders and teachers of my youth have most of them passed away, and we can now estimate their characters, uninfluenced by the heat of the controversies which they provoked, and can judge them impartially in the light of the results which they achieved. When so much is altered—persons, opinions, and circumstances—I should think it a poor boast to pretend that I alone do remain unchanged; but in view of the confidence that you have now vouchsafed to me I ask you to believe that through all the vicissitudes of things I have consistently sought—it may be sometimes with faltering steps and by mistaken roads—the greatness of the Empire and the true welfare of the people at large. This is not the place nor the time to indicate how far these objects have been advanced during the past thirty years. I would rather look forward to the future—the future which belongs to the young, and which will be shaped by the next generation who have it in their power to undo or to carry on our work. It is this sense that the younger generation may, at their pleasure, realize or defeat the hopes which we have formed for the future, that makes their approbation so grateful to a statesman who looks beyond his own life and tries to prefigure the destinies of his race and country.

A thought of this kind has suggested to me the subject on which I propose to speak this afternoon. It would be presumptuous in me to follow the example set by many of my predecessors and to advise you in the prosecution of the studies which are to fit you for your several places in the world. I will only venture to remind you of one universal precept and rule of success which, spoken long before Universities were thought of, applies to academic studies as it does to every action and decision of human life: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." No work is worth doing badly; and he who puts his best into every task that comes to him will surely outstrip the man who waits for a great opportunity before he condescends to exert himself.

But I propose to speak to you on a subject which although of more importance to your country than any classical or mathematical learning, yet forms no portion of any curriculum and remains without a Chair and without a text-book. "Learning," says Lord Bacon, "should be made subservient to action"; and your action will largely depend on the conception which you form in youth of the duties and privileges involved in that greatest of civic virtues and most important element of national character which we now call patriotism. What is this patriotism, this almost universal instinct for which more men have given their lives than for any other cause, and which counts more martyrs than even religion itself—this potent sentiment which has produced so great and splendid deeds of heroic bravery and of unselfish devotion—which has inspired art, and stimulated literature, and furthered science—which has fostered liberty, and won independence, and advanced civilization—and which on the other hand has sometimes been misunderstood and perverted and made the excuse for brutal excesses and arbitrary tyranny?

Dr. Johnson, in his dictionary, tells us that a patriot is "one whose ruling passion is the love of his country," and that patriotism is "love and zeal for one's country," and we may accept these definitions as his serious interpretation of the words, although, as we shall see directly, the doctor indulged on another occasion in a more cynical explanation. But have the words always borne this interpretation? Some time ago, when pursuing a different subject, I noticed incidentally the fact that they do not occur once in the whole of Shakespeare's writings. The omission seemed to me suggestive, and I communicated through a friend with Dr. Murray, the editor of that wonderful monument of patient and discriminating scholarship and erudition, the "New English Dictionary." By his kindness I am informed that the word "patriot" was taken immediately from the French, where it was in use as early as the Fifteenth century in the sense of "citizen," "fellow-citizen," or "compatriot." It occurs occasionally in the literature of the Sixteenth century, at the end of which it was accompanied by such adjectives as "good," "true," or "worthy," which ultimately were imported into the meaning of the noun, until, finally, a "patriot" necessarily implied a good citizen and a true lover of his country. The transitional stages are illustrated by the words of the preface to King James's Bible in 1611—"Was Catiline a good patriot that sought to bring the city to a combustion?" and again, by Milton, who spoke in his letter on education of "living to be brave men and worthy patriots." But by the end of the century the modern use of the word was fully established, and when Dryden writes of men who usurp "the patriot's all-atoning name," patriot is used alone and without an adjective as equivalent to a good son of his country.

This gradual evolution of the meaning suggests the probability that the sentiment itself has undergone transformations; and we shall find, accordingly, that, although love of country is as old as the history of the nations, the particular form of this universal feeling which we now associate with the name of patriotism is really one of the manifestations of that spirit of the age, the comprehension of which was impressed upon your predecessors by Lord Beaconsfield, when he was Lord Rector of your University, as an essential part of education.

But before attempting these finer distinctions, let me extend somewhat our original definition. Patriotism presupposes a "patria" or patrie, and Lord Shaftesbury in his "Characteristics," quaintly complains of our language, that we have no word to express our native community, but that of country, which already is used in two other senses as the equivalent of the Latin "rus" and "regio" and the French "campagne" and "pays." He ridicules the idea of a patriotism founded on the accident of birthplace alone, pointing out that, in this case, a Briton born at sea would have no country but the ocean and no countrymen but the fishes and monsters of the deep. The justification of the sentiment must be found in something more than an attachment to the soil which might be attributed to a fungus; and depends on the pursuit of common interests, the defense of a common independence, and the love of common liberties. It is strengthened by a common history and common traditions, and it is part of a national character formed under these conditions. It implies undoubtedly an exclusive preference, and this is sometimes made an accusation against it; but in this respect it is only the natural development of that sentiment of filial and domestic affection which has characterized the relations of kindred since men first dwelt together in families.

The tribe is a larger family and has called forth many of the feelings which we connect with patriotism, such as reverence for tradition, respect for ancestors and preferential regard for common interests; but having no country, the nomads of the desert and the prairie cannot be patriots in the modern sense. The patriotism of the Jews was a religious exclusiveness, fanatically cherished and centred in Jerusalem as the site of the temple, and the city peculiarly favored by Jehovah. The Greeks were animated by an intense patriotism, which was, however, almost universally narrowed to the city. Once or twice in their history the cities of Greece united in a true sentiment of national devotion against a foreign enemy; but the union was only for the moment of danger, and the patriotism of Athens or Sparta or Corinth, nourished on the rivalries of small communities, was a municipal rather than a national sentiment. The Romans, with their subject provinces tributary to the mother city, never secured or even attempted to create that community of interest and equality of privilege throughout their Empire which might have gained for it the patriotic support of all its population. The feeling may have been more intense among the actual citizens of Rome in proportion as it was more restricted; but it was certainly confined to a very small proportion of those who lived under the Roman Eagles, and it differed in degree and in character from the sentiment which has since exercised so great an influence on civilized States.

But even in later times, the ideas connected with the word have undergone change and development. During the whole of the Middle Ages the multiplicity of States and petty provinces and free cities led to endless disputes and aggregations, and provoked a spirit of intestine conflict which was alien to any real devotion to country or nation. Men fought and paid taxes to support the claims of their rulers with little personal interest in the result, and sometimes on one side, sometimes on another, as the immediate ambitions of their leaders dictated. There was no fixed standard to which all paid allegiance. The conflicts of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, the Thirty Years' War in Germany, or the Wars of the Roses in England, not to speak of the thousand petty struggles—battle as Milton calls them, of the kites and the crows, the memories of which are only preserved in local histories, were altogether unfavorable to the growth and maintenance of any but the most restricted patriotism exhibited in connection with a particular city at some special period of its history.

It is to be noted, however, that there was one moment when a really national sentiment was evoked in France; when, for a short time, Joan of Arc aroused enthusiasm, which, uniting all Frenchmen in a common object, freed the soil of the country from foreign rulers. But when she died, betrayed by those she had served so well, a martyr at the hands of enemies too frightened of her influence to be either just or generous, the enmities and the jealousies, for a moment allayed, soon revived, and all national feeling was lost in domestic broils and personal quarrels.

It is only slowly that nations are definitely formed. Artificial and arbitrary arrangements of territory, and populations distributed against their will, make no solid basis for a structure of national unity. But gradually we shall find the same causes working to the same ends in every country, although operating upon them at different times. France, the United Kingdom, Italy and Germany, by some process of unconscious affinity or natural selection or political necessity, have become nations in the true sense of the word; and this change has been assisted by the growth of that national patriotism of which it is now one of the first and most urgent duties in all these cases to maintain the unity which it has created. If patriotism has aided the work of consolidation, it has itself been stimulated and strengthened in proportion as its sphere of interest has been enlarged. The individual patriotism of cities and provinces of weaker nationalities has not been extinguished, but there has risen a wider and nobler patriotism in which has been merged much that was mean and narrow in the provincial or parochial sentiment. There exists to-day in the provinces of France and Italy, in the kingdoms and principalities of Germany, and in the cantons of Switzerland, local and separate, but perfectly legitimate and laudable pride in their distinctive traditions, race, and character; but this sentiment is now only ancillary to the wider patriotism of a Frenchman, an Italian, a German, or a Swiss.

But besides the multiplicity of petty and conflicting interests which for a long time delayed the growth of the patriotic sentiment, two causes influenced the character of the feeling. The first was the intensity of religious differences which produced a line of division more marked than that of race or nationality. A Catholic Frenchman, for instance, in the time of Charles IX, was further removed in sympathy from his Huguenot fellow-countrymen than from any foreigner of Catholic nations. At that time, and during the Thirty Years' War in Germany, the feelings of loyalty and devotion which we associate with patriotism were engendered by attachment to a faith, and not by love of country. The other cause which gives a different complexion to national sentiment was its personification in the prince or ruler. Louis XIV said truly, "*L'etat, c'est moi,*" and the boast of Frenchmen in his day was that "*nous sommes les sujets du plus grand Roi du monde.*" The ideas of duty and self-sacrifice took the shape of personal loyalty to the Sovereign; the dynasty represented the greatness and unity of the nation; and the crime of treason was the most execrable of all human offences.

The fact is that, in its present sense, the idea of patriotism was not generally accepted till the French Revolution, when loyalty to the Monarch was rudely divorced from loyalty to the country; and the dangers which threatened the existence and independence of their native land roused the masses of the French people, who for the first time felt their responsibility, to a fervor of enthusiasm and devotion such as the world has never witnessed before. It was in truth a new sentiment, no longer sanctioned and encouraged as in the past by the prestige of the Monarch, the claims of the church, or the exigent demands of a privileged aristocracy; but a popular outburst of exclusive pride in a country, which the masses of the people had just discovered to be their own, and an overwhelming confidence in the infallibility of principles and institutions to which they owed their newly acquired rights of possession. It was characterized by all the virtues and disfigured by all the abuses of which the sentiment is capable. It was more intense, more devoted, and at the same time more arbitrary, and more aggressive than it has ever been before or since. The name of patriot became the exclusive property of the partisans of the Revolution in its worst excesses as well as in its nobler principles; but both in its best and its worst evolutions, it was an agency of incalculable energy and force. Beginning as a legitimate and praiseworthy, movement for the defense of the liberties of the country against the attacks of foreign despots, and protesting its respect for the rights of man and the fraternity of peoples, it hurled back the combination of its foes, and then forgetting its principles, and intoxicated by a sense of power, embarked on a crusade of fanatical proselytism, and asserted its claims to impose its own dogmas on reluctant nationalities with as much indifference to their feelings as any Mahomedan conqueror. Throughout all this period of Titanic struggle, patriotism was the most potent factor in the contest and ultimately decided the issue. Animated by patriotism which gave to her armies a superhuman strength, France was able to confound all the efforts of her enemies. Then ignoring in other nations, a love of independence and freedom as strenuous as her own, she at last created and evoked in them this all-powerful sentiment, and was in the end driven back to her frontiers by an exhibition of the same spirit as that which had enabled her to defend them.

Stein and Hardenberg in Prussia taught their countrymen to emulate the patriotism which the Revolution had induced in their neighbors, and turned to account in indomitable defense of the independence of their own country, the popular feeling which had proved itself so irresistible in France. The degradation of patriotism in France, and its growth in the rest of the Continent, was greatly due to the policy of the first Napoleon, who, as Comte reminds us, was almost a foreigner in France, and whose enormous personal ambition was accompanied by a superstitious reverence for the ancient hierarchy. He was enabled by his genius to pervert the sentiment of patriotism into immorality, and once more to identify it with personal rule. But when he fell, destroyed by the patriotism which he had created in other nations at the same time that he undermined it in his own, French patriotism flowed in quieter channels during the Monarchy and the Second Empire, until in our own days we have seen its splendid resurrection in the dignity, the devotion and the courage with which France has repaired the disasters of "the terrible year."

I know of no eloquence more touching, more imbued with the true fervor of genuine patriotism than that in which Gambetta, the greatest of the statesmen of modern France, apostrophized his country as the mother of sorrows, and claimed for her, in her defeat and her humiliation, a love deeper than the pride with which she should be hailed in the hour of victory and triumph. It is not too much to say that if France to-day is still a great nation, a centre of intellectual activity, and a pioneer of civilization, she owes this position entirely to the fact that her greatest statesmen, writers, and preachers have never ceased to foster the spirit of patriotism among her people.

There is one fact in connection with all the recent manifestations of national patriotism which is especially to be emphasized. It is that now and henceforth we are dealing with an entirely popular sentiment—not confined to individuals or to classes, but identified inseparably with the national character. It has become a democratic passion and has ceased to be a privileged distinction. The cause of the change is not far to seek. In his great work on "Democracy in America," De Tocqueville points out with his usual keenness of analysis, that there are two kinds of patriotism—that of instinct and that of reason. The former, disinterested, indefinable, but associating the affections with the place of birth and united with a love for old customs and a respect for old traditions. The patriotism of reason, on the other hand, is due to a perception of the personal interest of the citizen, and depends on his having a share in the government of his country, and on his identifying himself with its prosperity and security. It may be doubted, perhaps, if the distinctions can be thus strictly drawn, and if the patriotism of instinct is always disinterested, or if the patriotism of reason is altogether indifferent to sentimental considerations. But it is at least certain that the enjoyment of independence and the consciousness of a share in the responsibility of government are necessary to the full development of a feeling which largely depends on a sense of ownership; and that the growth of liberties has conduced to that widely diffused and popular patriotism which is the strong defense of nations and the security for their freedom. Patriotism of a King, of an aristocracy, or of a privileged class, has indeed influenced at all times the history of the world; but the patriotism which has entered into the life-blood of a whole nation is likely to prove a still more powerful agency in maintaining its stability and stimulating its progress.

I have dwelt on the experiences of France at some length, because the patriotic spirit has played so prominent a part in its history. But every nation which has shared the feeling has given to it a distinctive national character, and has derived from it distinctive advantages and disadvantages. French patriotism has, in accordance with national characteristics, been more passionate, more assertive, more excitable, than any other. It has led the nation into great excesses, it has stimulated its vanity, it has rendered it unjust to the merits of others, and has sometimes tempted it to abuse its own strength and power. But it has also kept alive its intellectual activity, sustained its self-respect in times of adversity, carried its arms to successful vindication of its liberties, placed it in the front rank of the nations of the world, and induced among its citizens the most splendid examples of heroism, self-sacrifice, and personal devotion. Time would fail me to follow the influence of this feeling on the other nationalities of Europe. Patriotism has secured the unity of Germany and Italy; it has created and consolidated the enormous empire of Russia; and it has preserved the independence of Switzerland and Holland. But I pass on to consider it more especially in connection with the history of our own country.

In England the long drawn out vicissitudes of the Hundred Years' War with France offered little opportunity for the display of this sentiment. The struggle between Norman nobles settled in England, and French princes, with conflicting claims of heirship and possession, constitute a sanguinary lawsuit in which the English yeomen testified their loyalty to their feudal superiors, with slight personal interest in the conflict, and with no national issues of supreme importance at stake. As in France so in England, love of country showed itself in devotion to the King or ruler in whom the country was personified. In such circumstances we cannot look for the patriotism of reason, although the patriotism of instinct with all its passionate affection and generous sacrifice may not be wanting; and in this connection it is worth noting that although Shakespeare has made no use of the words, the true spirit of patriotism breathes in every line of that splendid passage in which the dying John of Gaunt apostrophizes his country:—

> "This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
> This fortress built by nature for herself,
> Against infection and the hand of war;
> This happy breed of men, this little world,
> This precious stone set in the silver sea,
> Which serves it in the office of a wall,
> Or as a moat defensive to a house,
> Against the envy of less happier lands;
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

Yet it is instructive and interesting to notice that in the same sentences he indicates as the chief source of his love and pride that his country is:—

> "This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
> This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars
>
> . . . . .
>
> This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
> Feared by their breed and famous by their birth."

In the civil wars which followed the death of Henry V loyalty must frequently have been in doubt which king to follow, and when even families were separated in hostile camps a common patriotism was impossible. But after the earlier Tudors had consolidated their power, and in the time of Elizabeth, the genius of the nation began to find its bent and to carry with it a popular interest from which patriotism has evolved. The attempted aggression of Philip II so roused the pride and the indignation of the English people that in spite of the bitterness of the religious controversy which was still raging, Catholic and Protestant, noble and peasant, vied with each other in their eagerness to defend their "water-walled bulwark, hedged in with the main." The reign of Elizabeth marks also the future direction of the energies of the British race, and gives the first clear indication of that restless and audacious spirit of enterprise, which was to make the ocean our highway and to conduct us to an unexampled dominion in every part of the globe. The feeling ebbed and flowed according as the seat of authority was filled by Cromwell or Charles II, by James or William III, but the conviction remained deep-seated in the minds of the British people that they had found their mission, and that the sceptre of empire had been definitely placed in their hands.

Throughout the greater part of the Eighteenth century, however, patriotism tended to become a byword, and almost a reproach. The word was abused as a weapon in political controversy, seldom indeed in connection with our foreign relations, but constantly as a method of stigmatizing the iniquities of a party at home. When Bolingbroke undertook to write an essay on the spirit of patriotism he produced only a pamphlet directed against his political opponents; and when he subsequently attempted to describe a patriot king, it is evident that he thought the first test of such a monarch would be his preference of Henry Bolingbroke to Robert Walpole. Lesser men than Bolingbroke were not slow to imitate his example. No borough-monger was so corrupt, or office-seeker so base, no scribbler so scurrilous, that he did not dub himself a patriot, and every one who differed from him a traitor to his country. And so was justified the exclamation of Johnson uttered, be it noted, in the presence of Mr. Fox, that "patriotism was the last refuge of a scoundrel," and the assurance of Junius that "nothing will satisfy a patriot but a place." But while the main purpose of Bolingbroke's essays must be held to be the discredit of his political opponents, there is in the "patriot king" one incidental sentence which does in some measure recognize the existence of that national ambition which, kindled by Drake and Raleigh and Grenville, and never since extinguished, has constantly burned in the hearts of the British nation. "To give ease," he says, "and encouragement to manufactory at home, to assist and protect trade abroad, to improve and keep in heart the national colonies like so many farms of the mother country, will be principal and constant parts of the attention of a patriot prince." If these aspirations have been at times silent, discouraged by official indifference, they have never wholly died in the popular imagination; and we have been privileged to see in connection with the celebrations of a reign admirable in all its personal features, and glorious in its imperial attributes, a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm for the unity and kinship of the Empire, which may well quicken the blood and raise the hopes of

> "All the loyal hearts who long
> To keep our English Empire whole."

In this necessarily brief and imperfect review of the history of patriotism I have not spoken separately of Scottish and of Irish patriotism before the union between the three countries. By the necessity of the case and as we have seen in the history of the separate provinces or nationalities of other European countries, it was bound to find its expression in hostility to its more powerful neighbor. Now that England, most happily for itself, has been for so long absorbed by Scotland and united to Ireland, the streams of local patriotism should form one river, and the emulation which may still properly continue, should be no more than friendly rivalry between members of the same family.

But while we are bound to-day to recognize no patriotism which does not embrace the United Kingdom, and I would like to add the British Empire—there is no Englishman worthy of the name who will fail to sympathize with Scotsmen who celebrate the memory of Wallace and of Bruce, or with Irishmen who recall the exploits of leaders who have fought and suffered for Irish rights. We are proud of all that is great and noble in the history of the sister kingdoms—it has become part of the history of the greater nation of which we are each a member; and we appreciate the striking and eloquent words in which Lord Rosebery summed up the results of this local patriotism, and said that but for it "the centuries of which we are so proud—so full of energy and passion and dramatic history—might have passed silently and heedlessly over a dark and unknown province." How much the United Kingdom as a whole has gained by the influence of this feeling on its policy, it is hardly necessary to say. Although our patriotism has been of a sober kind, little aided by such commemorations as have been the rule in other countries, and often slighted and discouraged by those in authority, it has nevertheless burned with a steady flame in all times of stress and danger, and has enabled the nation to maintain its place, to carry out its work in the face of the most formidable combinations, and to create an Empire which has extorted the admiration and sometimes the envy of foreign observers. "England," wrote a German editor the other day, in a spirit which we may well wish were more frequently imitated by Continental critics, "has interests defined over the whole earth; her ships cruise in all oceans, and the red coats of her soldiers are to be seen in every continent. She fights in all quarters of the globe, often under the greatest difficulties, and constantly, with comparatively insignificant military forces, yet almost invariably holds her ground; and indeed, not only defends what she has, but is incessantly adding to her possessions. Threatened and fully occupied on the Indian frontier, Great Britain simultaneously conducts a victorious campaign in Egypt against powerful, dangerous, and ruthless foes. This manifestation of universal power, this defense and extension of a world-wide Empire, such as has not been paralleled for nearly twenty centuries, gives fresh proof of the invincible and unbroken vigor and vitality of the Anglo-Saxon race. England is still a distinguished pioneer of civilization, and the best wishes of her people always accompany those enterprises which are undertaken not only to extend her power and dominion, but also to promote indirectly the interests of humanity and civilization. The British sword is always followed by the British plow and ship, and it is this which establishes the success of her forward policy since it constantly affords to it fresh justification."

On a review of the whole subject, it will be evident to you that the sentiment of which we have been speaking, has grown and widened with the advance of civilization and the progress of liberty. To-day it is more powerful than ever before, and it is strongest in the most democratic communities—in France, in Switzerland, in the United States, and in the United Kingdom. Its influence has everywhere tended to secure toleration in religious controversies, and to moderate the bitterness of party contest. It has lessened the frequency of war by encouraging the union of smaller states and nationalities, and thereby decreasing occasions of strife. So long as it was restricted to limited interests, it was restless, jealous and aggressive; but with enlarging scope and responsibility, it has shown itself more inclined to respect the rights of others while still claiming the exclusive devotion of its own citizens. It has encouraged originality, and stimulated every nation to find and pursue its own vocation, and to develop to the fullest degree its national genius and character. And meanwhile it has promoted among the citizens of every land in which it has taken root, a sense of public duty, and the growth of a spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to the commonwealth. To the ordinary mind such results are matters for congratulation; and yet in all times there have been a few individuals superior to the considerations by which ordinary minds are influenced, who have harped on the abuses to which, like every other virtue, patriotism is liable, and have chanted the claims of some abstract humanity in preference to those of their native country. Among the ancients a school of philosophy taught that the world at large was the country for which alone all should work and make sacrifices. I am not aware that the world at large benefited by these theories, but it is curious to note that the same Horace who taught us that it was "sweet and seemly to die for one's country," also declared in the true cosmopolitan spirit that "the brave man was at home in every land as fishes in the ocean."

Philosophers in all ages have been fond of paradox and somewhat indifferent to the practical application of their principles. The Encyclopædists and some of the German philosophers professed a similar doctrine; and in the early days of the French Revolution the human race was welcomed to the Constituent Assembly, with Anacharsis Clootz as their speaker. But common sense and patriotism were too strong for the theories of sentimentalists, and Clootz and his followers disappeared—"spectre chimeras," as Carlyle calls them, "who flit, squeaking and gibbering, till oblivion swallows them." The fact is that a vague attachment to the whole human race is a poor substitute for the performance of the duties of a citizen; and professions of universal philanthropy afford no excuse for neglecting the interests of one's own country. Molière makes one of his characters say: "*L'ami du genre humain n'est pas du tout mon fait,*" and experience shows that "*l'ami du genre humain*" is very likely to degenerate into "the friend of every country but his own."

But it is said patriotism is not to be distinguished from Jingoism and Chauvinism. It leads to unlawful aggrandizement, duplicity, and selfish violence, which are sought to be justified by reasons of State. It places the interests of the country above all moral standards. It may be admitted that there is a false patriotism which would carry to extremes the doctrine of the American statesman, "My country, right or wrong"—a patriotism which panders to national vanity and is blind to see what is good elsewhere and which cannot conceive of benefit to one's country unless it involves injury to another. But these are the abuses and not the necessary consequences of the sentiment, and they may be found in full activity in countries, such, for instance, as China and Turkey, where no national patriotism exists. There is however something worse than this false patriotism—which after all carries no authority and is not sanctioned by any popular approval—and that is the factious spirit which would sacrifice national interests to secure the defeat of an opponent or a personal triumph. Such a spirit animated the great Whig leader, Fox, when he rejoiced in the defeats of British arms, and gloated over the failure of our negotiations; and though I am persuaded that no party leader would nowadays follow his example, yet we have still to guard ourselves against excess of party zeal, and the self-righteousness which "always finds his country in the wrong."

Meanwhile let us freely recognize the truth of Bolingbroke's axiom, however ill he may have applied it, that "patriotism must be founded on great principles and supported by great virtues." It involves duties as well as privileges, and these duties rise in connection with the domestic relations of the citizen to his country as well as in all that concerns the attitude of the country towards foreign nations. In both cases the idea of patriotism involves that of personal sacrifice. Our obligations do not end with obedience to the laws and the payment of taxes. These things are compulsory and involuntary evidence of our love of country, since the police insist on the one, and the Treasury takes good care of the other. But we give a free and additional proof of patriotism in taking our full share of public work and responsibility, including the performance of those municipal obligations on the due fulfilment of which the comfort, the health, and the lives of the community so largely depend. One of the most satisfactory features of modern times is the greater interest taken by the educated and leisured class in the unambitious but most useful work of local institutions, while in national politics the pecuniary disinterestedness and integrity of our public men has now been for a long time a marked feature of our political life.

It is not necessary to refer to the gross corruption of Sir Robert Walpole's day to show how greatly we have advanced. In much later times the idea of serving the nation for the nation's sake found few supporters, and no less a personage than the great historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," was not ashamed to write with naif and characteristic detachment from all but his own personal inclinations, "I went into Parliament without patriotism and without ambition and all my views tended to the convenient and respectable place of a Lord of Trade." To leave politics to the politicians, whether in national or in municipal work is as fatal to the best interests of the State as to leave to mercenaries the defense of its territories. In this generation, happily, a higher ideal obtains; but even now there are many who fail to see that if the country is to be what they think it is, and what they know it should be, the result can only be reached by a general display of public spirit, or the contribution of all to the common good, and by efforts to develop the nobler side of the national character and to cure its defects.

It is, however, in our external relations that national patriotism has its greatest opportunities and its greatest dangers. It is self-evident that the primary object of every country must be to defend its freedom and independence, and to make such preparations as are necessary for its security. But unless it is prepared to go somewhat further than this, and to maintain its self-respect and safeguard its honor, it will inevitably incur the contempt of its enemies and lose the affection of its children. I have said that one of the fundamental ideas of patriotism is preference. It does not follow that this preference should involve the injury of others, but each nation may legitimately strive to become richer, stronger, and greater. Competition among nations as among individuals is the stimulus to progress. Each nation has its distinctive qualities and special capacities. To discover them and to encourage their exercise is to fulfil the national mission and calls for the display of all virtues of patriotism. The special mission of the United Kingdom has been clearly marked out by her insular position and by the qualities of her people—by their love of adventure, their power of organization and by their commercial instincts. It is to be seen persistently coloring all her later history through which the steady expansion of the Empire has proceeded, and during which she has sometimes unconsciously, sometimes even unwillingly, been building up and consolidating that great edifice of Imperial dominion which is now as much a necessity of our national existence as it is a legitimate source of national pride.

There is a small minority, no doubt, who view with little satisfaction the astounding spectacle of their country's greatness, who carp at our titles of possession, condemn the methods of acquisition, and attribute to the lowest motives of greed and to a vulgar desire for aggrandizement, the extension of British rule in so many quarters of the globe. This is a very one-sided and jaundiced conception of the colonial empire of Great Britain, and leaves altogether out of sight the fact that unlike those vast aggregations of territory in the past which form the only precedent to such a dominion, it has been the aim and practice of the founders of our Empire to extend its citizenship as widely as possible, and to induce in every part that sense of equal possession in all its privileges and glories on which a common patriotism may be founded. The makers of Venice, with whose peculiar circumstances as a commercial community, dependent for its existence on its command of the sea, we have much in common, declared it to be their principal object "to have the heart and the affections of our citizens and subjects"; and in adopting this true principle of Empire, they found their reward in the loyalty of their colonies and dependencies when the mother city was threatened by enemies, whom her success and prosperity had raised against her. We have gone far in imitating her example; and wherever our rule has been established, peace and progress and security to life and property have followed in its train, and have materially improved the condition of the native population. If the annals of our conquests have been occasionally stained by crimes of oppression and rapacity, they have also been illustrated by noble deeds of courage, endurance, and self-sacrifice; and it is ungrateful to refuse to the adventurers and the pioneers whose enterprise has built up the Empire, a generous recognition of their difficulties and a just appreciation of their motives. Let us by all means impress on all who exercise authority the maxim of the Venetian statesmen, and let us inculcate justice and honesty in all our dealings with native races; but let us discourage the calumnies by which some of the bravest and best of our countrymen have been defamed, and cheer them by a full recognition of services which they have rendered. There is something unworthy in the eagerness with which representatives of universal philanthropy clutch at every accusation of perfidy and cruelty which is brought against those who are risking life or reputation in our service, and use these unproved charges in order to enforce arguments for shirking our responsibility and limiting our obligations—for a Little England and a policy of surrender. Nowhere can such reasoning be more distasteful than in Scotland which has given the United Kingdom so many of its ablest administrators, its bravest soldiers, and its most devoted missionaries.

It is the clear duty of patriotism, not dwelling overmuch on details, to consider in its broadest aspects this question of the expansion of the Empire in which we seem to be fulfilling the manifest duty of our race. In such a review can any impartial mind retain a doubt that the pressure of the European and civilized races on the more backward inhabitants of other continents has on the whole made for peace and civilization and the happiness of the world? But for this the vast territories of the United States and of Canada might have been left to a few hundred thousand of Indian braves, inhuman in their custom, stagnant in civilization, and constantly engaged in intertribal warfare. India would have remained the sport of contending factions, the prey to anarchy, and the constant scene of cruelty and of tyranny; while Africa, depopulated by unspeakable barbarities and surrendered to the worst forms of slavery and fetishism, would have pined in vain for a deliverer. It is no exaggeration to say that in one single year of such conditions more lives would be taken and more cruelties enacted than in all the wars that have ever been undertaken by civilized nations in furthering their work of development and colonization. I believe that this work has specially devolved upon our country—that it is our interest, our duty, and our national mission to carry it to a successful issue.

Is it contended that the weary Titan staggers under "the too vast orb of his fate" and that we have not the strength to maintain the burden of Empire? We are richer, more numerous, and in every way more powerful than our ancestors when they laid the foundations of our dominion, and encountered in the task a world in arms. We have a firm assurance of the loyalty and affection of the sons of Britain across the sea, and of their readiness to play their part in the common defense. We do not lack efficient instruments for our great purpose, and we can still count on the energy and devotion of our countrymen and on their ability to win the confidence and respect of the people whom they are sent to govern for their good, on the bleak mountains of the Indian frontier, amidst the sands of the Sudan, in the swamps and forests of Western Africa—wherever the British flag floats—Englishmen, Scotsmen, and Irishmen are to-day fronting every danger, enduring every hardship—living as brave men and dying as heroes in the faithful performance of duty and the passionate love of their country. They ask from us that their sacrifice shall not be in vain. If such is still the spirit of our people, why should we shrink from our task or allow the sceptre of Empire to fall from our hands.

> "Through craven fears of being great?"

I have faith in our race and our nation. I believe that with all the forces and enthusiasm of which democracy alone is capable, they will complete and maintain that splendid edifice of our greatness which, commenced under aristocratic auspices, has received in these later times its greatest extension; and that the fixity of purpose and strength of will which are necessary to this end will be supplied by that national patriotism which sustains the most strenuous efforts and makes possible the greatest sacrifice.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

SELF-CULTURE

[Address by W. E. Channing, divine and author (born in Newport, R. I., April 7, 1780; died in Bennington, Vt., October 2, 1842), delivered in Boston, September, 1838, as introductory to the course of Franklin Lectures. These lectures were instituted in 1831, and the first introductory address was delivered by Edward Everett, November 14 of that year. The broad plan of this institution embraced the various branches of natural science and of all other sound and useful knowledge. Named in honor of Benjamin Franklin, much of whose life was passed in manual industry, and who was pre-eminently a promoter of useful knowledge, its special aim was to spread such knowledge "among that class, from which," as Everett said, "it was ever his pride himself to have sprung." As a didactic address, of interest to all intelligent people, this of Dr. Channing has rarely been excelled. Some passages, like those beginning "Beauty is an all-pervading presence," and "God be thanked for books," possess a remarkable vitality and an uplifting power which denotes the highest moral inspiration.]

MY RESPECTED FRIENDS:—By the invitation of the committee of arrangements for the Franklin Lectures, I now appear before you to offer some remarks introductory to this course. My principal inducement for doing so is my deep interest in those of my fellow-citizens for whom these lectures are principally designed. I understood that they were to be attended chiefly by those who are occupied by manual labor; and, hearing this, I did not feel myself at liberty to decline the service to which I had been invited. I wished by compliance to express my sympathy with this large portion of my race. I wished to express my sense of obligation to those from whose industry and skill I derive almost all the comforts of life. I wished still more to express my joy in the efforts they are making for their own improvement, and my firm faith in their success. These motives will give a particular character and bearing to some of my remarks. I shall speak occasionally as among those who live by the labor of their hands. But I shall not speak as one separated from them. I belong rightfully to the great fraternity of working men. Happily in this community we are all bred and born to work; and this honorable mark, set on us all, should bind together the various portions of the community.

In this country the mass of the people are distinguished by possessing means of improvement, or self-culture, possessed nowhere else. To incite them to the use of these, is to render them the best service they can receive. Accordingly I have chosen for the subject of this address, Self-culture, or the care which every man owes to himself, to the unfolding and perfecting of his nature. My aim will be, to give first the Idea of self-culture, next its Means, and then to consider some objections to the leading views which I am now to lay before you.

Self-culture is something possible. It is not a dream. It has foundations in our nature. Without this conviction, the speaker will but declaim, and the hearer listen without profit. There are two powers of the human soul which make self-culture possible, the self-searching and the self-forming power. We have first the faculty of turning the mind on itself; of recalling its past, and watching its present operations; of learning its various capacities and susceptibilities, what it can do and bear, what it can enjoy and suffer; and of thus learning in general what our nature is, and what it was made for. It is worthy of observation that we are able to discern not only what we already are, but what we may become, to see in ourselves germs and promises of a growth to which no bounds can be set, to dart beyond what we have actually gained to the idea of Perfection as the end of our being.

But self-culture is possible not only because we can enter into and search ourselves. We have a still nobler power, that of acting on, determining and forming ourselves. This is a fearful as well as glorious endowment, for it is the ground of human responsibility. We have the power not only of tracing our powers, but of guiding and impelling them; not only of watching our passions, but of controlling them; not only of seeing our faculties grow, but of applying to them means and influences to aid their growth. We can stay or change the current of thought. We can concentrate the intellect on objects which we wish to comprehend. We can fix our eyes on perfection, and make almost everything speed us towards it. This is indeed a noble prerogative of our nature. Possessing this, it matters little what or where we are now, for we can conquer a better lot, and even be happier for starting from the lowest point. Of all the discoveries which men need to make, the most important at the present moment, is that of the self-forming power treasured up in themselves. They little suspect its extent, as little as the savage apprehends the energy which the mind is created to exert on the material world. It transcends in importance all our power over outward nature. There is more of divinity in it than in the force which impels the outward universe; and yet how little we comprehend it! How it slumbers in most men unsuspected, unused! This makes self-culture possible, and binds it on us as a solemn duty.

I. I am first to unfold the Idea of self-culture; and this, in its most general form, may easily be seized. To cultivate anything, be it a plant, an animal, a mind, is to make grow. Growth, expansion, is the end. Nothing admits culture but that which has a principle of life, capable of being expanded. He, therefore, who does what he can to unfold all his powers and capacities, especially his nobler ones, so as to become a well-proportioned, vigorous, excellent, happy being, practices self-culture.

First, self-culture is moral, a branch of singular importance. When a man looks into himself, he discovers two distinct orders or kinds of principles, which it behooves him especially to comprehend. He discovers desires, appetites, passions, which terminate in himself, which crave and seek his own interest, gratification, distinction; and he discovers another principle, an antagonist to these, which is Impartial, Disinterested, Universal, enjoining on him a regard to the rights and happiness of other beings, and laying on him obligations which *must* be discharged, cost what they may, or however they may clash with his particular pleasure or gain. No man, however narrowed to his own interest, however hardened by selfishness, can deny that there springs up within him a great idea in opposition to interest, the idea of Duty, that an inward voice calls him more or less distinctly, to revere and exercise Impartial Justice, and Universal Good-will.

This disinterested principle in human nature we call sometimes reason, sometimes conscience, sometimes the moral sense or faculty. But, be its name what it may, it is a real principle in each of us, and it is the supreme power within us, to be cultivated above all others, for on its culture the right development of all others depends. The passions indeed may be stronger than the conscience, may lift up a louder voice; but their clamor differs wholly from the tone of command in which the conscience speaks. They are not clothed with its authority, its binding power. In their very triumphs they are rebuked by the moral principle, and often cower before its still, deep, menacing voice. No part of self-knowledge is more important than to discern clearly these two great principles, the self-seeking and the disinterested; and the most important part of self-culture is to depress the former, and to exalt the latter, or to enthrone the sense of duty within us. There are no limits to the growth of this moral force in man if he will cherish it faithfully. There have been men whom no power in the universe could turn from the Right, by whom death in its most dreadful forms has been less dreaded than transgression of the inward law of universal justice and love.

In the next place, self-culture is Religious. When we look into ourselves we discover powers which link us with this outward, visible, finite, ever-changing world. We have sight and other senses to discern, and limbs and various faculties to secure and appropriate the material creation. And we have, too, a power, which cannot stop at what we see and handle, at what exists within the bounds of space and time, which seeks for the Infinite, Uncreated Cause, which cannot rest till it ascends to the Eternal, All-comprehending Mind. This we call the religious principle, and its grandeur cannot be exaggerated by human language; for it marks out a being destined for higher communion than with the visible universe. To develop this is eminently to educate ourselves. The true idea of God, unfolded clearly and livingly within us, and moving us to adore and obey him, and to aspire after likeness to him, is the noblest growth in human, and, I may add, in celestial natures. The religious principle, and the moral, are intimately connected, and grow together. The former is indeed the perfection and highest manifestation of the latter. They are both disinterested. It is the essence of true religion to recognize and adore in God the attributes of Impartial Justice and Universal Love, and to hear him commanding us in the conscience to become what we adore.

Again. Self-culture is Intellectual. We cannot look into ourselves without discovering the intellectual principle, the power which thinks, reasons, and judges, the power of seeking and acquiring truth. This, indeed, we are in no danger of overlooking. The intellect being the great instrument by which men compass their wishes, it draws more attention than any of our other powers. When we speak to men of improving themselves the first thought which occurs to them is, that they must cultivate their understanding, and get knowledge and skill. By education men mean almost exclusively intellectual training. For this schools and colleges are instituted, and to this the moral and religious discipline of the young is sacrificed.

Now I reverence, as much as any man, the intellect; but let us never exalt it above the moral principle. With this it is most intimately connected. In this its culture is founded, and to exalt this is its highest aim. Whoever desires that his intellect may grow up to soundness, to healthy vigor, must begin with moral discipline. Reading and study are not enough to perfect the power of thought. One thing above all is needful, and that is, the Disinterestedness which is the very soul of virtue. To gain truth, which is the great object of the understanding, I must seek it disinterestedly. Here is the first and grand condition of intellectual progress. I must choose to receive the truth no matter how it bears on myself. I must follow it no matter where it leads, what interests it opposes, to what persecution or loss it lays me open, from what party it severs me, or to what party it allies. Without this fairness of mind, which is only another phrase for disinterested love of truth, great native powers of understanding are perverted and led astray; genius runs wild; "the light within us becomes darkness."

I have enlarged on this subject because the connection between moral and intellectual culture is often overlooked, and because the former is often sacrificed to the latter. The exaltation of talent, as it is called, above virtue and religion, is the curse of the age. Education is now chiefly a stimulus to learning, and thus men acquire power without the principles which alone make it a good. Talent is worshipped; but, if divorced from rectitude, it will prove more of a demon than a god.

Intellectual culture consists, not chiefly, as many are apt to think, in accumulating information, though this is important, but in building up a force of thought which may be turned at will on any subjects on which we are called to pass judgment. This force is manifested in the concentration of the attention, in accurate, penetrating observation, in reducing complex subjects to their elements, in diving beneath the effect to the cause, in detecting the more subtle differences and resemblances of things, in reading the future in the present, and especially in rising from particular facts to general laws or universal truths. This last exertion of the intellect, its rising to broad views and great principles, constitutes what is called the philosophical mind, and is especially worthy of culture. What it means your own observation must have taught you. You must have taken note of two classes of men, the one always employed on details, on particular facts, and the other using these facts as foundations of higher, wider truths. The latter are philosophers. For example, men had for ages seen pieces of wood, stones, metals falling to the ground. Newton seized on these particular facts and rose to the idea that all matter tends, or is attracted, towards all matter, and then defined the law according to which this attraction or force acts at different distances, thus giving us a grand principle, which, we have reason to think, extends to and controls the whole outward creation. One man reads a history and can tell you all its events, and there stops. Another combines these events brings them under one view, and learns the great causes which are at work on this or another nation, and what are its great tendencies, whether to freedom or despotism, to one or another form of civilization. So, one man talks continually about the particular actions of this or another neighbor; whilst another looks beyond the acts to the inward principle from which they spring, and gathers from them larger views of human nature. In a word, one man sees all things apart and in fragments, whilst another strives to discover the harmony, connection, unity of all.

To build up that strength of mind which apprehends and cleaves to great universal truths, is the highest intellectual self-culture; and here I wish you to observe how entirely this culture agrees with that of the moral and the religious principles of our nature, of which I have previously spoken.

Again, Self-culture is social, or one of its great offices is to unfold and purify the affections which spring up instinctively in the human breast, which bind together husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister; which bind a man to friends and neighbors, to his country, and to the suffering who fall under his eye, wherever they belong. The culture of these is an important part of our work, and it consists in converting them from instincts into principles, from natural into spiritual attachments, in giving them a rational, moral, and holy character. For example, our affection for our children is at first instinctive; and if it continue such, it rises little above the brute's attachment to its young. But when a parent infuses into his natural love for his offspring moral and religious principle, when he comes to regard his child as an intelligent, spiritual, immortal being, and honors him as such, and desires first of all to make him disinterested, noble, a worthy child of God and the friend of his race, then the instinct rises into a generous and holy sentiment. It resembles God's paternal love for his spiritual family. A like purity and dignity we must aim to give to all our affections.

Again. Self-culture is practical, or it proposes, as one of its chief ends, to fit us for action, to make us efficient in whatever we undertake, to train us to firmness of purpose and to fruitfulness of resource in common life, and especially in emergencies, in times of difficulty, danger, and trial. But passing over this and other topics for which I have no time, I shall confine myself to two branches of self-culture which have been almost wholly overlooked in the education of the people, and which ought not to be so slighted.

In looking at our nature, we discover, among its admirable endowments, the sense or perception of Beauty. We see the germ of this in every human being, and there is no power which admits greater cultivation; and why should it not be cherished in all? It deserves remark that the provision for this principle is infinite in the universe. There is but a very minute portion of the creation which we can turn into food and clothes, or gratification for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty. Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men, who are alive to it, cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side.

Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noble feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it, as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn, that neither man, woman, nor child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice! But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner Artist; and how much would his existence be elevated could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire.

There is another power, which each man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people, and that is the power of Utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind in itself; but to give it voice and to exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigor, may, for want of expression, be a cipher without significance in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer, by the very effort to make them clear to another. Our social rank, too, depends a good deal on our power of utterance. The principal distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar lies in this, that the latter are awkward in manners, and are especially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and force of utterance. A man who cannot open his lips without breaking a rule of grammar, without showing in his dialect or brogue or uncouth tones his want of cultivation, or without darkening his meaning by a confused, unskilful mode of communication, cannot take the place to which perhaps, his native good sense entitles him. To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language. The power of utterance should be included by all in their plans of self-culture.

The common notion has been that the mass of the people need no other culture than is necessary to fit them for their various trades, and though this error is passing away, it is far from being exploded. But the ground of a man's culture lies in his nature, not in his calling. His powers are to be unfolded on account of their inherent dignity, not their outward direction. He is to be educated because he is a man, not because he is to make shoes, nails, or pins. A trade is plainly not the great end of his being, for his mind cannot be shut up in it; his force of thought cannot be exhausted on it. He has faculties to which it gives no action, and deep wants it cannot answer. Poems, and systems of theology and philosophy, which have made some noise in the world, have been wrought at the workbench and amidst the toils of the field. How often, when the arms are mechanically plying a trade, does the mind, lost in reverie or day-dreams, escape to the ends of the earth! How often does the pious heart of woman mingle the greatest of all thoughts, that of God, with household drudgery!

Undoubtedly a man is to perfect himself in his trade, for by it he is to earn his bread and to serve the community. But bread or subsistence is not his highest good; for, if it were, his lot would be harder than that of the inferior animals, for whom nature spreads a table and weaves a wardrobe, without a care of their own. Nor was he made chiefly to minister to the wants of the community. A rational, moral being cannot, without infinite wrong, be converted into a mere instrument of others' gratification. He is necessarily an end, not a means. A mind, in which are sown the seeds of wisdom, disinterestedness, firmness of purpose, and piety, is worth more than all the outward material interests of a world. It exists for itself, for its own perfection and must not be enslaved to its own or others' animal wants. You tell me, that a liberal culture is needed for men who are to fill high stations, but not for such as are doomed to vulgar labor. I answer, that Man is a greater name than President or King.

Truth and goodness are equally precious in whatever sphere they are found. Besides, men of all conditions sustain equally the relations which give birth to the highest virtues and demand the highest powers. The laborer is not a mere laborer. He has close, responsible connections with God and his fellow-creatures. He is a son, husband, father, friend, and Christian. He belongs to a home, a country, a church, a race; and is such a man to be cultivated only for a trade? Was he not sent into the world for a greater work? To educate a child perfectly requires profounder thought, greater wisdom, than to govern a state; and for this plain reason, that the interests and wants of the latter are more superficial, coarser, and more obvious, than the spiritual capacities, the growth of thought and feeling, and the subtile laws of the mind, which must all be studied and comprehended, before the work of education can be thoroughly performed; and yet to all conditions this greater work on earth is equally committed by God. What plainer proof do we need that a higher culture than has yet been dreamed of is needed by our whole race?

II. I now proceed to inquire into the Means by which the self-culture just described may be promoted; and, first, the great means of self-culture, that which includes all the rest, is to fasten on this culture as our Great End, to determine deliberately and solemnly that we will make the most and the best of the powers which God has given us. Without this resolute purpose the best means are worth little, and with it the poorest become mighty. You may see thousands, with every opportunity of improvement which wealth can gather, with teachers, libraries, and apparatus, bringing nothing to pass, and others, with few helps, doing wonders; and simply because the latter are in earnest, and the former not. A man in earnest finds means, or, if he cannot find, creates them. A vigorous purpose makes much out of little, breathes power into weak instruments, disarms difficulties, and even turns them into assistances.

Some are discouraged from proposing to themselves improvement, by the false notion that the study of books, which their situation denies them, is the all-important, and only sufficient means. Let such consider, that the grand volumes, of which all our books are transcripts, I mean nature, revelation, the human soul, and human life, are freely unfolded to every eye. The great sources of wisdom are experience and observation; and these are denied to none. To open and fix our eyes upon what passes without and within us, is the most fruitful study. Books are chiefly useful as they help us to interpret what we see and experience. When they absorb men, as they sometimes do, and turn them from observation of nature and life, they generate a learned folly, for which the plain sense of the laborer could not be exchanged but at great loss. It deserves attention that the greatest men have been formed without the studies which at present are thought by many most needful to improvement. Homer, Plato, Demosthenes, never heard the name of chemistry, and knew less of the solar system than a boy in our common schools. Not that these sciences are unimportant; but the lesson is, that human improvement never wants the means, where the purpose of it is deep and earnest in the soul.

Not a few persons desire to improve themselves only to get property and to rise in the world; but such do not properly choose improvement, but something outward and foreign to themselves; and so low an impulse can produce only a stinted, partial, uncertain growth. A man, as I have said, is to cultivate himself because he is a man. He is to start with the conviction, that there is something greater within him than in the whole material creation, than in all the worlds which press on the eye and ear; and that inward improvements have a worth and dignity in themselves, quite distinct from the power they give over outward things. Undoubtedly a man is to labor to better his condition, but first to better himself. If he know no higher use of his mind than to invent and drudge for his body, his case is desperate as far as culture is concerned.

I proceed to another important means of self-culture, and this is the control of the animal appetites. To raise the moral and intellectual nature, we must put down the animal. Sensuality is the abyss in which very many souls are plunged and lost. Among the most prosperous classes, what a vast amount of intellectual life is drowned in luxurious excesses! It is one great curse of wealth that it is used to pamper the senses; and among the poorer classes, though luxury is wanting, yet a gross feeding often prevails, under which the spirit is whelmed. It is a sad sight to walk through our streets and to see how many countenances bear marks of a lethargy and a brutal coarseness, induced by unrestrained indulgence. Whoever would cultivate the soul, must restrain the appetites. I am not an advocate for the doctrine that animal food was not meant for man; but that this is used among us to excess, that as a people we should gain much in cheerfulness, activity, and buoyancy of mind, by less gross and stimulating food, I am strongly inclined to believe. Above all, let me urge on those who would bring out and elevate their higher nature, to abstain from the use of spirituous liquors. This bad habit is distinguished from all others by the ravages it makes on the reason, the intellect; and this effect is produced to a mournful extent, even when drunkenness is escaped. Not a few men, called temperate, and who have thought themselves such, have learned, on abstaining from the use of ardent spirits, that for years their minds had been clouded, impaired by moderate drinking, without their suspecting the injury. Multitudes in this city are bereft of half their intellectual energy, by a degree of indulgence which passes for innocent. Of all the foes of the working class, this is the deadliest. Nothing has done more to keep down this class, to destroy their self-respect, to rob them of their just influence in the community, to render profitless the means of improvement within their reach, than the use of ardent spirits as a drink. They are called on to withstand this practice, as they regard their honor, and would take their just place in society.

I come now to another important measure of self-culture, and this is, intercourse with superior minds. I have insisted on our own activity as essential to our progress; but we were not made to live or advance alone. Society is as needful to us as air or food. It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds, and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

To make this means of culture effectual a man must select good books, such as have been written by right-minded and strong-minded men, real thinkers, who instead of diluting by repetition what others say, have something to say for themselves, and write to give relief to full, earnest souls; and those works must not be skimmed over for amusement, but read with fixed attention and a reverential love of truth. I know how hard it is to some men, especially to those who spend much time in manual labor, to fix attention on books. Let them strive to overcome the difficulty by choosing subjects of deep interest, or by reading in company with those whom they love.

Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering or soothing companions in solitude, illness, affliction. The wealth of both continents would not compensate for the good they impart. Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof, and obtain access for himself and family to some social library. Almost any luxury should be sacrificed to this.

One of the very interesting features of our times is the multiplication of books, and their distribution through all conditions of society. At a small expense, a man can now possess himself of the most precious treasures of English literature. Books, once confined to a few by their costliness, are now accessible to the multitude; and in this way a change of habits is going on in society, highly favorable to the culture of the people. The diffusion of these silent teachers, books, through the whole community, is to work greater effects than artillery, machinery, and legislation. Its peaceful agency is to supersede stormy revolutions. The culture, which it is to spread, whilst an unspeakable good to the individual, is also to become the stability of nations.

Another important means of self-culture is to free ourselves from the power of human opinion and example, except as far as this is sanctioned by our own deliberate judgment. We are all prone to keep the level of those we live with, to repeat their words, and dress our minds as well as bodies after their fashion; and hence the spiritless tameness of our characters and lives. Our greatest danger is not from the grossly wicked around us, but from the worldly, unreflecting multitude who are borne along as a stream by foreign impulse, and bear us along with them. Even the influence of superior minds may harm us by bowing us to servile acquiescence and damping our spiritual activity. The great use of intercourse with other minds to stir up our own, to whet our appetite for truth, to carry our thoughts beyond their old tracks. We need connections with great thinkers to make us thinkers, too. One of the chief arts of self-culture is to unite the childlike teachableness, which gratefully welcomes light from every human being who can give it, with manly resistance of opinions however current, of influences however generally revered, which do not approve themselves to our deliberate judgment. You ought indeed patiently and conscientiously to strengthen your reason by other men's intelligence, but you must not prostrate it before them. Be true to your own highest convictions. Intimations from our own souls of something more perfect than others teach, if faithfully followed, give us a consciousness of spiritual force and progress, never experienced by the vulgar of high life or low life, who march, as they are drilled, to the step of their times.

A man in the common walks of life who has faith in perfection, in the unfolding of the human spirit, as the great purpose of God, possesses more the secret of the universe, perceives more the harmonies or mutual adaptations of the world without and the world within him, is a wiser interpreter of Providence, and reads nobler lessons of duty in the events which pass before him, than the profoundest philosopher who wants this grand central truth. Thus illuminations, inward suggestions, are not confined to a favored few, but visit all who devote themselves to a generous self-culture.

Another means of self-culture may be found by every man in his Condition or Occupation, be it what it may. Now the man, who, in working, no matter in what way, strives perpetually to fulfil his obligations thoroughly, to do his whole work faithfully, to be honest, not because honesty is the best policy, but for the sake of justice, and that he may render to every man his due, such a laborer is continually building up in himself one of the greatest principles of morality and religion. Every blow on the anvil, on the earth, or whatever material he works upon, contributes something to the perfection of his nature.

Nor is this all. Labor is a school of benevolence as well as justice. A man to support himself must serve others. He must do or produce something for their comfort or gratification. This is one of the beautiful ordinations of Providence, that, to get a living, a man must be useful. Now this usefulness ought to be an end in his labor as truly as to earn his living. He ought to think of the benefit of those he works for, as well as of his own; and in so doing, in desiring amidst his sweat and toil to serve others as well as himself, he is exercising and growing in benevolence as truly as if he were distributing bounty with a large hand to the poor. Such a motive hallows and dignifies the commonest pursuit.

Again. Labor may be so performed as to be a high impulse to the mind. Be a man's vocation what it may, his rule should be to do its duties perfectly, to do the best he can, and thus to make perpetual progress in his art. In other words, Perfection should be proposed; and this I urge not only for its usefulness to society, nor for the sincere pleasure which a man takes in seeing a work well done.

There is one circumstance attending all conditions of life which may and ought to be turned to the use of self-culture. Every condition, be it what it may, has hardships, hazards, pains. We try to escape them; we pine for a sheltered lot, for a smooth path, for cheering friends, and unbroken success. But Providence ordains storms, disasters, hostilities, sufferings; and the great question, whether we shall live to any purpose or not, whether we shall grow strong in mind and heart, or be weak and pitiable, depends on nothing so much as on our use of these adverse circumstances. Outward evils are designed to school our passions, and to rouse our faculties and virtues into intenser action. Sometimes they seem to create new powers. Difficulty is the element, and resistance the true work of a man. Self-culture never goes on so fast as when embarrassed circumstances, the opposition of men or the elements, unexpected changes of the times, or other forms of suffering, instead of disheartening, throw us on our inward resources, turn us for strength to God, clear up to us the great purpose of life, and inspire calm resolution. No greatness or goodness is worth much, unless tried in these fires.

I have time to consider but one more means of self-culture. We find it in our Free Government, in our Political relations and duties. It is a great benefit of free institutions that they do much to awaken and keep in action a nation's mind. We are told that the education of the multitude is necessary to the support of a republic; but it is equally true, that a republic is a powerful means of educating the multitude. It is the people's University. In a free state solemn responsibilities are imposed on every citizen; great subjects are to be discussed; great interests to be decided. The individual is called to determine measures affecting the well-being of millions and the destinies of posterity. He must consider not only the internal relations of his native land, but its connection with foreign states, and judge of a policy which touches the whole civilized world. He is called by his participation in the national sovereignty to cherish public spirit, a regard to the general weal. A man who purposes to discharge faithfully these obligations, is carrying on a generous self-culture. The great public questions which divide opinion around him and provoke earnest discussion, of necessity invigorate his intellect, and accustom him to look beyond himself. He grows up to a robustness, force, enlargement of mind, unknown under despotic rule.

It may be said that I am describing what free institutions ought to do for the character of the individual, not their actual effects; and the objection, I must own, is too true. Our institutions do not cultivate us as they might and should; and the chief cause of the failure is plain. It is the strength of party-spirit; and so blighting is its influence, so fatal to self-culture, that I feel myself bound to warn every man against it, who has any desire of improvement. Party spirit is singularly hostile to moral independence. A man in proportion as he drinks into it, sees, hears, judges by the senses and understandings of his party. He surrenders the freedom of a man, the right of using and speaking his own mind, and echoes the applauses or maledictions with which the leaders or passionate partisans see fit that the country should ring.

All parties are kept in check by the spirit of the better portion of people whom they contain. Leaders are always compelled to ask what their party will bear, and to modify their measures so as not to shock the men of principle within their ranks. A good man, not tamely subservient to the body with which he acts, but judging it impartially, criticising it freely, bearing testimony against its evils, and withholding his support from wrong, does good to those around him, and is cultivating generously his own mind.

I respectfully counsel those whom I address to take part in the politics of their country. These are the true discipline of a people, and do much for their education. I counsel you to labor for a clear understanding of the subjects which agitate the community, to make them your study, instead of wasting your leisure in vague, passionate talk about them. The time thrown away by the mass of the people on the rumors of the day, might, if better spent, give them a good acquaintance with the constitution, laws, history, and interests of their country, and thus establish them in those great principles by which particular measures are to be determined. In proportion as the people thus improve themselves, they will cease to be the tools of designing politicians: their intelligence, not their passions and jealousies, will be addressed by those who seek their votes. They will exert, not a nominal, but a real influence on the government and the destinies of the country, and at the same time will forward their own growth in truth and virtue.

One important topic remains. That great means of self-improvement, Christianity, is yet untouched, and its greatness forbids me now to approach it. I will only say, that if you study Christianity in its original records, and not in human creeds; if you consider its clear revelations of God, its life-giving promises of pardon and spiritual strength, its correspondence to man's reason, conscience, and best affections, and its adaptation to his wants, sorrows, anxieties, and fears; if you consider the strength of its proofs, the purity of its precepts, the divine greatness of the character of its author, and the immortality which it opens before us, you will feel yourselves bound to welcome it joyfully, gratefully, as affording aids and incitements to self-culture, which would vainly be sought in all other means.

I have thus presented a few of the means of self-culture. The topics, now discussed, will I hope suggest others to those who have honored me with their attention, and create an interest which will extend beyond the present hour. I owe it however to truth to make one remark. I wish to raise no unreasonable hopes. I must say then, that the means now recommended to you, though they will richly reward every man of every age who will faithfully use them, will yet not produce their full and happiest effect, except in cases where early education has prepared the mind for future improvement. They whose childhood has been neglected, though they may make progress in future life, can hardly repair the loss of their first years; and I say this, that we may all be excited to save our children from this loss, that we may prepare them, to the extent of our power, for an effectual use of all the means of self-culture, which adult age may bring with it.

III. I am aware that the whole doctrine of this discourse will meet with opposition. There are not a few who will say to me, "What you tell us sounds well; but it is impracticable. Men, who dream in their closets, spin beautiful theories; but actual life scatters them, as the wind snaps the cobweb. You would have all men to be cultivated; but necessity wills that most men shall work; and which of the two is likely to prevail? A weak sentimentality may shrink from the truth; still it is true, that most men were made, not for self-culture, but for toil."

I have put the objection into strong language that we may all look it fairly in the face. For one I deny its validity. Reason, as well as sentiment, rises up against it. The presumption is certainly very strong that the All-wise

Father, who has given to every human being reason and conscience and affection, intended that these should be unfolded; and it is hard to believe, that He, who, by conferring this nature on all men, has made all his children, has destined the great majority to wear out a life of drudgery and unimproving toil, for the benefit of a few. God cannot have made spiritual beings to be dwarfed. In the body we see no organs created to shrivel by disuse; much less are the powers of the soul given to be locked up in perpetual lethargy.

It is Mind, after all, which does the work of the world, so that the more there is of mind, the more work will be accomplished. A man, in proportion as he is intelligent, makes a given force accomplish a greater task, makes skill take the place of muscles, and with less labor, gives a better product. Make men intelligent, and they become inventive. They find shorter processes. Their knowledge of nature helps them to turn its laws to account, to understand the substances on which they work, and to seize on useful hints, which experience continually furnishes. It is among workmen that some of the most useful machines have been contrived. Spread education, and as the history of this country shows, there will be no bounds to useful inventions.

The laborer, under his dust and sweat, carries the grand elements of humanity, and he may put forth its highest powers. I doubt not, there is as genuine enthusiasm in the contemplation of nature, and in the perusal of works of genius, under a homespun garb as under finery. We have heard of a distinguished author who never wrote so well as when he was full dressed for company. But profound thought, and poetical inspiration, have most generally visited men, when, from narrow circumstances or negligent habits, the rent coat and shaggy face have made them quite unfit for polished saloons. A man may see truth, and may be thrilled with beauty, in one costume or dwelling as well as another, and he should respect himself the more for the hardships under which his intellectual force has been developed.

A man who follows his calling with industry and spirit, and uses his earnings economically, will always have some portion of the day at command; and it is astonishing how fruitful of improvement a short season becomes when eagerly seized and faithfully used. It has often been observed that they who have most time at their disposal, profit by it least. A single hour in the day steadily given to the study of an interesting subject brings unexpected accumulations of knowledge. I have known a man of vigorous intellect, who had enjoyed few advantages of early education, and whose mind was almost engrossed by the details of an extensive business, but who composed a book of much original thought in steamboats and on horseback while visiting distant customers.

The succession of the seasons gives to many of the working class opportunities for intellectual improvement. The winter brings leisure to the husbandman, and winter evenings to many laborers in the city. Above all, in Christian countries the seventh day is released from toil. The seventh part of the year, no small portion of existence, may be given by almost every one to intellectual and moral culture. Why is it that Sunday is not made a more effectual means of improvement? Undoubtedly the seventh day is to have a religious character; but religion connects itself with all the great subjects of human thought, and leads to and aids the study of all. God is in nature. God is in history. Instruction in the work of the Creator so as to reveal his perfection in their harmony, beneficence, and grandeur; instruction in the histories of the church and the world so as to show in all events his moral government, and to bring out the great moral lessons in which human life abounds; instruction in the lives of philanthropists, of saints, of men eminent for piety and virtue; all these branches of teaching enter into religion, and are appropriate to Sunday; and, through these, a vast amount of knowledge may be given to the people. Sunday ought not to remain the dull and fruitless season that it now is to the multitudes. It may be clothed with a new interest and a new sanctity. It may give a new impulse to the nation's soul.

But some will say, "Be it granted that the working classes may find some leisure; should they not be allowed to spend it in relaxation? Is it not cruel to summon them from toils of the hand to toils of the mind? They have earned pleasure by the day's toil, and ought to partake it." Yes, let them have pleasure. Far be it from me to dry up the fountains, to blight the spots of verdure, where they refresh themselves after life's labors. But I maintain that self-culture multiplies and increases their pleasures, that it creates new capacities of enjoyment, that it saves their leisure from being, what it too often is, dull and wearisome, that it saves them from rushing for excitement to indulgences destructive to body and soul. It is one of the great benefits of self-improvement that it raises a people above the gratifications of the brute, and gives them pleasures worthy of men.

I have a strong hope that by the progress of intelligence, taste, and morals among all portions of society, a class of public amusements will grow up among us bearing some resemblance to the theatre, but purified from the gross evils which degrade our present stage, and which, I trust, will seal its ruin. Dramatic performances and recitations are means of bringing the mass of the people into a quicker sympathy with a writer of genius, to a profounder comprehension of his grand, beautiful, touching conceptions, than can be effected by the reading of the closet. No commentary throws such a light on a great poem or any impassioned work of literature as the voice of a reader or speaker, who brings to the task a deep feeling of his author and rich and various powers of expression. A crowd, electrified by a sublime thought, or softened into a humanizing sorrow under such a voice, partake a pleasure at once exquisite and refined; and I cannot but believe, that this and other amusements, at which the delicacy of woman and the purity of the Christian can take no offence, are to grow up under a higher social culture. Let me only add, that in proportion as culture spreads among a people, the cheapest and commonest of all pleasures, conversation, increases in delight. This, after all, is the great amusement of life, cheering us round our hearths, often cheering our work, stirring our hearts gently, acting on us like the balmy air, or the bright light of heaven, so silently and continually, that we hardly think of its influence. The source of happiness is too often lost to men of all classes for want of knowledge, mental activity, and refinement of feeling; and do we defraud the laborer of his pleasure by recommending to him improvements which will place the daily, hourly, blessings of conversation within his reach?

I conclude with recalling to you the happiest feature of our age, and that is, the progress of the mass of the people in intelligence, self-respect, and all the comforts of life. What a contrast does the present form with past times! Not many ages ago the nation was the property of one man, and all its interests were staked in perpetual games of war, for no end but to build up his family, or to bring new territories under his yoke. Society was divided into two classes, the high-born and the vulgar, separated from one another by a great gulf, as impassable as that between the saved and the lost. The people had no significance as individuals, but formed a mass, a machine, to be wielded at pleasure, by their lords. In war, which was the great sport of the times, those brave knights of whose prowess we hear cased themselves and their horses in armor so as to be almost invulnerable, whilst the common people on foot were left without protection, to be hewn to pieces or trampled down by their betters.

Who that compares the condition of Europe a few years ago with the present state of the world, but must bless God for the change. The grand distinction of modern times is, the emerging of the people from brutal degradation, the gradual recognition of their rights, the gradual diffusion among them of the means of improvement, and happiness, the creation of a new power in the state, the power of the people. And it is worthy remark, that this revolution is due in a great degree to religion, which, in the hands of the crafty and aspiring, had bowed the multitude to the dust, but which, in the fulness of time, began to fulfil its mission of freedom. It was religion, which by teaching men their near relation to God awakened in them the consciousness of their importance as individuals. It was the struggle for religious rights which opened men's eyes to all their rights. It was resistance to religious usurpation which led men to withstand political oppression. It was religious discussion which roused the minds of all classes to free and vigorous thought. It was religion which armed the martyr and patriot in England against arbitrary power, which braced the spirits of our fathers against the perils of the ocean and wilderness and sent them to found here the freest and most equal state on earth.

Let us thank God for what has been gained. But let us not think everything gained. Let the people feel that they have only started in the race. How much remains to be done! What a vast amount of ignorance, intemperance, coarseness, sensuality, may still be found in our community! What a vast amount of mind is palsied and lost! When we think that every house might be cheered by intelligence, disinterestedness, and refinement, and then remember in how many houses the higher powers and affections of human nature are buried as in tombs, what a darkness gathers over society! And how few of us are moved by this moral desolation? How few understand that to raise the depressed, by a wise culture, to the dignity of men, is the highest end of the social state? Shame on us, that the worth of a fellow-creature is so little felt.

I would that I could speak with an awakening voice to the people of their wants, their privileges, their responsibilities. I would say to them, You cannot, without guilt and disgrace, stop where you are. The past and the present call on you to advance. Let what you have gained be an impulse to something higher. Your nature is too great to be crushed. You were not created what you are merely to toil, eat, drink, and sleep, like the inferior animals. If you will, you can rise. No power in society, no hardship in your condition can depress you, keep you down, in knowledge, power, virtue, influence, but by your own consent. Do not be lulled to sleep by the flatteries which you hear, as if your participation in the national sovereignty made you equal to the noblest of your race. You have many and great deficiencies to be remedied; and the remedy lies, not in the ballot-box, not in the exercise of your political powers, but in the faithful education of yourselves and your children. These truths you have often heard and slept over. Awake! Resolve earnestly on Self-culture. Make yourselves worthy of your free institutions, and strengthen and perpetuate them by your intelligence and your virtues.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

THE UNITY OF HUMAN NATURE

[Address by John Jay Chapman, lawyer and essayist (born in New York City, March 2, 1862; ———), delivered before the Hobart Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y., on Commencement Day, June 20, 1900.]

If one could stand on the edge of the moon and look down through a couple of thousand years on human politics, it would be apparent that everything that happened on the earth is directly dependent on everything else that happened there. Whether the Italian peasant shall eat salt with his bread, depends upon Bismarck. Whether the prison system in Russia shall be improved, depends upon the ministry of Great Britain. If Lord Beaconsfield is in power, there is no leisure in Russia for domestic reform. The lash is everywhere lifted in a security furnished by the concurrence of all the influences upon the globe that favor coercion. In like manner, the good things that happen are each the product of all extant conditions. Constitutional government in England qualifies the whole of western Europe. Our slaves were not set free without the assistance of every liberal mind in Europe; and the thoughts which we think in our closet affect the fate of the Boer in South Africa. That Tolstoi is to-day living unmolested upon his farm instead of serving in a Siberian mine, that Dreyfus is alive and not dead, is due directly to the people in this audience and to others like them scattered over Europe and America.

The effect of enlightenment on tyranny is not merely to make the tyrant afraid to be cruel, it makes him not want to be cruel. It makes him see what cruelty is. And reciprocally the effect of cruelty on enlightenment is to make that enlightenment grow dim. It prevents men from seeing what cruelty is.

The Czar of Russia cannot get rid of your influence, nor you of his. Every ukase he signs makes allowance for you, and on the other hand, the whole philosophy of your life is tinged by him. You believe that the abuses under the Russian Government are inscrutably different from and worse than our own; whereas both sets of atrocities are identical in principle, and are more alike in fact, in taste and smell and substance than your prejudice is willing to admit. The existence of Russia narrows America's philosophy, and misconduct by a European power may be seen reflected in the moral tone of your clergyman on the following day. More Americans have abandoned their faith in free government since England began to play the tyrant than there were colonists in the country in 1776.

Europe is all one family, and speaks, one might say, the same language. The life that has been transplanted to North America during the last three centuries is European life. From your position on the moon you would not be able to understand what the supposed differences were that the Americans make so much fuss over. You would say, "I see only one people, splashed over different continents. The problems they talk about, the houses they live in, the clothes they wear, seem much alike. Their education and catchwords are identical. They are the children of the Classics, of Christianity, and of the Revival of Learning. They are homogeneous, and they are growing more homogeneous."

The subtle influences that modern nations exert over one another illustrate the unity of life on the globe. But if we turn to ancient history we find in its bare outlines staggering proof of the interdependence of nations. The Greeks were wiped out. They could not escape their contemporaries any more than we can escape the existence of the Malays. Israel could not escape Assyria, nor Assyria Persia, nor Persia Macedon, nor Macedon Rome, nor Rome the Goths. Life is not a boarding-school where a bad boy can be dismissed for the benefit of the rest. He remains. He must be dealt with. He is as much here as ourselves. The whole of Europe and Asia and South America and every Malay and every Chinaman, Hindoo, Tartar and Tagal—of such is our civilization.

Let us for the moment put aside every dictate of religion and political philosophy. Let us discard all prejudice and all love. Let us regard nothing except facts. Does not the coldest conclusion of science announce the fact that the world is peopled, and that every individual of that population has an influence upon the conduct of all the rest, an influence as certain and far more discoverable than the influence of the weight of his body upon the solar system?

A Chinaman lands in San Francisco. The Constitution of the United States begins to rock and tremble. What shall we do with him? The deepest minds of the past must be ransacked to the bottom to find an answer. Every one of seventy million Americans must pass through a throe of thought that leaves him a modified man. The same thing is true when the American lands in China. These creatures have thus begun to think of each other. It is unimaginable that they should not hereafter incessantly and never-endingly continue to think of each other. And out of their thoughts grows the destiny of mankind.

We have an inherited and stupid notion that the East does not change. If Japan goes through a transformation scene under our eyes, we still hold to our prejudice as to the immutability of the Chinese. If our own people and the European nations seem to be meeting and surging and reappearing in unaccustomed rôles every ten years, till modern history looks like a fancy ball, we still go on muttering some old ignorant shibboleth about East and West, Magna Charta, the Indian mutiny, and Mahomet. The chances are that England will be dead-letter, and Russia progressive, before we have done talking. Of a truth, when we consider the rapidity of visible change and the amplitude of time,—for there is plenty of time,—we need not despair of progress.

The true starting-point for the world's progress will never be reached by any nation as a whole. It exists and has been reached in the past as it will in the future by individuals scattered here and there in every nation. It is reached by those minds which insist on seeing conditions as they are, and which cannot confine their thoughts to their own kitchen, or to their own creed, or to their own nation. You will think I have in mind poets and philosophers, for these men take humanity as their subject and deal in the general stuff of human nature. But the narrow spirit in which they often do this cuts down their influence to parish limits. I mean rather those men who in private life act out their thoughts and feelings as to the unity of human life; those same thoughts which the poets and philosophers have expressed in their plays, their sayings, and their visions. There have always been men who in their daily life have fulfilled those intimations and instincts which, if reduced to a statement, receive the names of poetry and religion. These men are the cart-horses of progress, they devote their lives to doing things which can only be justified or explained by the highest philosophy. They proceed as if all men were their brothers. These practical philanthropists go plodding on through each century and leave the bones of their character mingled with the soil of their civilization.

See how large the labors of such men look when seen in historic perspective. They have changed the world's public opinion. They have molded the world's institutions into forms expressive of their will. I ask your attention to one of their achievements. We have one province of conduct in which the visions of the poets have been reduced to practice,—yes erected into a department of government,—through the labors of the philanthropists. They have established the Hospital and the Reformatory and these visible bastions of philosophy hold now a more unchallenged place in our civilization than the Sermon on the Mount on which they comment.

The truth which the philanthropists of all ages have felt, is that the human family was a unit—and this truth being as deep as human nature, can be expressed in every philosophy—even in the inverted utilitarianism now in vogue. The problem how to treat insane people and criminals has been solved to this extent, that every one agrees that nothing must be done to them which injures the survivors. That is the reason we do not kill them. It is unpleasant to have them about, and this unpleasantness can be cured only by our devotion to them. We must either help the wretched or we ourselves become degenerate. They have thus become a positive means of civilizing the modern world, for the instinct of self-preservation has led men to deal with this problem in the only practical way.

Put a Chinaman into your hospital and he will get treated. You may lie awake at night drawing up reasons for doing something different with this disgusting Chinaman,—who somehow is in the world and is thrown into your care, your hospital, your thought,—but the machinery of your own being is so constructed that if you take any other course with him than that which you take with your own people, your institution will instantly lose its meaning; you would not have the face to beg money for its continuance in the following year. The logic of this, which if you like is the logic of self-protection under the illusion of self-sacrifice, is the logic which is at the bottom of all human progress. I dislike to express this idea in its meanest form; but I know there are some professors of political economy here, and I wish to be understood. The utility of hospitals is not to cure the sick. It is to teach mercy. The veneration for hospitals is not because they cure the sick, it is because they stand for love, and responsibility.

The appeal of physical suffering makes the strongest attack on our common humanity. Even zealots and sectaries are touched. The practice and custom of this kind of mercy have therefore become established, while other kinds of mercy which require more imagination are still in their infancy. But at the bottom of every fight for principle you will find the same sentiment of mercy. If you take a slate and pencil and follow out the precise reasons and consequences of the thing, you will always find that a practical and effective love for mankind is working out a practical betterment of human conditions through a practical self-sacrifice. The average man cannot do the sum, he does not follow the reasoning, but he knows the answer. The deed strikes into his soul with a mathematical impact and he responds like a tuning-fork when its note is struck.

Every one knows that self-sacrifice is a virtue. The child takes his nourishment from the tale of heroism as naturally as he takes milk. He feels that the deed was done for his sake. He adopts it; it is his own. The nations have always stolen their myths from one another and claimed each other's heroes. It has required all the world's heroes to make the world's ear sensitive to new statements, illustrations and applications of the logic of progress. Yet their work has been so well done that all of us respond to the old truths in however new a form. Not France alone but all modern society owes a debt of gratitude to Zola for his rescue of Dreyfus. The whole world would have been degraded and set back, the whole world made less decent and habitable but for those few Frenchmen who took their stand against corruption.

Now the future of civil society upon the earth depends upon the application to international politics of this familiar idea, which we see prefigured in our mythology, and monumentalized in our hospitals—the principle that what is done for one is done for all. When you say a thing is "right," you appeal to mankind. What you mean is that every one is at stake. Your attack upon wrong amounts to saying that some one has been left out in the calculation. Both at home and abroad you are always pleading for mercy, and the plea gains such a wide response that some tyranny begins to totter, and its engines are turned upon you to get you to stop. This outcry against you is the pressure of your effectiveness. If you imitate Zola and attack some nuisance in this town tomorrow you will bring on every symptom and have every experience of the Dreyfus affair. The cost is the same, for cold looks are worse than imprisonment. The emancipation is the same, for if a man can resist the influences of his townsfolk, if he can cut free from the tyranny of neighborhood gossip, the world has no terrors for him; there is no second inquisition. The influence is the same, for every citizen can thereafter look a town officer in the face with more self-respect. But not to townsmen, nor to neighboring towns, nor to Parisians is this force confined. It goes out in all directions, continuously. The man is in communication with the world. This impulse of communication with all men is at the bottom of every ambition. The injustice, cruelty, oppression in the world are all different forms of the same non-conductor, that prevents utterances, that stops messages, that strikes dumb the speaker and deafens the listener. You will find that it makes no difference whether the non-conductor be a selfish oligarchy, a military autocracy, or a commercial ring. The voice of humanity is stifled by corruption: and corruption is only an evil because it stifles men.

Try to raise a voice that shall be heard from here to Albany and watch what it is that comes forward to shut off the sound. It is not a German sergeant, nor a Russian officer of the precinct. It is a note from a friend of your father's offering you a place in his office. This is your warning from the secret police. Why, if any of you young gentlemen have a mind to get heard a mile off, you must make a bonfire of your reputation, and a close enemy of most men who wish you well.

And what will you get in return? Well, if I must for the benefit of the economists, charge you up with selfish gain, I will say that you get the satisfaction of having been heard, and that this is the whole possible scope of human ambition.

When I was asked to make this address I wondered what I had to say to you boys who are graduating. And I think I have one thing to say. If you wish to be useful, never take a course that will silence you. Refuse to learn anything that you cannot proclaim. Refuse to accept anything that implies collusion, whether it be a clerkship or a curacy, a legal fee or a post in a university. Retain the power of speech, no matter what other power you lose. If you can, take this course, and in so far as you take it, you will bless this country. In so far as you depart from this course you become dampers, mutes, and hooded executioners. As for your own private character it will be preserved by such a course. Crime you cannot commit, for crime gags you. Collusion gags you. As a practical matter a mere failure to speak out upon occasions where no opinion is asked or expected of you, and when the utterance of an uncalled-for suspicion is odious, will often hold you to a concurrence in palpable iniquity. It will bind and gag you and lay you dumb and in shackles like the veriest serf in Russia. I give you this one rule of conduct. Do what you will, but speak out always. Be shunned, be hated, be ridiculed, be scared, be in doubt, but don't be gagged.

The choice of Hercules was made when Hercules was a lad. It cannot be made late in life. It will perhaps come for each one of you within the next eighteen months. I have seen ten years of young men who rush out into the world with messages, and when they find how deaf the world is, they think they must save their strength and get quietly up on some little eminence from which they can make themselves heard. "In a few years," reasons one of them, "I shall have gained a standing, and then I shall use my power for good." Next year comes, and with it a strange discovery. The man has lost his horizon of thought. His ambition has evaporated; he has nothing to say. The great occasion that was to have let him loose on society was some little occasion that nobody saw, some moment in which he decided to obtain a standing. The great battle of a lifetime has been fought and lost over a silent scruple. But for this, the man might, within a few years, have spoken to the nation with the voice of an archangel. What was he waiting for? Did he think that the laws of nature were to be changed for him? Did he think that a "notice of trial" would be served on him? Or that some spirit would stand at his elbow and say, "Now's your time?" The time of trial is always. Now is the appointed time. And the compensation for beginning at once is that your voice carries at once. You do not need a standing. It would not help you. Within less time than you can see it, you will have been heard. The air is filled with sounding-boards and the echoes are flying. It is ten to one that you have but to lift your voice to be heard in California, and that from where you stand. A bold plunge will teach you that the visions of the unity of human nature which the poets have sung were not fictions of their imagination, but a record of what they saw. Deal with the world, and you will discover their reality. Speak to the world, and you will hear their echo.

Social and business prominence look like advantages, and so they are if you want money. But if you want moral influence you may bless God you have not got them. They are the payment with which the world subsidizes men to keep quiet, and there is no subtlety or cunning by which you can get them without paying in silence. This is the great law of humanity, that has existed since history began, and will last while man lasts—evil, selfishness, and silence are one thing.

The world is learning, largely through American experience, that freedom in the form of a government is no guarantee against abuse, tyranny, cruelty, and greed. The old sufferings, the old passions are in full blast among us. What, then, are the advantages of self-government? The chief advantage is that self-government enables a man in his youth, in his own town, within the radius of his first public interests, to fight the important battle of his life while his powers are at their strongest, and the powers of oppression are at their weakest. If a man acquires the power of speech here, if he says what he means now, if he makes his point and dominates his surroundings at once, his voice will, as a matter of fact, be heard instantly in a very wide radius. And so he walks up into a new sphere and begins to accomplish great things. He does this through the very force of his insistence on the importance of small things. The reason for his graduation is not far to seek. A man cannot reach the hearts of his townsfolk, without using the whole apparatus of the world of thought. He cannot tell or act the truth in his own town without enlisting every power for truth, and setting in vibration the cords that knit that town into the world's history. He is forced to find and strike the same note which he would use on some great occasion when speaking for all mankind. A man who has won a town-fight is a veteran, and the country is full of these young men. To-morrow their force will show in national politics, and in that moment the fate of the Malay, the food of the Russian prisoner, the civilization of South Africa and the future of Japan will be seen to have been in issue. These things are now being settled in the contest over the town-pump in a Western village. I think it likely that the next thirty years will reveal the recuperative power of American institutions. One of you young men might easily become a reform President, and be carried into office and held in office by the force of that private opinion which is now being sown broadcast throughout the country by just such men as yourselves. You will concede the utility of such a President. Yet it would not be the man but the masses behind him that did his work.

Democracy thus lets character loose upon society and shows us that in the realm of natural law there is nothing either small or great; and this is the chief value of democracy. In America the young man meets the struggle between good and evil in the easiest form in which it was ever laid before men. The cruelties of interest and of custom have with us no artificial assistance from caste, creed, race prejudice. Our frame of government is drawn in close accordance with the laws of nature. By our documents we are dedicated to mankind; and hence it is that we can so easily feel the pulse of the world and lay our hand on the living organism of humanity.

RUFUS CHOATE

ON THE DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER

[Address by Rufus Choate, lawyer and politician (born in Essex, Mass., October 1, 1799; died in Halifax, N. S., July 13, 1859), delivered before the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Massachusetts, in Boston, October 28, 1852, four days after the death of Webster, upon which the judges and members of the bar of that court were assembled to take formal action.]

May It Please Your Honors:—I have been requested by the members of the Bar of this Court to add a few words to the resolutions just read, in which they have embodied, as they were able, their sorrow for the death of their beloved and illustrious member and countryman, Mr. Webster; their estimation of his character, life, and genius; their sense of the bereavement,—to the country as to his friends,—incapable of repair; the pride, the fondness,—the filial and the patriotic pride and fondness,—with which they cherish, and would consign to history to cherish, the memory of a great and good man.

And yet I could earnestly have desired to be excused from this duty. He must have known Mr. Webster less, and loved him less, than your honors or than I have known and loved him, who can quite yet,—quite yet,—before we can comprehend that we have lost him forever,—before the first paleness with which the news of his death overspread our cheeks has passed away,—before we have been down to lay him in the Pilgrim soil he loved so well, till the heavens be no more,—he must have known and loved him less than we have done, who can come here quite yet, to recount the series of his services, to display

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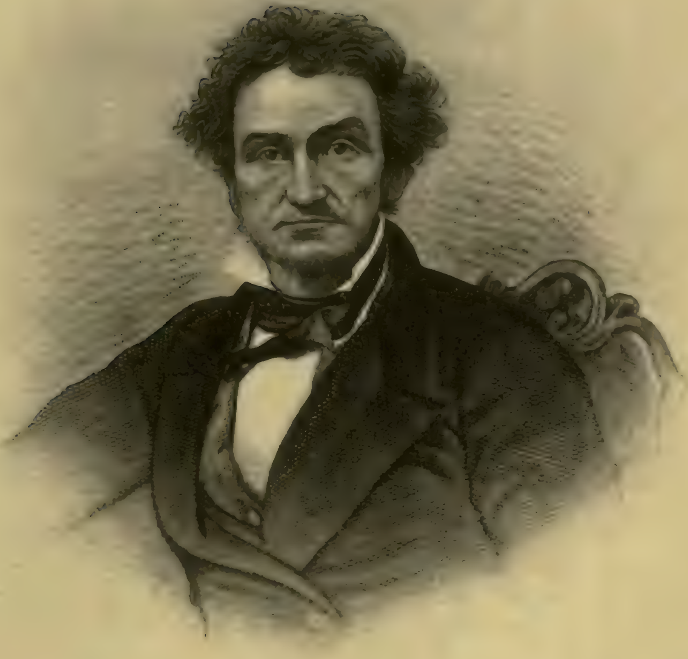
RUFUS CHOATE

Photogravure after an engraving



with psychological exactness the traits of his nature and mind, to ponder and speculate on the secrets—on the marvelous secrets—and source of that vast power, which we shall see no more in action, nor aught in any degree resembling it, among men. These first moments should be given to grief. It may employ, it may promote a calmer mood, to construct a more elaborate and less unworthy memorial!

For the purposes of this moment and place, indeed, no more is needed. What is there for this Court or for this Bar to learn from me, here and now, of him? The year and the day of his birth; that birthplace on the frontier, yet bleak and waste; the well, of which his childhood drank, dug by that father of whom he has said, "that through the fire and blood of seven years of Revolutionary War he shrank from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country; and to raise his children to a condition better than his own;" the elm-tree that father planted, fallen now, as father and son have fallen; that training of the giant infancy on catechism and Bible, and Watt's version of the Psalms, and the traditions of Plymouth, and Fort William Henry, and the Revolution, and the age of Washington and Franklin, on the banks of the Merrimac, flowing sometimes in flood and anger, from its secret springs in the crystal hills; the two district schoolmasters, Chase and Tappan; the village library; the dawning of the love and ambition of letters; the few months at Exeter and Boscawen; the life of college; the probationary season of school-teaching; the clerkship in the Fryeburg Registry of Deeds; his admission to the Bar presided over by judges like Smith, illustrated by practisers such as Mason, where, by the studies in the contentions of nine years, he laid the foundation of the professional mind; his irresistible attraction to public life; the oration on commerce; the Rockingham resolutions; his first term of four years' service in Congress, when, by one bound, he sprang to his place by the side of the foremost of the rising American statesmen; his removal to this State; and then the double and parallel current in which his life, studies, thoughts, cares, have since flowed, bearing him to the leadership of the Bar by universal acclaim, bearing him to the leadership of public life,—last of that surpassing triumvirate, shall we say the greatest, the most widely known and admired?—all these things, to their minutest details, are known and rehearsed familiarly. Happier than the younger Pliny, happier than Cicero, he has found his historian, unsolicited, in his lifetime, and his countrymen have him all by heart!

There is then, nothing to tell you, nothing to bring to mind. And then, if I may borrow the language of one of his historians and friends,—one of those through whose beautiful pathos the common sorrow uttered itself yesterday, in Faneuil Hall—"I dare not come here and dismiss in a few summary paragraphs the character of one who has filled such a space in the history, one who holds such a place in the heart, of his country. It would be a disrespectful familiarity to a man of his lofty spirit, his great soul, his rich endowments, his long and honorable life, to endeavor thus to weigh and estimate them"—a half-hour of words, a handful of earth, for fifty years of great deeds, on high places!

But, although the time does not require anything elaborated and adequate,—forbids it, rather,—some broken sentences of veneration and love may be indulged to the sorrow which oppresses us.

There presents itself, on the first and to any observation of Mr. Webster's life and character, a two-fold eminence,—eminence of the very highest rank,—in a twofold field of intellectual and public display,—the profession of the law and the profession of statesmanship,—of which it would not be easy to recall any parallel in the biography of illustrious men.

Without seeking for parallels, and without asserting that they do not exist, consider that he was, by universal designation, the leader of the general American Bar; and that he was, also, by an equally universal designation, foremost of her statesmen living at his death; inferior to not one who has lived and acted since the opening of his own public life. Look at these aspects of his greatness separately, and from opposite sides of the surpassing elevation. Consider that his single career at the bar may seem to have been enough to employ the largest faculties, without repose, for a lifetime; and that, if then and thus the "*infinitus forensium rerum labor*" should have conducted him to a mere professional reward,—a bench of chancery or law, the crown of the first of advocates, *jurisperitorum eloquentissimus*,—to the pure and mere honors of a great magistrate,—that that would be as much as is allotted to the ablest in the distribution of fame. Even that half, if I may say so, of his illustrious reputation,—how long the labor to win it, how worthy of all that labor! He was bred first in the severest school of the common law, in which its doctrines were expounded by Smith, and its administration shaped and directed by Mason, and its foundation principles, its historical sources and illustrations, its connection with the parallel series of statutory enactments, its modes of reasoning, and the evidence of its truths, he grasped easily and completely; and I have myself heard him say, that for many years while still at the bar, he tried more causes, and argued more questions of fact to the jury than perhaps any other member of the profession anywhere. I have heard from others how, even then, he exemplified the same direct, clear, and forcible exhibition of proofs, and the reasonings appropriate to proofs, as well as the same marvelous power of discerning instantly what we call the decisive points of the cause in law and fact, by which he was later more widely celebrated. This was the first epoch in his professional training.

With the commencement of his public life, or with his later removal to this State, began the second epoch of his professional training, conducting him through the gradation of the national tribunals to the study and practice of the more flexible, elegant, and scientific jurisprudence of commerce and of chancery, and to the grander and less fettered investigations of international, prize, and constitutional law, and giving him to breathe the air of a more famous forum, in a more public presence, with more variety of competition, although he never met abler men, as I have heard him say, than some of those who initiated him in the rugged discipline of the courts of New Hampshire; and thus, at length, by these studies, these labors, this contention, continued without repose, he came, now many years ago, to stand *omnium assensu* at the summit of the American Bar.

It is common and it is easy in the case of all in such position, to point out other lawyers, here and there, as possessing some special qualification or attainment more remarkably, perhaps, because more exclusively,—to say of one that he has more cases in his recollection at any given moment, or that he was earlier grounded in equity, or has gathered more black letter or civil law, or knowledge of Spanish or of Western titles,—and these comparisons were sometimes made with him. But when you sought a counsel of the first rate for the great cause, who would most surely discern and most powerfully expound the exact law, required by the controversy, in season for use; who could most skilfully encounter the opposing law; under whose powers of analysis, persuasion, and display, the asserted right would assume the most probable aspect before the intelligence of the judge; who, if the inquiry became blended with or resolved into facts, could most completely develop and most irresistibly expose them; one "the law's whole thunder born to wield,"—when you sought such a counsel, and could have the choice, I think the universal profession would have turned to him. And this would be so in nearly every description of cause, in any department. Some able men wield civil inquiries with a peculiar ability; some criminal. How lucidly and how deeply he elucidated a question of property, you all know. But then, with what address, feeling, pathos, and prudence he defended, with what dignity and crushing power, *accusatorio spiritu*, he prosecuted the accused of crime, whom he believed to have been guilty, few have seen; but none who have seen can ever forget it.

Some scenes there are, some Alpine eminences rising above the high table-land of such a professional life, to which, in the briefest tribute, we should love to follow him. We recall that day, for an instance, when he first announced, with decisive display, what manner of man he was, to the Supreme Court of the nation. It was in 1818, and it was in the argument of the case of Dartmouth College. William Pinkney was recruiting his great faculties, and replenishing that reservoir of professional and elegant acquisition, in Europe. Samuel Dexter, "the honorable man, and the counsellor, and the eloquent orator," was in his grave. The boundless old-school learning of Luther Martin; the silver voice and infinite analytical ingenuity and resources of Jones; the fervid genius of Emmett pouring itself along *immenso oro;* the ripe and beautiful culture of Wirt and Hopkinson,—the steel point, unseen, not unfelt, beneath the foliage; Harper himself, statesman as well as lawyer,—these, and such as these, were left of that noble Bar. That day Mr. Webster opened the cause of Dartmouth College to a tribunal unsurpassed on earth in all that gives illustration to a bench of law, not one of whom any longer survives.

One would love to linger on the scene, when, after a masterly argument of the law, carrying, as we may now know, conviction to the general mind of the court, and vindicating and settling for his lifetime his place in that forum, he paused to enter, with an altered feeling, tone, and manner, with these words on his peroration: "I have brought my Alma Mater to this presence, that, if she must fall, she may fall in her robes and with dignity"; and then broke forth in that strain of sublime and pathetic eloquence, of which we know not much more than that, in its progress, Marshall,—the intellectual, the self-controlled, the unemotional,—announced, visibly, the presence of the unaccustomed enchantment.

Other forensic triumphs crowd on us, in other competition, with other issues. But I must commit them to the historian of constitutional jurisprudence.

And now, if this transcendent professional reputation were all of Mr. Webster, it might be practicable, though not easy, to find its parallel elsewhere, in our own, or in European or classical biography.

But, when you consider that, side by side with this, there was growing up that other reputation,—that of the first American statesman; that, for thirty-three years, and those embracing his most Herculean works at the Bar, he was engaged as a member of either House, or in the highest of the executive department, in the conduct of the largest national affairs, in the treatment of the largest national questions, in debate with the highest abilities of American public life, conducting diplomatic intercourse in delicate relations with all manner of foreign powers, investigating whole classes of truths, totally unlike the truths of the law, and resting on principles totally distinct,—and that here, too, he was wise, safe, controlling, trusted, the foremost man; that Europe had come to see in his life a guaranty for justice, for peace, for the best hopes of civilization, and America to feel surer of her glory and her safety as his great arm enfolded her,—you see how rare, how solitary, almost, was the actual greatness! Who, anywhere, has won, as he had, the double fame, and worn the double wreath of Murray and Chatham, of Dunning and Fox, of Erskine and Pitt, of William Pinkney and Rufus King, in one blended and transcendent superiority?

I cannot attempt to grasp and sum up the aggregate of the service of his public life at such a moment as this; and it is needless. That life comprised a term of more than thirty-three years. It produced a body of performance, of which I may say, generally, it was all which the first abilities of the country and time, employed with unexampled toil, stimulated by the noblest patriotism, in the highest places of the State, in the fear of God, in the presence of nations, could possibly compass.

He came into Congress after the war of 1812 had begun, and though probably deeming it unnecessary, according to the highest standards of public necessity, in his private character, and objecting, in his public character, to some of the details of the policy by which it was prosecuted, and standing by party ties in general opposition to the administration, he never breathed a sentiment calculated to depress the tone of the public mind, to aid or comfort the enemy, to check or chill the stirrings of that new, passionate, unquenchable spirit of nationality, which then was revealed, or kindled to burn till we go down to the tombs of States.

With the peace of 1815 his more cherished public labors began; and thenceforward he devoted himself—the ardor of his civil youth, the energies of his maturest manhood, the autumnal wisdom of the ripened year—to the offices of legislation and diplomacy; of preserving the peace, keeping the honor, establishing the boundaries, and vindicating the neutral rights of his country; restoring a sound currency, and laying its foundation sure and deep; in upholding public credit; in promoting foreign commerce and domestic industry; in developing our uncounted material resources,—giving the lake and the river to trade,—and vindicating and interpreting the constitution and the law. On all these subjects,—on all measures practically in any degree affecting them,—he has inscribed opinions and left the traces of his hand. Everywhere the philosophical and patriot statesman and thinker will find that he has been before him, lighting the way, sounding the abyss. His weighty language, his sagacious warnings, his great maxims of empire, will be raised to view, and live to be deciphered when the final catastrophe shall lift the granite foundation in fragments from its bed.

In this connection I cannot but remark to how extraordinary an extent had Mr. Webster, by his acts, words, thoughts, or the events of his life, associated himself forever in the memory of all of us with every historical incident, or, at least, with every historical epoch, with every policy, with every glory, with every great name and fundamental institution, and grand or beautiful image, which are peculiarly and properly American. Look backwards to the planting of Plymouth and Jamestown; to the various scenes of colonial life in peace and war; to the opening and march and close of the Revolutionary drama; to the age of the Constitution; to Washington and Franklin and Adams and Jefferson; to the whole train of causes, from the Reformation downwards, which prepared us to be republicans; to that other train of causes which led us to be unionists,—look round on field, workshop, and deck, and hear the music of labor rewarded, fed, and protected; look on the bright sisterhood of the States, each singing as a seraph in her motion, yet blending in a common harmony,—and there is nothing which does not bring him by some tie to the memory of America. We seem to see his form and hear his deep, grave speech everywhere. By some felicity of his personal life; by some wise, deep, or beautiful word, spoken or written; by some service of his own, or some commemoration of the services of others; it has come to pass that "our granite hills, our inland seas, and prairies, and fresh, unbounded, magnificent wilderness," our encircling ocean, the Rock of the Pilgrims, our new-born sister of the Pacific, our popular assemblies, our free schools, all our cherished doctrines of education, and of the influence of religion, and material policy, and the law, and the Constitution, give us back his name. What American landscape will you look on, what subject of American interest will you study, what source of hope or of anxiety, as an American, will you acknowledge, that does not recall him!

I shall not venture, in this rapid and general recollection of Mr. Webster, to attempt to analyze that intellectual power which all admit to have been so extraordinary, or to compare or contrast it with the mental greatness of others, in variety or degree, of the living or the dead; or even to attempt to appreciate, exactly, and in reference to canons of art, his single attribute of eloquence. Consider, however, the remarkable phenomenon of excellence in three unkindred, one might have thought, incompatible forms of public speech,—that of the forum, with its double audience of bench and jury, of the halls of legislation, and of the most thronged and tumultuous assemblies of the people.

Consider, further, that this multiform eloquence exactly as his words fell, became at once so much accession to permanent literature, in the strictest sense, solid, attractive and rich, and ask how often in the history of public life such a thing has been exemplified. Recall what pervaded all these forms of display, and every effort in every form,—that union of naked intellect, in its largest measure, which penetrates to the exact truth of the matter in hand, by intuition or by inference, and discerns everything which may make it intelligible, probable, or credible to another, with an emotional and moral nature profound, passionate, and ready to kindle, and with an imagination enough to supply a hundredfold more of to accept; that union of greatness of soul with depth of heart, which made his speaking almost more an exhibition of character than of mere genius; the style, not merely pure, clear Saxon, but so constructed, so numerous as far as becomes prose, so forcible, so abounding in unlabored felicities; the words so choice; the epithet so pictured; the matter absolute truth, or the most exact and specious resemblance the human wit can devise; the treatment of the subject, if you have regard to the kind of truth he had to handle,—political, ethical, legal,—as deep, as complete as Paley's, or Locke's, or Butler's, or Alexander Hamilton's, of their subjects; yet that depth and that completeness of sense, made transparent as through crystal waters, all embodied in harmonious or well-composed periods, raised on winged language, vivified, fused, and poured along in a tide of emotion, fervid, and incapable to be withstood; recall the form, the eye, the brow, the tone of voice, the presence of the intellectual king of men,—recall him thus, and, in the language of Mr. Justice Story, commemorating Samuel Dexter, we may well "rejoice that we have lived in the same age, that we have listened to his eloquence, and been instructed by his wisdom."

I cannot leave the subject of his eloquence without returning to a thought I have advanced already. All that he has left, or the larger portion of all, is the record of spoken words. His works, as already collected, extend to many volumes,—a library of reason and eloquence, as Gibbon has said of Cicero's,—but they are volumes of speeches only, or mainly; and yet who does not rank him as a great American author? and author as truly expounding, and as characteristically exemplifying, in a pure, genuine, and harmonious English style, the mind, thought, point of view of objects, and essential nationality of his country as any other of our authors, professedly so denominated? Against the maxim of Mr. Fox, his speeches read well, and yet were good speeches—great speeches—in the delivery. For so grave were they, so thoughtful and true, so much the eloquence of reason at last, so strikingly always they contrived to link the immediate topic with other and broader principles, ascending easily to widest generalizations, so happy was the reconciliation of the qualities which engage the attention of hearers, yet reward the perusal of students, so critically did they keep the right side of the line which parts eloquence from rhetoric, and so far do they rise above the penury of mere debate, that the general reason of the country has enshrined them at once, and forever among our classics.

It is a common belief that Mr. Webster was a various reader; and I think it is true, even to a greater degree than has been believed. In his profession of politics, nothing, I think, worthy of attention had escaped him; nothing of the ancient or modern prudence; nothing which Greek or Roman or European speculation in that walk had explored, or Greek or Roman or European or universal history or public biography exemplified. I shall not soon forget with what admiration he spoke, at an interview to which he admitted me, while in the Law School at Cambridge, of the politics and ethics of Aristotle, and of the mighty mind which, as he said, seemed to have "thought through" so many of the great problems which form the discipline of social man. American history and American political literature he had by heart,—the long series of influences which trained us for representative and free government; that other series of influences which molded us into a united government; the Colonial era; the age of controversy before the Revolution; every scene and every person in that great tragic action; every question which has successively engaged our politics, and every name which has figured in them,—the whole stream of our time was open, clear, and present ever to his eye.

Beyond his profession of politics, so to call it, he had been a diligent and choice reader, as his extraordinary style in part reveals; and I think the love of reading would have gone with him to a later and riper age if to such an age it had been the will of God to preserve him. This is no place or time to appreciate this branch of his acquisitions; but there is an interest inexpressible in knowing who were any of the chosen from among the great dead in the library of such a man. Others may correct me, but I should say of that interior and narrower circle were Cicero, Virgil, Shakespeare,—whom he knew familiarly as the Constitution,—Bacon, Milton, Burke, Johnson,—to whom I hope it is not pedantic nor fanciful to say, I often thought his nature presented some resemblance; the same abundance of the general propositions required for explaining a difficulty and refuting a sophism copiously and promptly occurring to him; the same kindness of heart and wealth of sensibility, under a manner, of course, more courteous and gracious, yet more sovereign; the same sufficient, yet not predominant, imagination, stooping ever to truth, and giving affluence, vivacity, and attraction to a powerful, correct and weighty style of prose.

I cannot leave this life and character without selecting and dwelling a moment on one or two of his traits, or virtues, or felicities, a little longer. There is a collective impression made by the whole of an eminent person's life, beyond and other than, and apart from, that which the mere general biographer would afford the means of explaining. There is an influence of a great man derived from things indescribable, almost, or incapable of enumeration, or singly insufficient to account for it, but through which his spirit transpires, and his individuality goes forth on the contemporary generation. And thus, I should say, one grand tendency of his life and character was to elevate the whole tone of the public mind. He did this, indeed, not merely by example. He did it by dealing, as he thought, truly and in manly fashion with that public mind. He evinced his love of the people, not so much by honeyed phrases as by good counsels and useful service, *vera pro gratis*. He showed how he appreciated them by submitting sound arguments to their understandings and right motives to their free will. He came before them, less with flattery than with instruction; less with a vocabulary larded with the words humanity and philanthropy, and progress and brotherhood, than with a scheme of politics, an educational, social and governmental system, which would have made them prosperous, happy and great.

What the greatest of the Greek historians said of Pericles, we all feel might be said of him: "He did not so much follow as lead the people, because he framed not his words to please them, like one who is gaining power by unworthy means, but was able and dared, on the strength of his high character, even to brave their anger by contradicting their will."

I should indicate it as another influence of his life, acts, and opinions, that it was, in an extraordinary degree, uniformly and liberally conservative. He saw with vision as of a prophet, that if our system of united government can be maintained till a nationality shall be generated, of due intensity and due comprehension, a glory indeed millennial, a progress without end, a triumph of humanity hitherto unseen, were ours; and, therefore, he addressed himself to maintain that united government.

Standing on the Rock of Plymouth, he bade distant generations hail, and saw them rising, "demanding life, impatient for the skies," from what then were "fresh, unbounded, magnificent wildernesses"; from the shore of the great, tranquil sea, not yet become ours. But observe to what he welcomes them; by what he would bless them. "It is to good government." It is to "treasures of science and delights of learning." It is to the "sweets of domestic life, the immeasurable good of rational existence, the immortal hopes of Christianity, the light of everlasting truth."

It will be happy if the wisdom and temper of his administration of our foreign affairs shall preside in the time which is at hand. Sobered, instructed by the examples and warnings of all the past, he yet gathered from the study and comparison of all the eras that there is a silent progress of the race,—without pause, without haste, without return,—to which the counsellings of history are to be accommodated by a wise philosophy. More than, or as much as that of any of our public characters, his statesmanship was one which recognized a Europe, an old world, but yet grasped the capital idea of the American position, and deduced from it the whole fashion and color of its policy; which discerned that we are to play a high part in human affairs, but discerned, also, what part it is,—peculiar, distant, distinct, and grand as our hemisphere; an influence, not a contact,—the stage, the drama, the catastrophe, all but the audience, all our own,—and if ever he felt himself at a loss, he consulted, reverently, the genius of Washington.

In bringing these memories to a conclusion,—for I omit many things because I dare not trust myself to speak them,—I shall not be misunderstood, or give offence, if I hope that one other trait in his public character, one doctrine, rather, of his political creed, may be remembered and be appreciated. It is one of the two fundamental precepts in which Plato, as expounded by the great master of Latin eloquence and reason and morals, comprehends the duty of those who share in the conduct of the state,—"*ut quaecunque agunt, totum corpus republica curent, nedum partem aliquam tuentur, reliquas deserant*"; that they comprise in their care the whole body of the Republic, nor keep one part and desert another. He gives the reason,—one reason,—of the precept, "*qui autem parti civium consulunt, partem negligunt, rem perniciosissimam in civitatem inducunt, seditionem atque discordiam.*" The patriotism which embraces less than the whole induces sedition and discord, the last evil of the State.

How profoundly he had comprehended this truth; with what persistency, with what passion, from the first hour he became a public man to the last beat of the great heart, he cherished it; how little he accounted the good, the praise, the blame of this locality or that, in comparison of the larger good and the general and thoughtful approval of his own, and our, whole America,—she this day feels and announces. Wheresoever a drop of her blood flows in the veins of men, this trait is felt and appreciated. The hunter beyond Superior; the fisherman on the deck of the nigh night-foundered skiff; the sailor on the uttermost sea,—will feel, as he hears these tidings, that the protection of a sleepless, all-embracing, parental care is withdrawn from him for a space, and that his pathway henceforward is more solitary and less safe than before.

But I cannot pursue these thoughts. Among the eulogists who have just uttered the eloquent sorrow of England at the death of the great Duke, one has employed an image and an idea which I venture to modify and appropriate. "The Northmen's image of death is finer than that of other climes; no skeleton, but a gigantic figure that envelops men within the massive folds of his dark garment." Webster seems so unshrouded from us, as the last of the mighty three, themselves following a mighty series,—the greatest closing procession. The robe draws round him, and the era is past.

Yet how much there is which that all-ample fold shall not hide, the recorded wisdom, the great example, the assured immortality. They speak of monuments!

> "Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven;
> No pyramids set off his memories
> But the eternal substance of his greatness;
> To which I leave him."

CHAMP CLARK

AARON BURR

[Address by Champ Clark, lawyer, educator, member of Congress from Missouri (born in Anderson County, Kentucky, March 7, 1850; ———), delivered upon various occasions in Southern cities.]

Of all the men who have reached the Vice-Presidency of the United States, save and except Thomas Jefferson alone, Aaron Burr is easily the most fascinating and most brilliant. He discharged the onerous duties of that exalted station—as indeed he did those of every position he ever held—with grace, tact, and signal ability. The Vice-Presidency was a theatre peculiarly suited for the display of his shining talents; and notwithstanding the odium which clusters about his name, the traditions of the Senate still rank him foremost among its presiding officers. Far better for him and those who loved him had he died while President of the most august body on earth before the evil days came which linked his name indissolubly with Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold.

It is one of the queerest freaks of fate that Arnold and Burr performed in company their most heroic deed—the winter's march through the woods of Canada and the Christmas storming of Quebec—than which all history furnishes nothing more heroic, and that together, for acts in no way connected and separated by more than a quarter of a century, they are forever pilloried as traitors to their country.

It is with pity unspeakable that one reads the story of Aaron Burr. It is the saddest chapter in the annals of the human race. We turn from the perusal of that

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checkered life—of so much glory and so much shame—with the settled conviction that there was but one thing needful to have made him one of the most resplendent figures in American history—a moral sense. Of that he was as destitute as the beasts which perish. And for this fatal deficiency nothing can compensate—neither brilliant talents nor lofty eloquence, nor profound learning, nor leonine courage, nor winsome manners, nor sparkling wit, nor handsome presence, nor amiable qualities, nor renowned ancestry. With all these—good within themselves and universally coveted by the children of men—Aaron Burr was lavishly endowed by Nature in her most prodigal of moods; but she withheld from him the most precious of her gifts—a pure and honest heart. On the contrary, she placed in his bosom, one which, in the language of Holy Writ, was "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," or, as the law books say, "regardless of social duty and fatally bent on mischief." That he did many things which were right there can be no cavil; but after reading all the biographies ever written of him and all that history has to tell, I do not believe that it can be truthfully asserted that he ever did anything because it was right or left anything undone because it was wrong. To fill a long felt want, the lawyers have invented the phrase "moral insanity"; the incurable defect in Burr's make-up was "moral idiocy," so to speak: that is to say he was constitutionally and utterly void of moral principle and wholly incapable of discerning or appreciating it in others. Morally, he was totally color-blind.

Whether outstripping all his fellows at Princeton; deliberately scouting the religion of his fathers; fighting valiantly as a soldier of the Revolution; making love to all women, bewitching many and marrying a widow older than himself; standing proudly at the head of the New York Bar; filling the great offices of Attorney-General, Senator of the United States, and Vice-President; remaining silent and motionless when a word or motion would have made him President; killing Alexander Hamilton in a duel; fleeing in disguise a fugitive from justice; dreaming of an empire, himself the emperor; plotting the ruin and dismemberment of his country; on trial for his life on a charge of high treason; a vagabond in Europe, to-day dancing with ladies of the blood royal, to-morrow starving in a garret; stealing back muffled incognito to his native land; cut by his old acquaintances, repulsed by his quondam friends; at the age of nearly fourscore wedding Madame Jumel against her will; carrying for forty years a load of obloquy sufficient to have damned half the world; at last on the banks of the River Styx cracking jokes with the grim Ferryman himself;—anywhere, everywhere, in all places, at all times, and under all circumstances, he is the same: bland, bold, brilliant, amiable, seductive, plausible, *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*; and utterly without trace of conscience.

It has been generally assumed that Burr's downfall dates from Weehawken, July 11, 1804, when and where he killed Alexander Hamilton, in the most celebrated duel of modern times. Indeed, James Parton, the most partial of his biographers, speaks of their both falling on that fatal field. The truth, however, as we shall presently see, is that Burr was far down the hill on the road to measureless infamy years before he shot Hamilton.

The old Latin poet hath it, "*Facilis descensus Averni.*" Certainly the bad, brilliant son of gentle Esther Edwards realized in all its force the truth of that ancient saying, Easy the descent into Hell; and precipitately, if gracefully, Aaron Burr descended from the lofty pinnacle of the Vice-Presidency to a condition far worse than annihilation. Hamilton's tragic death, "the deep damnation of his taking-off," merely hastened, but did not produce the inevitable catastrophe.

To his eternal credit be it said that Aaron Burr organized victory for Democracy, or as James Parton puts the fact: "It was Aaron Burr who taught the Democratic party how to conquer." To his wisdom, vigilance, activity, tact, courage, and ambition more than to those of any other man, or of all other men combined, is the country indebted for the election of Thomas Jefferson and for the numberless blessings which flowed from that event.

He could not have been elected without the electoral vote of New York. The State of New York could not have been carried for him without New York City, and New York City could not have been carried for him if it had not been for the masterly manipulation of city politics by Aaron Burr. Verily, verily, history frequently repeats itself. Jefferson and old John Adams, Burr and Alexander Hamilton, George Clinton and Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, have slept in their graves for lo! these many years, but the City of New York still selects our Presidents.

At that time New York's Legislature appointed her Presidential Electors. In 1797 General Schuyler, Hamilton's father-in-law, was elected to succeed Burr in the the United States Senate, receiving every vote in the Legislature but two! In 1798, John Jay, "a high-flying Federalist," was elected Governor and was still Governor in 1800. In 1799 the Federalists carried everything before them. Even Burr was defeated for the Lower House of the Legislature. Alexander Hamilton was monarch of all he surveyed. Jefferson declared that the prospect of being President was more doubtful than in 1796, when he was beaten by John Adams. The situation was not cheerful certainly; but Burr went resolutely to work, and all was completely changed in the twinkling of an eye.

The *sine qua non* to the election of a Democratic President was to elect an anti-Federal delegation from New York City to the Legislature. Hamilton was so sanguine of success that he selected as Federal candidates some of his obscurest and supplest political henchmen. On the other hand, Burr selected the veteran George Clinton, for eighteen years Governor of New York, afterwards Vice-President and not without Presidential aspirations; General Horatio Gates, the hero of Saratoga; Brockholst Livingston, the fair rose and expectancy of the extensive and puissant Livingston connection and subsequently a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States; and for the remainder, the most popular and influential men who could be found on Manhattan Island. It required much blandishment, pressure, and diplomacy, much appealing to patriotism, to induce these distinguished citizens to accept. Finally, however, against their own inclination and in the face of their oft repeated declinations, the wily schemer forced from them their reluctant consent to permit themselves to be elected—which they were by 490 majority. Nothing but the personal popularity, eminent public services, and baronial wealth of the candidates could have secured the result of that election—which was the beginning of a national victory that changed the history of the continent, perhaps of the world. No difference how grievously he sinned afterwards, nor how much abuse was heaped upon him subsequently, Aaron Burr should have the lion's share of the praise for wresting the country from the iron grip and malign policy of the Federalists. His motive may have been personal aggrandizement pure and simple ; it may have been patriotism undefiled; it may have been the desire to outwit and humble Hamilton and his renowned father-in-law; it may have been, and probably was, a mixture of all three: but whatever it was, the result was the same—the death of Federalism and the triumph of Jefferson and Jeffersonian Democracy.

This happened in April, 1800, and utterly astounded Hamilton, who honestly believed that the election of a Democrat boded unmixed evil to the Republic. His settled opinion was that at best and even in the hands of the Federalists, who always gave it the most liberal construction and resolved all doubts in its favor, the constitution was a "weak and worthless fabric," "a mere makeshift," "a rope of sand." To his distempered imagination Democracy and Anarchy were one and the same thing. Although everybody else saw and interpreted the handwriting on the wall and yielded as gracefully as possible to the inevitable, Hamilton determined to make a desperate attempt to prevent the realization of Democratic hopes. He was willing to do evil that good—or what he esteemed good—might come of it, a dangerous performance always, but doubly dangerous when the eyes are blinded by ambition and the heart gangrened with jealousy. To him the triumph of Democracy in any guise was deplorable, but in the persons of Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr it was simply intolerable, for of all created beings he hated these men the worst. Their triumph, in his judgment, in addition to being a stupendous national calamity, was an irreparable personal misfortune and political extinction to him. In order to avert this total ruin to both himself and the country,—and the truth is that in his mind the country and himself were one and inseparable,—he endeavored to commit a colossal crime against free government and was prevented only by the good sense and sturdy honesty of another.

The fashion is and has been to prate much of Hamilton's virtue, honesty, patriotism, and morality; to represent his contests with Burr as a warfare between Good and Evil, between the powers of Light and the powers of Darkness, when the plain, sober, unvarnished truth is that Hamilton was just about as bad as Burr, and the difference between them was only the inappreciable difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. In fact Aaron Burr rendered inestimable service to Alexander Hamilton's fame by killing him. Many of the Federalists were weary of the domination of Hamilton and in their secret hearts were glad he was gone; but as he was killed by a Democratic Vice-President, in his death they saw a chance, as they thought, to prop the falling fortunes of their party. By their laudation of Hamilton they intended the apotheosis of the rankest Federalism; in anathematizing Burr they were gibbeting Democracy; but, as the Federal party was too dead to resurrect by any sort of incantation or legerdemain Hamilton, though in his grave, became the beneficiary of the whole performance. Consequently his fame has been constantly growing from that day to this, and he has so dwarfed all his party fellows that, in the lapse of time, he has come to stand alone for Federalism. He has this virtue above them all. Of the entire party he only had the manliness and courage openly to pronounce the British Government the most perfect ever devised by the wit of man and to declare without qualification in favor of "King, Lords, and Commons."

Again, Burr was, in this dueling matter, made the scapegoat for all the sins of all the ages, while Hamilton was posed as the illustrious victim and martyr. The public opinion of the North was in condition to revolt against the code. It required only the death of a distinguished man to set the country in a blaze of indignation and to sweep the bloody system off the face of the earth. Of course, the preachers were to a man against dueling, and they were made to believe that Hamilton was bitterly opposed to it, and was dragged into it by Burr; consequently they eulogized Hamilton to the skies for what good he had done and much he hadn't done, censured him very slightly for his participation in the duel, and poured out the vials of their wrath upon Burr's defenseless head. And as many of them were Federalists, they managed to mix up a good deal of anti-Democratic politics with their funeral theology. They sent Hamilton to Hades in a blaze of oratorical pyrotechnics. One man at least, the Rev. Eliphalet Nott, of Albany, laid the foundation of a princely fortune and great career by shooting off a skyrocket of prodigious size and portentious splendor on that occasion. No doubt the Rev. Eliphalet during his sixty-six years' incumbency of the Presidency of Union College, had frequent occasion to congratulate himself and repeat that bit of cynical philosophy voiced in the sentence: "It is an ill wind that blows good to nobody." Most assuredly the wind was in precisely the right quarter for Eliphalet's sails when Burr "removed" Hamilton. Many years after Burr was laid away in his grave of obloquy at Princeton some person whose name is still unknown, surreptitiously at night, erected a handsome monument to his memory. Much ingenuity has been wasted to ascertain who performed that grateful deed and why. Perhaps it was the Rev. Eliphalet Nott, paying to Burr's shade a modicum of the debt of gratitude he owed him for the golden opportunity which Burr unwittingly afforded him of leaping at one bound into the charmed and exclusive circle of the immortals. Indeed the Rev. Eliphalet Nott was not the only man whose fortune Burr unintentionally made as an orator. He was the cause of William Wirt's delivering that Blennerhasset speech—who of us does not know it by heart?—Mrs. Blennerhasset, freezing tears, wintry winds, garden, river, ice, Shenstone shrubbery, philosophic apparatus, sun, moon, stars, and all—the most spectacular piece of rhetoric in the English language, Phillips's wonderful rhapsody on Napoleon alone excepted.

Burr has been a sort of oratorical chopping-block for three generations. Where is the public speaker who has not trained himself in invective by holding up Aaron Burr as "an awful example," and by using him "to point a moral or adorn a tale"? Burr, who was himself a renowned orator and who came of a race of orators, has been roughly handled by the whole tribe of orators. I haven't been able to discover his opinion of Eliphalet's tear-compelling performance; but he always regarded Wirt's magnificent philippic as a huge joke. It afforded him the fund for infinite amusement, and, poor soul! he certainly needed something to amuse him for at least two score of black and bitter years. He committed it to memory and to his dying day delighted to repeat it to his cronies with tragic air *a la* the great Virginian, and then to ridicule it by explaining to them the true situation and describing the real characters in that melancholy drama. No doubt it was furious fun for the mild young bloods who gathered about this discredited and dreadful old sinner in his hideous old age. But his merriment over that speech has always seemed to me as ghastly a performance as if a convicted felon, on the gallows, with noose about his neck, and black cap adjusted, should laugh at the language of his death-warrant: for it was at once his death-warrant and his epitaph. It was the master hand of William Wirt that drew the portrait recognized by the world as that of Aaron Burr. It is an awful picture—perhaps a gross caricature; but over it men will linger as over Dore's devils or Murillo's beggars. It holds the first place in the rogues' gallery. Its colors are eternal and warranted not to fade. Neither will the fame of the great artist whose masterpiece it is fade. It placed him side by side with Demosthenes, Cicero, Charles James Fox, and Patrick Henry. Nott and Wirt together, preacher and lawyer, forever fixed the status of Aaron Burr—a man far greater than either of them. Ah! Mr. Vice-President! O gallant soldier of the Revolution! O erring son of a gentle mother! O kindest and tenderest of fathers! O subtlest and boldest of schemers! O heartless and decrepit harlequin! That speech by William Wirt is no joke now. The answer which he gave to his own question "Who is Blennerhasset?" has done the work for you effectually till time shall be no more.

But to return to Hamilton and the election. He was determined that no Democrat, particularly the hated Jefferson whom he denounced as "a hypocrite," and "fanatical Jacobin," or Burr, whom he regarded as "an embryo Bonaparte," should succeed old John Adams, whom he esteemed "a madman," if he could prevent it by fair means or foul. So he attempted to commit a great crime, the same crime which his lineal political descendants the Republican chieftains committed in 1877—the rape of the Presidency. Nothing could be clearer than that the people of New York in the spring of 1800 elected a Democratic legislature for the express purpose, *inter alia*, of selecting Democratic Presidential electors. But this new Legislature did not meet till June. Technically the old Federal Legislature had two months of life; really it was *functus officio*. Drowning men catch at straws, and Hamilton reached out, as he went down, to grasp one. He wrote to the Governor of New York, John Jay, who was a stanch Federalist, beseeching him to convene that old repudiated Federal Legislature in extraordinary session for the purpose of appointing Federal Presidential electors, in direct and flagrant violation of the expressed will of the people. Parenthetically it may be remarked that neither the extinct Federalists nor the Republicans have ever scrupled to defy the will of the people. But Governor Jay was an honest man and refused to be *particeps criminis* with Hamilton in the nefarious plot than which Aaron Burr, himself "damned to everlasting fame," never conceived or concocted one blacker, more wicked, or more treasonable. Jay's indorsement upon Hamilton's letter is in these words: "Proposing a measure for party purposes, which I think it would not become me to adopt." Noble John Jay. Those were words fitly spoken and are like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Zach Chandler *et id omne genus* who defrauded Samuel J. Tilden of the Presidency, can hide their diminished heads beneath the eagle pinion of Alexander Hamilton, when arraigned at the bar of public opinion for the commission of that monumental crime which the rightful President declared the American people would never condone.

And here, as well as elsewhere, it may be stated that Aaron Burr appears to have founded that school of political wire-pullers and manipulators which still flourishes in New York, and whose most skilful masters among Democrats have been Aaron Burr, DeWitt Clinton, Martin Van

Buren, Dean Richmond, Samuel J. Tilden, and David B. Hill, and among their political antagonists Thurlow Weed, William H. Seward, Henry J. Raymond, and Thomas C. Platt. Aaron Burr was a soldier. He knew how to command men and how to drill them. He forced upon the Democrats that discipline which gave them the victory of 1800 and other victories for twenty years after he was discredited and driven into exile. "All who numbered themselves as its members," says Professor Renwick, in his "Life of DeWitt Clinton," "were required to yield implicit obedience to the will of its majority; that majority was made to move at the beck of committees, which concentrated the power in the hands of a few individuals. Denunciation as a traitor was the fate of him who ventured to act in conformity to his individual opinion when it did not meet with the general sanction."

In due time all the States elected or appointed their electors, of whom there were for Jefferson and Burr 73, or a clear majority of 8. "'Twas a glorious victory."

Up to this point, so far as can be ascertained, Burr had done nothing incompatible with the highest standard of political honesty and personal honor, and he stood very high in the estimation of his countrymen. Under the Constitution, before the Twelfth Amendment was adopted, each elector voted for two men for President, and the one receiving the highest number of votes was to be President, the one receiving the next highest was to be Vice-President. That is how it happened that in 1788, John Adams, who received only 34 votes out of 69 electoral votes became Vice-President, and how it happened that in 1796 Adams was elected President and Jefferson Vice-President, when they were running against each other for President. Well, it so happened, unfortunately, that Jefferson and Burr each received 73 votes—the highest number received by anybody. As a matter of fact nobody had really voted for Burr for President. It was as clearly understood that Jefferson was the candidate for President and Burr for Vice-President, as that Grover Cleveland and Adlai E. Stevenson were candidates for those offices respectively in 1892. But under the clumsy provision of the Constitution Burr was as much elected President as Jefferson was.

The Constitution further provided that in the event of two or more persons receiving the same number of votes —being the highest number cast for anyone,—the matter should be referred to the House of Representatives, where the delegation from each State should have one vote; and it was so referred. Now, it so turned out that the Federalists were in the majority in the Lower House of Congress, but did not control a majority of the State delegations. In order to harass and divide the Democrats they concluded to thwart the will of the people and elect Burr if possible. They came near succeeding. Had Burr been an ideally honest man he would have said in unmistakable terms: "The people really elected Mr. Jefferson President and myself Vice-President, and I will not be a party to defeating the will of the people. You Federal Congressmen must not vote for me for President. I will not accept the office in such disgraceful manner." That is what he ought to have said. Had he done so, he would have put an instant end to a contest which roused the country to a state of dangerous excitement, and which almost precipitated civil war. Had he done so the chances are that he would have been Jefferson's successor in the Presidency, would now rank high among our patriots and sages, and would have escaped the follies, crimes, and sufferings of forty years and the obloquy of all time.

Let us be perfectly just to this much abused and greatly sinning man. His was a sin of omission, not of commission. There is not a scintilla of evidence that he endeavored even in the slightest degree to win a vote to himself. He was perfectly passive. He did not go to Washington while the contest was raging. He employed nobody there to intrigue for him. He remained at Albany, four hundred miles away, discharging his duties as a member of the New York Legislature. He wrote no letters to further his interests. But he knew that for a week his and Jefferson's political enemies were balloting to make him President, when no mortal man had so desired; that it was a tie; that a great crime against free government was about to be committed in his name and for his behalf; and he kept his peace; he did nothing; he "opened not his mouth"; he let things take their course.

James H. Bayard, who was then the sole Representative from Delaware in Congress, says that Burr could have been President by deceiving one man who was a great blockhead and by corrupting two who were dishonest. He simply did nothing. Like Barkis he was willin'; and his willingness to be made the beneficiary of a great crime committed under the forms of law, of being made the receiver of stolen goods, was his first step on to the road to such infamy as few men ever reach. His flagrant sin of omission convinced people that he would not do to trust and deprived him of the friendship and influence of all right-thinking men.

It is bootless to inquire if he was hardly dealt with, and whether any man would have possessed the moral courage and self-abnegation to act differently. The doctrine of "Put yourself in his place" does not apply to his case. The vast majority of people are not in his place—can't be, don't expect to be. But very weak and lowly people may erect very lofty ideals, and the American people—the bulk of them at least—think that men of ability enough to climb to the giddy heights where Aaron Burr stood in February, 1801, have brains enough to know what is right and ought to have conscience enough to do the right. To no man that ever lived can Shakespeare's words be more aptly applied than to Burr in this exigency:—

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their lives
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

What a contrast between Aaron Burr and Henry Clay, who nobly declared that he would rather be right than President! How Burr shrinks and shrivels into a dwarf when his conduct in the crisis of his fate is compared with that of another great New Yorker, the lordly Roscoe Conkling, on a not dissimilar occasion.

The Chicago Republican National Convention of 1880 can never be forgotten so long as history is read. It was one of the most distinguished bodies of men that the sun ever looked down upon. For days the battle raged between Grant's Old Guard with Conkling at their head and the Young Guard led by James A. Garfield. It was a struggle of the giants. On one side the cry was : "The Old Commander!" On the other: "Anything to beat Grant!" The night before John Sherman was stabbed to death in the house of his Ohio friends and General Garfield nominated, delegations from States enough to control the convention sought out Conkling and tendered him the nomination. For the honor of American statesmanship and human nature itself, let his answer never be forgotten; it was in these words: "Gentlemen, I appreciate your kind proposition. I could not be nominated in any event, for if I were to receive every other vote in the convention, my own would still be lacking, and that I would not give. I am here as the agent of the State of New York to support General Grant to the end. Any man who would forsake him under such conditions does not deserve to be elected and could not be elected."

His enemies said he was vain and haughty. Perhaps he was. He had a right to be. He was vain enough to be scrupulously honest. He was haughty enough to scorn an act of treason.

Among the misfortunes of Burr's life was this—Washington did not like Burr, and Burr did not admire Washington. After Burr's brilliant achievements under Montgomery and Arnold, on the Plains of Abraham, Washington, who only knew of him, invited him to become one of his military family, which position Burr accepted and occupied for a short time. Then they separated by mutual consent and mutual dislike. Wherefore? Perhaps neither could have answered the question categorically. It was instinct.—

"I do not love thee, Doctor Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell."

Burr underrated Washington, and Washington, while always giving Burr due credit for splendid capacity and superb service as a soldier, distrusted him as a man. Time has fully vindicated Washington's opinion of his brilliant subaltern.

The Conway plot to supplant Washington with Gates had its inception amid the horrors of Valley Forge, and grew out of Gates's capture of Burgoyne and Washington's Fabian campaigns. Its success would have ranked among the greatest calamities that ever befel our race. The proof is strong that Burr was deep in that historic intrigue. It would have come natural to him; because conspiracy was his forte. In the quarrel between Washington and General Charles Lee touching the battle of Monmouth, Burr heartily espoused the cause of the latter. It was in a letter to Burr in which that disgruntled warrior penned the famous and sarcastic sentence: "I am going to resign my commission, retire to Virginia, and learn to hoe tobacco, which I find is the best school to form a consummate *General*."

Washington's distrust was of serious import to Burr. It thwarted some of his darling ambitions and may—who knows?—have changed the current of his life. It prevented his appointment as Minister to France, a position which he greatly desired and for which he was pressed by the entire Democratic party in Congress, at a time when Washington had promised the place to them to quiet the spirit of unrest then abroad in the land. They thrice asked him to appoint Burr and he thrice refused, finally bluntly saying that he would not appoint a man whose integrity he doubted, and that Colonel Burr was not a man of integrity. He appointed James Monroe, the most unswerving Democrat of them all. Afterwards during our troubles with France when Washington was made Commander-in-Chief of the Army, with rank of Lieutenant-General, especially created for him, with power of selecting his officers, Burr set his heart on being a Brigadier, which was also refused him. He would have made a model Ambassador to France, or an ideal General of Brigade; but the Father of his Country would have none of him. All his brilliancy could not dazzle the foremost man of all this world, or atone in his unerring judgment for the lack of the one thing needful. Burr himself attributed Washington's dislike of him and the crossing of his ambition to the machinations of Hamilton. He pondered these things bitterly in his heart, and in his mind they formed specifications of his indictment against

Hamilton, which the latter answered with his life upon the banks of the Hudson.

An impartial study of Burr and Hamilton will convince any unprejudiced mind that Burr was at least Hamilton's equal, if not his superior, as a soldier, orator, scholar, lawyer, and politician. They were about the same age; they held the same rank in the army; they were both members of Washington's military household; apparently their chances in the race of life were equal, if there were any difference Burr's were rather the better; but, for reasons satisfactory to himself, Washington gave to Hamilton, the West Indian adventurer, his love and confidence, both of which he resolutely withheld from Burr, the child of New England Puritans; and, in so doing, such was his vast influence over his contemporaries, started one on the broad highway to success, and the other upon the broader and easier road to infamy.

If Burr was without integrity as Washington thought, if he had a bad heart and no conscience as the world now believes, what becomes of the well-developed and carefully cherished theory of heredity? How can philosophers and psychologists explain the astounding fact that the son of President Burr, of Princeton, whose virtues were the resounding theme of every tongue,—the grandson of Jonathan Edwards, the well-nigh perfect man,—how can they explain the indubitable fact that their descendant, the heir of numerous generations of Puritan conscience and New England excellence, should be the sinner paramount of his age? This problem is worthy of their profoundest consideration. That in the beginning of his career and the morning of his fame his kinship to these people helped him, no sane man can doubt,—old John Adams says it was his chief stock in trade, and that the same fact stands as a heavy item against him in his final account with mankind is equally clear. They make it in him a matter of guilt that in his veins flowed the blood of the Psalm-singing Roundheads who charged with Oliver at Naseby, Marston Moor, and Dunbar, shouting, "God with us!"

In this brilliant man's entire character there is but one redeeming feature—he loved his only child, the beautiful and gifted Theodosia, with a fervor and devotion rarely equaled and never excelled. Whatever of heart he possessed, he lavished upon her; his care, his solicitude, his labor for her was enthusiastic and unceasing; and she repaid him in Scripture measure—"heaped up, pressed down, and running over." In the midst of his misfortunes, in the deepest of his ignominy, when the vast majority of his countrymen were clamoring for his blood, she writes him daily and hourly bidding him be of good cheer, while she is hastening to his beloved presence, to stand by his side in the prisoner's dock and share his quarters in the Richmond penitentiary.

In one of her tender epistles to him she says: "I had rather not live than not to be the daughter of such a man," as Aaron Burr! All history presents no attachment stronger than that of this fallen archangel and Theodosia. David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias—these have been celebrated themes for orators and poets from a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. But they were strong men,—veteran soldiers. Theodosia Alston's love for her father overtops them all and half-redeems his fame; for it stands to reason and to nature that there must have been something good in a man who could inspire such deathless affection in a heart so pure as hers. She died at last in an effort and on a voyage to once more clasp him to her faithful breast, when, loaded with infamy, he was shunned and cursed by all mankind and had become a hissing and a by-word in the mouth of the civilized world. Her death, awful in its mystery, impossible to think of even now without a shudder, was the only thing that ever melted his hard heart or humbled his defiant soul amid countless calamities and through forty years of the most terrible punishment ever inflicted on any of the sons of Adam.

After a careful study of all the evidence in the case, I believe it was Burr's consuming love for his devoted daughter which lured him into that wild but dazzling dream of a Mexican empire. He would perjure his immortal soul, he would commit high treason, he would drench the continent in blood, he would destroy his country,—on its ruins he would erect a throne to the end that he might be emperor—that the child of his heart might be empress and that the crown might at last encircle the radiant brow of her little son. 'Twas a monstrously wicked but wondrously seductive vision.

Though this man's sins are as scarlet—though in the forum of conscience or at the bar of public opinion, no plea in imagination can be urged for this illustrious culprit, what father, thoroughly in love with an only daughter, will not think more kindly of Aaron Burr and will not feel like throwing a flower upon that lonely and execrated grave, even while condemning the man and detesting his crimes?

HENRY CLAY

ADDRESS TO LAFAYETTE

[Address by Henry Clay, lawyer, statesman, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Senator, Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President John Quincy Adams (born in "The Slashes," Hanover County, Virginia, April 12, 1777; died in Washington, D. C., June 29, 1852), delivered in the House on December 10, 1824, on the occasion of Lafayette's last visit to America.]

GENERAL:—The House of Representatives of the United States, impelled alike by its own feelings and by those of the whole American people, could not have assigned to me a more gratifying duty than that of presenting to you cordial congratulations upon the occasion of your recent arrival in the United States, and to assure you of the very high satisfaction which your presence affords on this early theatre of your glory and renown. Although but few of the members who compose this body shared with you in the war of our Revolution, all have, from impartial history, or from faithful tradition, a knowledge of the perils, the sufferings and the sacrifices which you voluntarily encountered and the signal service, in America and in Europe, which you performed for an infant, a distant and an alien people; and all feel and own the very great extent of the obligations under which you have placed our country.

But the relations in which you have ever stood to the United States, interesting and important as they have been, do not constitute the only motive of the respect and admiration which the House of Representatives entertain for you. Your consistency of character, your uniform devotion to regulated liberty, in all the vicissitudes of a long and arduous life, also command its admiration. During all the recent convulsions of Europe, amid, as after the dispersion of, every political storm, the people of the United States have beheld you, true to your old principles, firm and erect, cheering and animating with your well-known voice, the votaries of liberty, its faithful and fearless champion, ready to shed the last drop of that blood which here you so freely and nobly spilled in the same holy cause.

The vain wish has been sometimes indulged, that Providence would allow the patriot, after death, to return to his country, and to contemplate the intermediate changes which had taken place; to view the forests felled, the cities built, the mountains leveled, the canals cut, the highways constructed, the progress of the arts, the advancement of learning and the increase of population. General, your present visit to the United States is a realization of the consoling object of that wish. You are in the midst of posterity. Everywhere you must have been struck with the great changes, physical and moral, which have occurred since you left us. Even this very city, bearing a venerated name, alike endeared to you and to us, has since emerged from the forest which then covered its site.

In one respect you behold us unaltered, and this is in the sentiment of continued devotion to liberty and of ardent affection and profound gratitude to our departed friend, the Father of his Country, and to you and to your illustrious associates in the field and in the cabinet, for the multiplied blessings which surround us and for the very privilege of addressing you, which I now exercise. This sentiment, now fondly cherished by more than ten millions of people, will be transmitted with unabated vigor down the tide of time through the countless millions who are destined to inhabit this continent, to the latest posterity.

GROVER CLEVELAND

Photogravure after a photograph from life

GROVER CLEVELAND

INFLUENCE OF UNIVERSITIES

[Address by Grover Cleveland, former President of the United States (born in Caldwell, N. J., March 18, 1837; ———), delivered at Princeton, N. J., at the celebration of the sesquicentennial anniversary of the signing of the charter of the College of New Jersey. On this occasion, the President of the institution, Rev. Francis L. Patton, D. D., LL.D., said: "I take great pleasure in announcing that from this moment that which for one hundred and fifty years has been known as the College of New Jersey is and shall be known in all future time as Princeton University." The President of the University desired on this occasion to confer upon Mr. Cleveland, then nearing the close of his second Presidential term, the degree of LL.D., but President Cleveland declined the honor.]

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—As those in different occupations and with different training each see most plainly in the same landscape view those features which are the most nearly related to their several habitual environments; so, in our contemplation of an event or an occasion, each individual especially observes and appreciates, in the light his mode of thought supplies, such of its features and incidents as are most in harmony with his mental situation.

To-day, while all of us warmly share the general enthusiasm and felicitation which pervades this assemblage, I am sure its various suggestions and meanings assume a prominence in our respective fields of mental vision, dependent upon their relation to our experience and condition. Those charged with the management and direction of the educational advantages of this noble institution most plainly see, with well-earned satisfaction, proofs of its growth and usefulness and its enhanced opportunities for doing good. The graduate of Princeton sees first the evidence of a greater glory and prestige that have come to his *alma mater* and the added honor thence reflected upon himself, while those still within her student halls see most prominently the promise of an increased dignity which awaits their graduation from Princeton University.

But there are others here, not of the family of Princeton, who see, with an interest not to be outdone, the signs of her triumphs on the fields of higher education, and the part she has taken during her long and glorious career in the elevation and betterment of a great people. Among these I take a humble place; and as I yield to the influences of this occasion, I cannot resist the train of thought which especially reminds me of the promise of national safety and the guarantee of the permanence of our free institutions which may and ought to radiate from the universities and colleges scattered throughout our land.

Obviously a government resting upon the will and universal suffrage of the people has no anchorage except in the people's intelligence. While the advantages of a collegiate education are by no means necessary to good citizenship, yet the college graduate, found everywhere, cannot smother his opportunities to teach his fellow-countrymen and influence them for good, nor hide his talents in a napkin, without recreancy to a trust.

In a nation like ours, charged with the care of numerous and widely varied interests, a spirit of conservatism and toleration is absolutely essential. A collegiate training, the study of principles unvexed by distracting and misleading influences, and a correct apprehension of the theories upon which our republic is established, ought to constitute the college graduate a constant monitor, warning against popular rashness and excess.

The character of our institutions and our national self-interest require that a feeling of sincere brotherhood and a disposition to unite in mutual endeavor should pervade our people. Our scheme of government in its beginning was based upon this sentiment, and its interruption has never failed and can never fail to grievously menace our national health. Who can better caution against passion and bitterness than those who know by thought and study their baneful consequences and who are themselves within the noble brotherhood of higher education?

There are natural laws and economic truths which commend implicit obedience, and which should unalterably fix the bounds of wholesome popular discussion and the limits of political strife. The knowledge gained in our universities and colleges would be sadly deficient if its beneficiaries were unable to recognize and point out to their fellow-citizens these truths and natural laws, and to teach the mischievous futility of their non-observance or attempted violation.

The activity of our people and their restless desire to gather to themselves especial benefits and advantages lead to the growth of an unconfessed tendency to regard their government as the giver of private gifts, and to look upon the agencies for its administration as the distributors of official places and preferment. Those who in university or college have had an opportunity to study the mission of our institutions, and who in the light of history have learned the danger to a people of their neglect of the patriotic care they owe the national life intrusted to their keeping, should be well fitted to constantly admonish their fellow-citizens that the usefulness and beneficence of their plan of government can only be preserved through their unselfish and loving support and their contented willingness to accept in full return the peace, protection, and opportunity which it impartially bestows.

Not more surely do the rules of honesty and good faith fix the standard of individual character in a community than do these same rules determine the character and standing of a nation in the world of civilization. Neither the glitter of its power, nor the tinsel of its commercial prosperity, nor the gaudy show of its people's wealth can conceal the cankering rust of national dishonesty, and cover the meanness of national bad faith. A constant stream of thoughtful, educated men should come from our universities and colleges preaching national honor and integrity, and teaching that a belief in the necessity of national obedience to the laws of God is not born of superstition.

I do not forget the practical necessity of political parties, nor do I deny their desirability. I recognize wholesome differences of opinion touching legitimate governmental policies, and would by no means control or limit the utmost freedom in their discussion. I have only attempted to suggest the important patriotic service which our institutions of higher education and their graduates are fitted to render to our people, in the enforcement of those immutable truths and fundamental principles which are related to our national condition, but should never be dragged into the field of political strife nor impressed into the service of partisan contention.

When the excitement of party warfare presses dangerously near our national safeguards, I would have the intelligent conservatism of our universities and colleges warn the contestants in impressive tones against the perils of a breach impossible to repair.

When popular discontent and passion are stimulated by the arts of designing partisans to a pitch perilously near to class hatred or sectional anger, I would have our universities and colleges sound the alarm in the name of American brotherhood and fraternal dependence.

When the attempt is made to delude the people into the belief that their suffrages can change the operation of natural laws, I would have our universities and colleges proclaim that those laws are inexorable and far removed from political control.

When selfish interest seeks undue private benefits through governmental aid, and public places are claimed as rewards of party service, I would have our universities and colleges persuade the people to a relinquishment of the demand for party spoils and exhort them to a disinterested and patriotic love of their government for its own sake, and because in its true adjustment and unperverted operation it secures to every citizen his just share of the safety and prosperity it holds in store for all.

When a design is apparent to lure the people from their honest thoughts and to blind their eyes to the sad plight of national dishonor and bad faith, I would have Princeton University, panoplied in her patriotic traditions and glorious memories, and joined by all the other universities and colleges of our land, cry out against the infliction of this treacherous and fatal wound.

I would have the influence of these institutions on the side of religion and morality. I would have those they send out among the people not ashamed to acknowledge God, and to proclaim His interposition in the affairs of men, enjoining such obedience to His laws as makes manifest the path of national perpetuity and prosperity.

I hasten to concede the good already accomplished by our educated men in purifying and steadying political sentiment ; but I hope I may be allowed to intimate my belief that their work in these directions would be easier and more useful if it were less spasmodic and occasional. The disposition of our people is such that while they may be inclined to distrust those who only on rare occasions come among them from an exclusiveness savoring of assumed superiority, they readily listen to those who exhibit a real fellowship and a friendly and habitual interest in all that concerns the common welfare. Such a condition of intimacy would, I believe, not only improve the general political atmosphere, but would vastly increase the influence of our universities and colleges in their efforts to prevent popular delusions or correct them before they reach an acute and dangerous stage.

I am certain, therefore, that a more constant and active participation in political affairs on the part of our men of education would be of the greatest possible value to our country.

It is exceedingly unfortunate that politics should be regarded in any quarter as an unclean thing, to be avoided by those claiming to be educated or respectable. It would be strange indeed if anything related to the administration of our government or the welfare of our nation should be essentially degrading. I believe it is not a superstitious sentiment that leads to the conviction that God has watched over our national life from its beginning. Who will say that the things worthy of God's regard and fostering care are unworthy of the touch of the wisest and best of men?

I would have those sent out by our universities and colleges not only the counsellors of their fellow-countrymen, but the tribunes of the people—fully appreciating every condition that presses upon their daily life, sympathetic in every untoward situation, quick and earnest in every effort to advance their happiness and welfare, and prompt and sturdy in the defence of all their rights.

I have but imperfectly expressed the thoughts to which I have not been able to deny utterance on an occasion so full of glad significance and so pervaded by the atmosphere of patriotic aspiration. Born of these surroundings, the hope cannot be vain that the time is at hand when all our countrymen will more deeply appreciate the blessings of American citizenship, when their disinterested love of their government will be quickened, when fanaticism and passion shall be banished from the field of politics, and when all our people, discarding every difference of condition or opportunity, will be seen under the banner of American brotherhood, marching steadily and unfalteringly on towards the bright heights of our national destiny.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

[Address by George William Curtis (born in Providence, R. I., February 24, 1824; died on Staten Island, N. Y., August 31, 1892), delivered before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences in Association Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., February 22, 1892. It is customary at the Institute to have an address each year on Washington's Birthday upon some eminent American. It had been expected that the speaker in 1892 would be Mr. Lowell, but his death occurred during the previous summer. As Mr. Lowell was born on February 22 (1819), it was decided to observe a double anniversary, and Mr. Curtis was invited to make the address, with Mr. Lowell for its subject. It was given before a large audience which included many persons of note. Mr. Curtis himself died in the same year in which this tribute to his friend and fellow scholar was paid.]

The birthday of Washington not only recalls a great historic figure, but it reminds us of the quality of great citizenship. His career is at once an inspiration and rebuke. Whatever is lofty, fair and patriotic in public conduct instinctively we call by his name ; whatever is base, selfish and unworthy is shamed by the lustre of his life. Like the flaming sword turning every way that guarded the gate of Paradise, Washington's example is the beacon shining at the opening of our annals and lighting the path of our national life. But the service that makes great citizenship is as various as genius and temperament.

Washington's conduct of the war was not more valuable to the country than his organization of the government, and it was not his special talent but his character that made both of those services possible. In public affairs the glamour of arms is always dazzling. It is the laurels of Miltiades, not those of Homer, or Phidias, or Demosthenes, which disturb and inspire the young Themistocles. But while military glory stirs the popular heart it is the traditions of national grandeur, the force of noble character, immortal works of literature and art, which nourish the sentiment that makes men patriots and heroes. The eloquence of Demosthenes aroused decadent Greece at last to strike for independence. The song of Körner fired the resistless charge of Lützow's cavalry. A pamphlet of our Revolution revived the flickering flame of colonial patriotism. The speech, the song, the written word, are deeds no less than the clash of arms at Chœronea and Yorktown and Gettysburg.

It is not only Washington the soldier and the statesman, but Washington the citizen, whom we chiefly remember. Americans are accused of making an excellent and patriotic Virginia gentleman a mythological hero and demigod. But what mythological hero or demigod is a figure so fair ? We say nothing of him to-day that was not said by those who saw and knew him, and in phrases more glowing than ours, and the concentrated light of a hundred years discloses nothing to mar the nobility of the incomparable man.

It was while the personal recollections and impressions of him were still fresh, while, as Lowell said, " Boston was not yet a city and Cambridge was still a country village," that Lowell was born in Cambridge seventy-three years ago to-day. His birth on Washington's birthday seems to be a happy coincidence, because each is so admirable an illustration of the two forces whose union has made America. Massachusetts and Virginia, although of very different origin and character, were the two colonial leaders. In Virginia politics, as in the aristocratic salons of Paris on the eve of the French Revolution, there was always a theoretical democracy ; but the spirit of the State was essentially aristocratic and conservative. Virginia was the Cavalier of the Colonies, Massachusetts was the Puritan. And when John Adams, New England personified, said in the Continental Congress that Washington ought to be General, the Puritan and the Cavalier clasped hands. The union of Massachusetts and Virginia for that emergency foretold the final union of the States, after a mighty travail of difference, indeed, and long years of strife.

The higher spirit of conservatism, its reverence for antiquity, its susceptibility to the romance of tradition, its instinct for continuity and development, and its antipathy to violent rupture ; the grace and charm and courtesy of established social order; in a word, the feminine element in national life, however far from actual embodiment in Virginia or in any colony, was to blend with the masculine force and creative energy of the Puritan spirit and produce all that we mean by America. This was the consummation which the Continental Congress did not see, but which was none the less forecast when John Adams summoned Washington to the chief Revolutionary command. It is the vision which still inspires the life and crowns the hope of every generous American, and it has had no truer interpreter and poet than Lowell. Well was he born on the anniversary of Washington's birth, for no American was ever more loyal to the lofty spirit, the grandeur of purpose, the patriotic integrity, none ever felt more deeply the scorn of ignoble and canting Americanism, which invest the name of Washington with imperishable glory.

The house in which Lowell was born has long been known as Elmwood, a stately house embowered in lofty trees, still full, in their season, of singing birds. It is one of the fine old mansions of which a few yet linger in the neighborhood of Boston, and it still retains its dignity of aspect, but a dignity somewhat impaired by the encroaching advance of the city and of the architectural taste of a later day. The house has its traditions, for it was built before the Revolution by the last loyal Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, whose stout allegiance to the British Crown was never shaken, and who left New England with regret when New England, also not without natural filial regret, left the British Empire. It is a legend of Elmwood that Washington was once its guest, and after the Revolution it was owned by Elbridge Gerry, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, who occupied it when he was Vice-President.

Not far away from Elmwood, Lowell's lifelong home, is the house which is doubly renowned as the headquarters of

Washington and the home of Longfellow. Nearer the colleges stands the branching elm—twin heir with the Charter Oak, of patriotic story—under which Washington took command of the Revolutionary army. Indeed, Cambridge is all Revolutionary ground and rich with Revolutionary tradition. Lexington common is but six miles away. Along the West Cambridge road galloped Paul Revere to Concord. Yonder marched the militia to Bunker Hill. Here were the quarters in which Burgoyne's redcoats were lodged after the surrender at Saratoga. But peaceful among the storied scenes of war stands the university, benign mother of educated New England, coeval with the Puritan settlement which has given the master impulse to American civilization.

The American is fortunate who, like Lowell, is born among such historic scenes and local associations, and to whose cradle the good fairy has brought the gift of sensitive appreciation. His birthplace was singularly adapted to his genius and his taste. The landscape, the life, the figures of Cambridge constantly appear both in his prose and verse, but he lays little stress upon the historic reminiscence. It is the picturesqueness, the character, the humor of the life around him which attract him. This apparent indifference to the historic charm of the neighborhood is illustrated in a little story that Lowell tells on his first visit to the White Mountains. In the Franconia Notch he stopped to chat with a recluse in a sawmill busy at work, and asked him the best point of view for the Old Man of the Mountain. The busy workman answered: "Dunno; never see it." Lowell continues: "Too young and too happy to feel or affect the Juvenalian indifference, I was sincerely astonished, and I expressed it. The log-compelling man attempted no justification, but after a little while asked: 'Come from Baws'n?' 'Yes,' with peculiar pride. 'Goodle to see in the vicinity of Baws'n?' 'Oh, yes!' I said. 'I should like—wal, I should like to stan' on Bunker Hill. You've been there often, likely?' 'No-o,' unwillingly seeing the little end of the horn in clear vision at the terminus of this Socratic perspective. 'Wal, my young fren', you've learned now that wut a man kin see any day he never does see; nawthin' pay, nawthin' yally!'"

Lowell entered college at fifteen and graduated at nineteen, in 1838. His literary taste and talent were already evident, for in literature even then he was an accomplished student, and he was the poet of his class, although at the close of his last year he was rusticated at Concord, a happy exile, where he saw Emerson, and probably Henry Thoreau and Margaret Fuller, who was often a guest in Emerson's house. It was here that he wrote the class poem which gave no melodious hint of the future man, and disclosed the fact that the child of Cambridge, although a student, was as yet wholly uninfluenced by the moral and intellectual agitation called derisively transcendentalism.

Of this agitation John Quincy Adams writes in his diary in 1840: "A young man, named Ralph Waldo Emerson, a son of my once-loved friend, William Emerson, and a classmate of my lamented son, George, after failing in the every-day avocation of a Unitarian preacher and schoolmaster, starts a new doctrine of transcendentalism, declares all the old revelations superannuated and worn out, and announces the approach of new revelations and prophecies. Garrison, and the non-resident abolitionists, Brownson, and the Marat Democrats, phrenology and animal magnetism, all come in, furnishing each some plausible rascality as an ingredient for the bubbling caldron of religion and politics." There could be no better expression of the bewildered and indignant consternation with which the old New England of fifty years ago regarded the awakening of the newer New England, of which John Quincy Adams himself was to be a characteristic leader, and which was to liberate still further American thought and American politics, enlarging religious liberty, and abolishing human slavery. Like other Boston and Harvard youth of about this time, or a little earlier, Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, Lothrop Motley, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lowell seemed to be born for studious leisure or professional routine, as yet unheeding and unconscious of the real forces that were to mold his life. Of these forces, the first and most enduring was an early and happy passion for a lovely and high-minded woman who became his wife—the Egeria who exalted his youth and confirmed his noblest aspirations; a heaven-eyed counsellor of the serener air who filled his mind with peace and his life with joy.

During these years Lowell greatly impressed his college comrades, although no adequate literary record of the promise which they felt survives. When he left college and studied law the range of his reading was already extraordinarily large, and his observation of nature singularly active and comprehensive. His mind and memory like the Green Vaults of Dresden were rich with treasures accumulated from every source. But his earliest songs echoed the melodies of other singers and foretold no fame. They were the confused murmuring of the birds while the dawn is deepening into the day. Partly his fastidious taste, his conservative disposition, and the utter content of happy love, lapped him in soft Lydian airs which the angry public voices of the time did not disturb. But it was soon clear that the young poet whose early verses sang only his own happiness would yet fulfill Schiller's requirement that the poet shall be a citizen of his age as well as of his country.

One of his most intimate friends, the late Charles F. Briggs, for many years a citizen of Brooklyn, and known in the literary New York of forty years ago as Harry Franco, said of him with fine insight, that Lowell was naturally a politician, but a politician like Milton, a man that is to say with an instinctive grasp of the higher politics, of the duties and relations of the citizen to his country, and of those moral principles which are essential to the welfare of the States as oxygen to the breath of human life. "He will never narrow himself to a party which does not include mankind," said his friend, "nor consent to dally with his muse when he can invoke her aid in the cause of the oppressed and suffering." This was the just perception of affectionate intimacy. It foretold not only literary renown but patriotic inspiration and consequent political influence in its truest and most permanent form. In Lowell's mind as in Milton's, as in the spirit of the great Dutch revolt against Spain, of the later German defiance of Napoleon, and of the educated young heroes of Union and liberty in our own Civil War, the words of Sir Philip Sydney to Hubert Languet, presently glowed with quickening truth: "To what purpose should our thought be directed to various kinds of knowledge unless room be afforded for putting it into practice so that public advantage may be the result?" It was not a Puritan nor a Republican who wrote the words, but they contain the essential spirit of Puritan statesmanship and scholarship on both sides of the ocean.

The happy young scholar at Elmwood, devoted to literature and love and unheeding the great movement of public affairs, showed from time to time that beneath the lettered leisure of his life there lay the conscience and moral virility that give public effect to genius and accomplishment. Lowell's development as a literary force in public affairs is unconsciously and exquisitely portrayed in the prelude to Sir Launfal in 1848:—

> "Over his keys the musing organist,
> Beginning doubtfully and far away,
> First lets his fingers wander as they list,
> And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay;
> Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
> Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
> First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
> Along the wavering vista of his dream."

In 1844-45 his theme was no longer doubtful or far away. Although Mr. Garrison and the early abolitionists refused to vote as an act sanctioning a Government which connived at slavery, yet the slavery question had already mastered American politics. In 1844 the Texas controversy absorbed public attention, and in that and the following year Lowell's poems on Garrison, Phillips, Giddings, Palfrey, and the capture of fugitive slaves near Washington, like keen flashes leaping suddenly from a kindling pyre, announced that the anti-slavery cause had gained a powerful and unanticipated ally in literature. These poems, especially that on "The Present Crisis," have a Tyrtean resonance, a stately rhetorical rhythm, that makes their dignity of thought, their intense feeling and picturesque imagery, superbly effective in recitation. They sang themselves on every anti-slavery platform. Wendell Phillips winged with their music and tipped with their flame the darts of his fervid appeal and manly scorn. As he quoted them with suppressed emotion in his low, melodious, penetrating voice, the white plume of the resistless Navarre of eloquence gained loftier grace, that relentless sword of invective a more flashing edge.

The last great oration of Phillips was the discourse at Harvard University on the centenary of the Phi Beta Kappa. It was not the least memorable in that long series of memorable orations at Harvard of which the first in significance was Buckminster's in 1809, and the most familiar was Edward Everett's in 1824, its stately sentences culminating in the magnificent welcome to Lafayette, who was present. It was the first time that Phillips had been asked by his *alma mater* to speak at one of her festivals, and he rightly comprehended the occasion. He was never more himself, and he held an audience culled from many colleges and not predisposed to admire, in shuddering delight by the classic charm of his manner and the brilliancy of his unsparing censure of educated men as recreant to political progress. The orator was nearly seventy years old. He was conscious that he should never speak again upon a greater occasion nor to a more distinguished audience, and as his discourse ended, as if to express completely the principle of his own life and the cause to which it had been devoted, and the spirit which alone could secure the happy future of his country if it was to justify the hope of her children, he repeated the words of Lowell:—

"New occasion teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward who would keep abreast of truth.
Lo! before us gleam her camp-fires, we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key."

When Lowell wrote the lines he was twenty-five years old. He was thoroughly stirred by the cause which Edmund Quincy in reply to Motley's question, "What public career does America offer?" had declared to be "the noblest in the world." But Lowell felt that he was before all a poet. When he was twenty-seven, he wrote: "If I have any vocation, it is the making of verse. When I take my pen for that, the world opens itself ungrudgingly before me; everything seems clear and easy, as it seems sinking to the bottom would be, as one leans over the edge of his boat in one of those dear coves at Fresh Pond. But when I do prose it is *invitâ Minervâ.* I feel as if I were wasting time and keeping back my message. My true place is to serve the cause as a poet. Then my heart leaps before me into the conflict." Already the musing organist had ceased to dream and he was about to strike a chord in a strange and unexpected key and with a force to which the public conscience would thrill in answer.

Lowell was an intense New Englander. There is no finer figure of the higher Puritan type. The New England soil from which he sprang was precious to him. The New England legend, the New England language, New England character and achievement, were all his delight and familiar study. Nobody who could adequately depict the Yankee ever knew him as Lowell knew him, for he was at heart the Yankee that he drew. The Yankee early became the distinctive representative of America. He is the Uncle Sam of comedy and caricature. Even the sweet-souled Irving could not resist the universal laugh, and gave it fresh occasion by his portrait of Ichabod Crane. Those who preferred the cavalier and courtier as a national type, traced the Yankee's immediate descent from the snivelling, sanctimonious, and crafty zealots of Cromwell's Parliament. Jack Downing and Sam Slick, the coarser forces and stories, broadly exaggerated this conception, and, in our great controversy of the century, the anti-slavery movement was derided as the superserviceable, sneaking fanaticism of the New England children of Tribulation Wholesome and Zeal-in-the-Land Busy, whom the Southern sons of gallant cavaliers and gentlemen would teach better morals and manners. The Yankee was made a byword of scorn and identified with a disturber of the national peace and the enemy of the glorious Union. Many a responsible citizen, many a prosperous merchant in New York and Boston and Philadelphia, many a learned divine, whose honor it was that they were Yankees, felt a half-hearted shame in the name and grudged the part played by their noses in the conversation. They seemed perpetually to hear a voice of contempt saying, "Thy nose bewrayeth thee."

This was the figure which, with the instinct of genius, with true New England pride and the joy of conscious power, Lowell made the representative of liberty-loving, generous, humane, upright, wise, conscientious, indignant America. He did not abate the Yankee a jot or a tittle. He magnified his characteristic drawl, his good-natured simplicity, his provincial inexperience. But he revealed his unbending principle, his supreme good sense, his lofty patriotism, his unquailing courage. He scattered the clouds of hatred and ignorance that deformed and caricatured him, and showed him in his daily habit as he lived, the true and worthy representative of America, with mother-wit preaching the gospel of Christ, and in plain native phrase applying it to a tremendous public exigency in Christian America. The Yankee dialect of New England, like the Yankee himself, has become a jest of farce and extravaganza. But, thoroughly aroused, Lowell grasped it as lightly as Hercules his club and struck a deadly blow at the Hydra that threatened the national life. Burns did not give to the Scottish tongue a nobler immortality than Lowell to the dialect of New England.

In June, 1846, the first Biglow paper, which, in a letter written at the time, Lowell called "a squib of mine," was published in "The Boston Courier." That squib was a great incident both in the history of American literature and politics. The serious tone of our literature from its grave colonial beginning has been almost unbroken. The rollicking laugh of Knickerbocker was a solitary sound in our literary air until the gay notes of Holmes returned a merry echo. But humor as a literary force in political discussion was still more unknown, and in the fierce slavery controversy it was least to be anticipated. Banter in such a stern debate would seem to be blasphemy, and humor as a weapon of anti-slavery warfare was almost inconceivable. The letters of Major Jack Downing, a dozen years before the "Biglow Papers," were merely extravaganzas to raise a derisive laugh. They were fun of a day and forgotten. Lowell's humor was of another kind. It was known to his friends, but it was not a characteristic of Lowell the author. In his early books there is no sign of it. It was not a humorist whom the good-natured Willis welcomed in his airy way, saying that posterity would know him as

Russell Lowell. Willis thought, perhaps, that another dainty and graceful trifler had entered the charmed circle of literature that pleases but not inspires.

But suddenly, and for the first time, the absorbing struggle of freedom and slavery for control of the Union was illuminated by humor radiant and piercing, which broke over it like daylight, and exposed relentlessly the sophistry and shame of the slave power. No speech, no plea, no appeal was comparable in popular and permanent effect with this pitiless tempest of fire and hail, in the form of wit, argument, satire, knowledge, insight, learning, common sense, and patriotism. It was humor of the purest strain, but humor in deadly earnest. In its course, as in that of a cyclone, it swept all before it, the press, the church, criticism, scholarship, and it bore resistlessly down upon the Mexican War, the pleas for slavery, the congressional debates, the conspicuous public men. Its contemptuous scorn of the public cowardice that acquiesced in the aggressions of the slave power startled the dormant manhood of the North and of the country.

"The North hain't no kind of business with nothin',
An' you've no idee how much bother it saves,
We ain't none riled by their frettin' and frothin',
We're used to layin' the string on our slaves;
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he.
Sez Mister Foote,
I should like to shoot
The hull gang, by the great horn spoon, sez he.

"The mass ough' to labor an' we lay on soffies,
That's the reason I want to spread Freedom's aree.
It puts all the cunningest on us in office,
An' reelizes our maker's orig'nal idee,
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he.
That's as plain, sez Cass,
As that some one's an ass,
It's ez clear as the sun is at noon, sez he.

"Now don't go to say I'm the friend of oppression,
But keep all your spare breath for coolin' your broth;
For I allers hev strove (at least that's my impression)
To make cussed free with the rights of the North,
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he.

Yes, says Davis of Miss,
The perfection o' bliss
Is in skinning that same old coon, sez he."

Such lines, as with a stroke of lightning, were burnt into the hearts and conscience of the North. Read to-day they recall as nothing else can recall the intensity of the feeling which swiftly flamed into civil war.

Apart from their special impulse and influence, the "Biglow Papers" were essentially and purely American. It is sometimes said that the best American poetry is only English poetry written on this side of the ocean. But the "Biglow Papers" are as distinctively American as Tam o'Shanter is Scotch or the Divine Comedy Italian. They could have been written nowhere else but in Yankee New England by a New England Yankee. With Uncle Tom's Cabin, they are the chief literary memorial of the contest, a memorial which as literature, and for their own delight, our children's children will read, as we read to-day the satires that scourge the long-vanished Rome which Juvenal knew, and the orations of Burke that discuss long-perished politics. So strong was Lowell's anti-slavery ardor that he proudly identified himself with the abolitionists. Simultaneously with the publication of the first Biglow paper, he became a corresponding editor with Edmund Quincy of "The Anti-Slavery Standard," the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and in a letter to his friend Sydney Howard, Esq., the editor of the paper, he says: "I was not only willing but desirous that my name should appear, because I scorned to be indebted for any share of my modicum of popularity to my abolitionism without incurring at the same time whatever odium might be attached to a complete identification with a body of heroic men and women whom not to love and admire would prove me to be unworthy of those sentiments, and whose superiors in all that constitutes true manhood and womanhood I believe never existed."

But his anti-slavery ardor was far from being his sole and absorbing interest and activity. Lowell's studies, more and more various and incessant, were so comprehensive that, if not like Bacon, all knowledge, yet he took all literature for his province, and in 1855 he was appointed to the chair of modern languages and *belles lettres* in Harvard University, succeeding Longfellow and Ticknor —an illustrious group of American scholars which gives to that chair a distinction unparalleled in our schools. His love and mastery of books were extraordinary, and his devotion to study so relentless that in those earlier years he studied sometimes fourteen hours a day, and pored over books until his sight seemed to desert him. But it was no idle or evanescent reading. Probably no American student was so deeply versed in the old French romance; none knew Dante and the Italians more profoundly; German literature was familiar to him; and perhaps even Ticknor in his own domain of Spanish lore was not more a master than Lowell. The whole range of English literature, not only its noble Elizabethan heights, but a delightful realm of picturesque and unfrequented paths, were his familiar park of pleasance. Yet he was not a scholarly recluse, a pedant, or a bookworm. The student of books was no less so acute and trained an observer of nature, so sympathetic a friend of birds and flowers, so sensitive to the influences and aspects of out-of-door life, that, as Charles Briggs, with singular insight, said that he was meant for a politician, so Darwin, with frank admiration, said that he was born to be a naturalist. He was as much the contented companion of Izaak Walton and White of Selborne, as of Donne or Calderon. His social sympathies were no less strong than his fondness for study, and he was the most fascinating of comrades. His extraordinary knowledge, whether of out-door or in-door derivation, and the racy humor in which his knowledge was fused, overflowed his conversation. There is no historical circle of wits and scholars, not that of Beaumont or Ben Jonson, where haply Shakespeare sat; nor Pope's nor Dryden's nor Addison's; nor Dr. Johnson's Club, nor that of Edinburgh; nor any Parisian salon or German study, to which Lowell's abundance would not have contributed a golden drop, and his glancing wit a glittering repartee. It was not of reading merely, it was of the reading of a man of Lowell's intellectual power and resources, that Bacon said "reading maketh a full man."

He had said in 1846 that it was as a poet that he could do his best work. But the poetic temperament and faculty do not include prose, and like Milton's swain, "He touched the tender stops of various quills." The young poet early showed that prose would be as obedient a familiar to his genius as the tricksy Ariel of verse. Racy and rich, and often of the most sonorous or delicate cadence, it is still the prose of a poet and a master of the differences of form. His prose indeed is often profoundly poetic, that is, quick with imagination, but always in the form of prose, not of poetry. It is so finely compact of illustration, of thought and learning, of wit and fancy and permeating humor, that his prose page sparkles and sways like a phosphorescent sea. "Oblivion," he says, "looks in the face of the Grecian muse and forgets her errand." And again: "The garners of Sicily are empty now, but the bees from all climes still fetch honey from the tiny garden plot of Theocritus." Such concentrated sentences are marvels of felicity and, although unmetred, are as exquisite as songs.

Charles Emerson said of Shakespeare, "He sat above this hundred-handed play of his imagination pensive and conscious." And so Lowell is remembered by those who knew him well. Literature was his earliest love and his latest delight, and he has been often called the first man of letters in his time. The phrase is vague, but it expresses the feeling that while he was a poet, and a scholar, and a humorist, and a critic, he was something else and something more. The feeling is perfectly just. Living all summer by the sea, we watch with fascinating eyes the long-flowing lines, the flash and gleam of multitudinous waters, but beneath them all is the mighty movement of unfathomed ocean on whose surface only these undulating splendors play. Literature, whether in prose or verse, was the form of Lowell's activity, but its master impulse was not æsthetic but moral. When the activities of his life were ended, in a strain of clear and tender reminiscence he sang:—

"I sank too deep in the soft-stuffed repose,
That hears but rumors of earth's wrongs and woes;
Too well these Capuas could my muscles waste,
Not void of toils, but toils of choice and taste.
These still had kept me could I but have quelled
The Puritan drop that in my veins rebelled."

Literature was his pursuit, but patriotism was his passion. His love of country was that of a lover for his mistress. He resented the least imputation upon the ideal America, and nothing was finer than his instinctive scorn for the pinchbeck patriotism which brags and boasts and swaggers, insisting that bigness is greatness and vulgarity simplicity, and the will of a majority the moral law. No man perceived more shrewdly the American readiness of resource, the Yankee good-nature, and the national rectitude. But he was not satisfied with an easy standard. To him the best, not the thriftiest, was most truly American. Lowell held that of all men the American should be master of his boundless material resources, not their slave, worthy of his unequal opportunities, not the sycophant of his fellow Americans nor the victim of national conceit. No man rejoiced more deeply over our great achievements or celebrated them with ampler or prouder praise. He delighted with Yankee glee in our inventive genius and restless enterprise, but he knew that we did not invent the great muniments of liberty, trial by jury, the habeas corpus, constitutional restraint, the common school, of which we were common heirs with civilized Christendom. He knew that we have Niagara, and the prairies and the great lakes, and the majestic Mississippi; but he knew also with another great American that still—

> "Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
> As the best gem upon her zone;
> And Morning opes with haste her lids
> To gaze upon the Pyramids."

As he would not accept a vulgar caricature of the New-Englander as a Yankee, so he spurned Captain Bobadil as a type of the American, for he knew that a nation may be as well-bred among nations as a gentleman among gentlemen, and that to bully weakness or to cringe to strength are equally cowardly, and therefore not truly American.

Lowell's loftiest strain is inspired by this patriotic ideal. To borrow a German phrase from modern musical criticism, it is the *leit motif* which is constantly heard in the poems and the essays; and that inspiration reached its loftiest expression, both in prose and poetry, in the discourse on "Democracy" and the "Commemoration Ode." The genius of enlightened Greece breathes audibly still in the oration of Pericles on the Peloponessian dead. The patriotic heart of America throbs forever in Lincoln's Gettysburg address. But nowhere in literature is there a more magnificent and majestic personification of a country whose name is sacred to its children, nowhere a profounder passion of patriotic loyalty, than in the closing lines of the "Commemoration Ode." The American whose heart, swayed by that lofty music, does not thrill and palpitate with solemn joy and high resolve, does not yet know what it is to be an American.

Like all citizens of high public ideals, Lowell was inevitably a public critic and censor, but he was much too good a Yankee not to comprehend the practical conditions of political life in this country. No man understood better than he such truth as lies in John Morley's remark: "Parties are a field where action is a long second best, and where the choice constantly lies between two blunders." He did not therefore conclude that there is no alternative, that "naught is everything and everything is naught." But he did see clearly that while the government of a republic must be a government of party, yet that independence of party is much more vitally essential in a republic than fidelity to party. Party is a servant of the people, but a servant who is foolishly permitted by his master to assume sovereign airs, like Christopher Sly, the tinker, whom the Lord's attendants obsequiously salute as master:—

> "Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
> Each in his office ready at thy beck."

To a man of the highest public spirit like Lowell, and of a supreme self-respect which always keeps faith with itself, no spectacle is sadder than that of intelligent, superior, honest public men prostrating themselves before a party, professing what they do not believe, affecting what they do not feel, from abject fear of an invisible fetich, a chimera, a name, to which they alone give reality and force, as the terrified peasant himself made the spectre of the Brochen before which he quailed. The last patriotic service of Washington—and none is more worthy of enduring commemoration on this anniversary—was the Farewell Address, with its strong and stern warning that party government may become a ruthless despotism, and that a majority must be watched as jealously as a king.

With his lofty patriotism and his extarordinary public conscience, Lowell was distinctively the Independent in politics. He was an American and a republican citizen. He acted with parties, as every citizen must act if he acts at all. But the notion that a voter is a traitor to one party when he votes with another was as ludicrous to him as the assertion that it is treason to the White Star steamers to take passage in a Cunarder. When he would know his public duty, Lowell turned within, not without. He listened, not for the roar of the majority in the street, but for the still small voice in his own breast. For while the method of republican government is party, its basis is individual conscience and common sense. This entire political independence Lowell always illustrated. He was born in the last days of New England Federalism. His uncle, John Lowell, was a leader in the long and bitter Federalist controversy with John Quincy Adams. The Whig dynasty succeeded the Federal in Massachusetts, but Lowell's first public interest was the anti-slavery agitation, and he identified himself with the abolitionists. But he retained his individual view and did not sympathize with the policy that sought the dissolution of the Union, and which refused to vote. In 1850 he says in a private letter to his friend Gay, alluding to some differences of opinion with the Anti-Slavery Society. "There has never been a oneness of sentiment," that is to say complete identity, "between me and the society;" and a passage in a letter written upon election day, November, 1850, illustrates his independent position: "I shall vote the Union ticket (half Free-soil and half Democratic), not from any love of the Democrats, but because I believe it to be the best calculated to achieve some practical result. It is a great object to overturn the Whig domination, and this seems to be the only lever to pry them over with. Yet I have my fears that if we get a Democratic Governor he will play some trick or other. *Timeo Danaos et dona* *ferentes*, if you will pardon stale Latin to Parson Wilbur." This election is memorable because it overthrew the Whig domination in Massachusetts, and made Charles Sumner the successor of Daniel Webster in the Senate. It restored to the State of Samuel Adams the same political leadership before the Civil War that she had held before the Revolution. The Republican party, with whose anti-slavery impulse Lowell was in full accord, arose from the Whig ruins, and whether in a party or out of a party, he was himself the great illustration of the political independence that he represented and maintained. As he allowed no church or sect to dictate his religious views or control his daily conduct, so he permitted no party to direct his political action. He was a Whig, an Abolitionist, a Republican, a Democrat, according to his conception of the public exigency, and never as a partisan. From 1863 to 1872 he was joint editor with his friend Mr. Norton of "The North American Review," and he wrote often of public affairs. But his papers all belong to the higher politics, which are those of the man and the citizen, not of the partisan, a distinction which may be traced in Burke's greatest speeches, where it is easy to distinguish what is said by Burke the wise and patriotic Englishman, for such he really was, from what is said by the Whig in opposition to the Treasury Bench.

But whatever his party associations and political sympathies, Lowell was at heart and by temperament conservative, and his patriotic independence in our politics is the quality which is always unconsciously recognized as the truly conservative element in the country. In the tumultuous excitement of our popular elections, the appeal on both sides is not to party, which is already committed, but to those citizens who are still open to reason and may yet be persuaded. In the most recent serious party appeal, the orator said: "Above all things, political fitness should lead us not to forget that at the end of our plans we must meet face to face at the polls the voters of the land, with ballots in their hands, demanding, as a condition of the support of our party, fidelity and undivided devotion to the cause in which we have enlisted them." This recognizes an independent tribunal which judges party. It implies that beside the host who march under the party color and vote at the party command, there are citizens who may or may not wear a party uniform, but who vote only at their own individual command, and who give the victory. They may be angrily classified as political Laodiceans, but it is to them that parties appeal, and rightly, because, except for this body of citizens, the despotism of party would be absolute and the Republic would degenerate into a mere oligarchy of "bosses."

There could be no more signal tribute to political independence than that which was offered to Lowell in 1876. He was a Republican elector, and the result of the election was disputed. A peaceful solution of the difference seemed for some months to be doubtful, although the Constitution apparently furnished it, for if an elector, or more than one, should differ from his party and exercise his express and unquestionable constitutional right, in strict accord with the constitutional intention, the threatened result might be averted. But in the multitude of electors Lowell alone was mentioned as one who might exercise that right. The suggestion was at once indignantly resented as an insult, because it was alleged to imply possible bad faith. But it was not so designed. It indicated that Lowell was felt to be a man who, should he think it to be his duty under the indisputable constitutional provision, to vote differently from the expectation of his party, would certainly do it. But those who made the suggestion did not perceive that he could not feel it to be his duty, because nobody saw more clearly than he that an unwritten law with all the force of honor forbade. The constitutional intention was long since superseded by a custom sanctioned by universal approval, which makes the Presidential elector the merest ministerial agent of a party, and the most wholly ceremonial figure in our political system.

By the time that he was fifty years old Lowell's conspicuous literary accomplishment and poetic genius, with his political independence, courage and ability, had given him a position and influence unlike those of any other American, and when in 1877 he was appointed Minister to Spain, and in 1880 transferred to England, there was a feeling of blended pride and satisfaction that his country would be not only effectively but nobly represented. Mr.

Emerson once said of an English Minister, "He is a charming gentleman, but he does not represent the England that I know." In Lowell, however, no man in the world who honored America and believed in the grandeur of American destiny but would find his faith and hope confirmed. To give your best, says the Oriental proverb, is to do your utmost. The coming of such a man was the highest honor that America could pay to England. If we may personify America we can fancy a certain grim humor on her part in presenting this son of hers to the mother country, a sapling of the older oak more sinewy and supple than the parent stock. No eminent American has blended the Cavalier and the Puritan tradition, the romantic conservatism and the wise radicalism of the English blood, in a finer cosmopolitanism than Lowell. It was this generous comprehension of both which made him peculiarly and intelligently at home in England, and which also has made him more than His Excellency the Ambassador of American Literature to the Court of Shakespeare, as "The London Spectator" called him upon his arrival in London, for it made him the representative to England of an American scholarship, a wit, an intellectual resource, a complete and splendid accomplishment, a social grace and charm, a felicity of public and private speech, and a weight of good sense, which pleasantly challenged England to a continuous and friendly bout in which America did not suffer.

During his official residence in England Lowell seemed to have the fitting word for every occasion and to speak it with memorable distinction. If a memorial of Dean Stanley were erected in his chapter-house, or of Fielding at Taunton, or of Coleridge in Westminster Abbey, or of Gray at Cambridge, the desire of literary England turned instinctively to Lowell as the orator whose voice would give the best expression, and whose character and renown the greatest dignity, to the hour. In Wordsworth's England, as president of the Wordsworth Society, he spoke of the poet with an affectionate justice which makes his speech the finest essay upon Wordsworth's genius and career; and of Don Quixote he spoke to the Workingman's College with a poetic appreciation of the genius of Cervantes and a familiarity with Spanish literature which was a revelation to British workmen. Continuously at public dinners, with consummate tact and singular felicity, he spoke with a charm which seemed to disclose a new art of oratory. He did not decline even political speech; but of course in no partisan sense. His discourse on "Democracy," at Birmingham, in October, 1884, was not only an event, but an event without precedent. He was the Minister of the American Republic to the British Monarchy, and, as that Minister, publicly to declare in England the most radical democratic principles as the ultimate logical result of the British Constitution, and to do it with a temper, an urbanity, a moderation, a precision of statement, and a courteous grace of humor, which charmed doubt into acquiescence, and amazement into unfeigned admiration and acknowledgment of a great service to political thought greatly done—this was an event unknown in the annals of diplomacy, and this is what Lowell did at Birmingham.

No American orator has made so clear and comprehensive a declaration of the essential American principle, or so simple a statement of its ethical character. Yet not a word of this republican, to whom Algernon Sidney would have bowed and whom Milton would have blest, would have jarred the Tory nerves of Sir Roger de Coverley, although no English Radical was ever so radical as he. The frantic French Democracy of '93, gnashing its teeth in the face of royal power, would have equality and fraternity, if every man were guillotined to secure it. The American Republic, speaking to monarchical Europe a century later by the same voice with which Sir Launfal had shown the identity of Christianity with human sympathy and succor, set forth in the address at Birmingham the truth that Democracy is simply the practical application of moral principle to politics. There were many and great services in Lowell's life, but none of them all seem to me more characteristic of the man than when, holding the commission of his country, in his own person representing its noblest character, standing upon soil sacred to him by reverend and romantic tradition, his American heart loyal to the English impulse, which is the impulse of constitutional liberty, for one memorable moment he made monarchical England feel for republican

America. His last official words in England show the reciprocal feeling. "While I came here as a far-off cousin," he said, "I feel that you are sending me away as something like a brother." He died, the poet, the scholar, the critic, the public counsellor, the ambassador, the patriot, and the sorrowing voice of the English Laureate and of the English Queen, the highest voices of English literature and political power, mingling with the universal voice of his own country, showed how surely the true American, faithful to the spirit of Washington and of Abraham Lincoln, reconciles and not exasperates international feeling.

So varied, full and fair is the story of Lowell's life, and such services to the mind and heart and character of his country we commemorate on this hallowed day. In the golden morning of our literature and national life there is no more fascinating and inspiring figure. His literary achievement, his patriotic distinction, and his ennobling influence upon the character and lives of generous American youth, gave him at last power to speak with more authority than any living American for the intellect and conscience of America. Upon those who knew him well, so profound was the impression of his resource and power that these words must seem to be mere eulogy. All that he did was but the hint of this superb affluence, this comprehensive grasp; the overflow of an exhaustless supply, so that it seemed to be only incidental, not his life's business. Even his literary production was impromptu. "Sir Launfal" was the work of two days. "The Fable for Critics" was an amusement amid severer studies. The discourse on "Democracy" was largely written upon the way to Birmingham. Of no man could it be said more truly that

> "Half his strength he put not forth."

But that must be always the impression of men of so large a mold, and of such public service that they may be properly commemorated on this anniversary. Like mountain summits, bright with sunrise, that announce the day, such Americans are harbingers of the future which shall justify our faith and fulfill the promise of America to mankind. In our splendid statistics of territorial extension, of the swift civilization of the Western world, of the miracles of our material invention; in that vast and smiling landscape, the home of a powerful and peaceful people, humming with industry and enterprise, rich with the charm of every climate from Katahdin that hears the distant roar of the Atlantic to the Golden Gate through which the soft Pacific sighs; and in every form of visible prosperity, we see the resplendent harvest of the mighty sowing two hundred years ago of the new continent with the sifted grain of the old. But this is not the picture of a national greatness, it is only its glittering frame. Intellectual excellence, noble character, public probity, lofty ideals, art, literature, honest politics, righteous laws, conscientious labor, public spirit, social justice, the stern, self-criticising patriotism which fosters only what is worthy of an enlightened people, not what is unworthy—such qualities and such achievements, and such alone, measure the greatness of a state, and those who illustrate them are great citizens. They are men whose lives are a glorious service and whose memories are a benediction. Among that great company of patriots let me to-day, reverently and gratefully, blend the name of Lowell with that of Washington.

CHARLES ANDERSON DANA

JOURNALISM

[Address by Charles A. Dana, journalist, editor of the "New York Sun" for upward of a quarter of a century (born in Hinsdale, N. H., August 8, 1819; died in Glen Cove, Long Island, October 17, 1897), delivered originally at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., October 13, 1893. Mr. Dana was introduced by General Butterfield with a few words of compliment. His audience included the President and faculty of the college, as well as students of all the classes. This was the first and most comprehensive of Mr. Dana's series of three addresses on newspaper-making.]

MR. PRESIDENT, GENERAL BUTTERFIELD, AND GENTLEMEN:—I am intensely grateful to General Butterfield and President Webster, for the opportunity of appearing before you to-day. If there is anything in life that is delightful to an old man, it is the opportunity of meeting intelligent and earnest young men, and telling them something out of his experience that may be useful to them; and, as our desire is that this shall be a practical occasion, I want to say at the beginning that if any part of the subject, as I go over it, shall not seem to any one of you to be sufficiently explained and elucidated, I will be very much obliged if you will get up and ask the questions that you wish to have answered.

The profession of journalism is comparatively new. It really is, as it exists to-day, an affair of the last forty or fifty years. When I began to practice it in a weekly paper the apparatus which we have now, and which General Butterfield has referred to, was quite unknown. The sheets which we daily take in our hands and from which we gather a view of the whole world and of all that has

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Photogravure after a photograph from life

been going on in it, all the sciences, all the ideas, all the achievements, all the new lights that influence the destiny of mankind: all that was entirely out of the question. There was no such apparatus, and it has been created by the necessities of the public and by the genius of a few men who have invented, step by step, the machinery and the methods that are indispensable, and without which we could not undertake to do what we do.

Of course, the most essential part of this great mechanism is not the mechanism itself; it is the intelligence, the brains, and the sense of truth and honor that reside in the men who conduct it and make it a vehicle of usefulness—or it may be of mischief: because what is useful can just as easily be turned to mischief if the engineer who stands behind and lets on the steam is of an erroneous disposition.

The number of intellectual young men who are looking at this new profession, which for the want of a better name we call the profession of journalism, is very great. I suppose that I receive myself every day, taking one day with another, half a dozen letters from men, many of them college graduates, asking for employment, and for an opportunity of showing what is in them. Of course, they cannot all get it in the same paper. Now and then one obtains a place, but generally the rule that is observed in all well-organized newspaper offices is that the boys who begin at the beginning are taken up step by step in accordance with their faculties and their merits. This is so because, as we know in college, it is impossible that there should be any imposture which sets a man's abilities above their real value, since in the daily intercourse and the daily competition of study and of recitation the real worth of a man's brain is demonstrated, so that there is never any doubt. So it is in a newspaper office. The boys who begin at the bottom come out at the top. At the same time these boys do not all start out with the best outfit, that is to say, with the best education: and I have known very distinguished authorities who doubted whether high education was of any great use to a journalist. Horace Greeley told me several times that the real newspaper man was the boy who had slept on newspapers and ate ink. [Laughter.] Although I served him for years and we were very near in our personal relations, I think he always had a little grudge against me because I came up through a college. [Laughter.]

Now, here before us are a number of young gentlemen who, I have no doubt, will be led to embrace this profession. We know that among a certain number of students there are so many doctors, so many clergymen, so many lawyers—sometimes too many lawyers [laughter]; and there are also, of course, a considerable number who are looking forward to this great civilizing engine of the press; and it is a great engine.

Just consider the clergyman. He preaches two or three times in a week and he has for his congregation two hundred, three hundred, five hundred, and if he is a great popular orator in a great city, he may have a thousand hearers; but the newspaper man is the stronger because throughout all the avenues of newspaper communication, how many does he preach to? A million, half a million, two hundred thousand people; and his preaching is not on Sundays only but it is every day. He reiterates, he says it over and over, and finally the thing gets fixed in men's minds from the mere habit of saying it and hearing it; and, without criticising, without inquiring whether it is really so, the newspaper dictum gets established and is taken for gospel; and, perhaps it is not gospel at all. [Laughter.]

In regard to this profession there are two stages, and we will consider each of them separately. The first is the stage of preparation. What sort of preparation, what sort of preliminary education should a man have who means to devote himself to this business? There are some colleges which have lately introduced schools of journalism or departments of journalism, where they propose to teach the art of newspaper making, to instruct the student in the methods that he should employ, and to fit him out so that he can go to a newspaper office and make a newspaper.

Well, I will not say that is not useful. I do not know that there is in any intellectual study, or in any intellectual pursuit, or in any intellectual occupation that is followed with zeal and attention, anything that can be described as useless. No, I do not know of anything, if you really learn it, although it may seem to your next neighbor around the corner rather trivial, that is not useful after all. There is certainly a great utility and a profound science in baseball, and the man who pursues it and acquires it, has acquired something that will be useful to him. He has got a knowledge, he has got an intellectual discipline that will be valuable all his life through. So it is with every study that a man may pursue, so that we cannot say that anything is useless. But as for these departments of journalism in the colleges: there has been one at Cornell University for several years, for six or eight years I should say, and I have never found that a student or graduate who had pursued that department there instead of pursuing other studies, was of any great avail as a practical worker in the newspaper work that he had been trying to learn.

In fact, it seems to me, if I may be allowed a little criticism, that the colleges generally are rather branching out too much, until they are inclined to take the whole universe into their curriculum, and to teach things which do not exactly belong there. Give the young man a first-class course of general education; and if I could have my way, every young man who is going to be a newspaper man, and who is not absolutely rebellious against it, should learn Greek and Latin after the good old fashion. [Applause.] I had rather take a young fellow who knows the Ajax of Sophocles, and who has read Tacitus, and can scan every ode of Horace, I would rather take him to report a prize-fight or a spelling-match, for instance, than to take one who has never had those advantages. [Applause.] I believe in the colleges; I believe in high education; but I do not believe in scattering your fire before you are in the face of the enemy.

When you begin to practice the profession of a newspaper man, then is the best time to begin to learn it; but while you are in college with the daily series of professors and all the appliances of study that belong to the college, make the best of them and pursue vigorously those studies that give accuracy in learning, and that give fidelity and accuracy in recitation. The great end of education, President Walker used to say, is to be able to tell what you know; and he used to say, too, that some bright men carried it so far that they were able to tell a great deal they did not know. [Laughter and applause.]

There is no question that accuracy, the faculty of seeing a thing as it is, of knowing, for instance, that it is two and one-quarter and not two and three-eighths, and saying so, that is one of the first and most precious ends of a good education. Next to that, I would put the ability to know how and where most promptly to look for what you don't know, and what you want to know. Thirdly, I would put Dr. Walker's great object, being able to tell what you know, and to tell it accurately, precisely, without exaggeration, without prejudice, the fact just as it is, whether it be a report of a baseball game, or of a sermon, or of a lecture on electricity, whatever it may be, to get the thing exactly as it is. The man who can do that, is a very well educated man.

In addition come the qualities of personal talent and genius. Now, genius is a great factor. When we think of such a genius as the one I have just mentioned, the late Mr. Greeley, why, our minds may well be filled with admiration. I do not suppose more than one or two gentlemen here ever knew Mr. Greeley personally; but he was a man of immense ability, of instincts of extraordinary correctness in many respects, and of the power of expression, of telling what he knew, in a delightfully picturesque, humorous way which not merely instructed the hearer and reader, but gave him a sense of delight and satisfaction from the mere art that was applied in the telling. He had had no great advantages of education. He had to pick up his education as he went along, reading in the winter evenings by the firelight, and never wasting a chance of learning something. But he lacked one of the most precious faculties, which it is another great object of the college education to cultivate and bring out, and that is what we will call the critical faculty, the judgment which, when a proposition is stated to you or a fact is reported, looks at it calmly and says, "That is true," or else, "That is false"; the judgment, the instinct, the developed and cultivated instinct which knows the truth when it is presented and detects error when it comes masquerading before you, without the necessity of any long examination to ascertain whether it is truth or error. This great man of whom I am speaking, this great and brilliant journalist, one of the greatest we have produced, was deficient in that faculty, so that sometimes he was mistaken. We are all of us mistaken occasionally, I dare say, but perhaps his mistakes were more conspicuous because of his great power in writing, and his rare genius.

Now, as for the preliminary studies of the journalist apart from the ancient languages, whose importance, I think, cannot be overestimated; and the reason why this importance, in my judgment, is so great, is that they lie at the foundation of our own language, and the man who does not know the three or four of those old languages, or at least two of them—if he knows three, if he knows the old Teutonic all the better—the man who has not that knowledge, does not really know the English language, and does not command its wonderful resources, all the subtleties and abilities of expression which are in it. Certainly, without Greek and Latin no man knows English; and without Teutonic no man's knowledge of English is perfect.

The first thing that the man who is looking forward to this profession in which the use of the English language is the main thing, since it is the instrument that he must apply continually for the expression of ideas and for the dissemination of knowledge, is to know this language thoroughly, and that is the very corner-stone of the education that a journalist should look forward to and should labor after and should neglect no opportunity of improving himself in.

After a knowledge of the English language comes, of course, in regular order, the practice, the cultivation of the ability to use it, the development of that art which in its latest form we call style, and which distinguishes one writer from another. This style is something of such evanescent, intangible nature that it is difficult to tell in what it consists. I suppose it is in the combination of imagination and humor, with the entire command of the word-resources of the language, all applied together in the construction of sentences. I suppose that is what makes style. It is a very precious gift, but it is not a gift that can always be acquired by practice or by study.

It may be added that certainly in its highest perfection it can never be acquired by practice. I do not believe, for instance, that everybody who should endeavor to acquire such a style as the late Dr. Channing possessed, could succeed in doing so. He was a famous writer fifty years ago in Boston, and his style is of the most beautiful and remarkable character. As a specimen of it, let me suggest to you his essay on Napoleon Bonaparte. That was perhaps the very best of the critical analyses of Napoleon that succeeded to the period of Napoleon worship, which had run all over the world. Channing's style was sweet, pure, and delightful, without having those surprises, those extraordinary felicities that mark the styles of some writers. It was perfectly simple, translucent throughout, without effort, never leaving you in any doubt as to the idea; and you closed the book with the feeling that you had fallen in with the most sympathetic mind, whose instructions you might sometimes accept or sometimes reject, but whom you could not regard without entire respect and admiration.

Another example of a very beautiful and admirable style which is well worth study, is that of Nathaniel Hawthorne. In his writings we are charmed with the new sense and meaning that he seems to give to familiar words. It is like reading a new language to take a chapter of Hawthorne; yet it is perfectly lovely, because with all its suggestiveness it is perfectly clear; and when you have done with it you wish you could do it yourself.

The next thing that I would dwell upon would be the knowledge of politics, and especially of American politics. This is a very hard subject. [Laughter and applause.] Its history is difficult. If you go back to the foundation of the Republic, you find it was extremely complicated even then; and it requires very careful study and a very elevated impartiality to make your analysis at all satisfactory to yourself as you go through the work.

Still, it is indispensable to a man who means to fill an important place in journalism, and all who begin upon it certainly have that intention. No young man goes into any profession without a good degree of ambition; no young man can carry his ambition very far in journalism —I mean, in general, universal journalism, not in special

—no man can carry his ambition very far who does not know politics, and in order to know politics there must be in the man some natural disposition for politics. I have often been appealed to by friends, who said: "Can't you take this young man and give him employment?" Then I will watch that young man for a month or so and see what it is that he takes up in the morning. If he takes up the newspaper and turns to the political part of the paper, and is interested in that, why that is a good symptom of his intellectual tendencies; but if, instead of that, he takes up a magazine and sits down to read a love story, why you cannot make a newspaper man out of him. [Laughter and applause.]

And yet he may make a very good writer of love stories; and as that is a sort of merchandise which seems to be always in demand, and to bring pretty fair prices, why, if you have a talent in that direction, go ahead. You may make a good living, I have no doubt; but you will not play any momentous part upon the stage of public affairs, and that is the sphere of activity which the generous-hearted and courageous youth looks forward to.

In order to be of importance in the affairs of this world in the newspaper profession, you must be a politician, and you must know not merely the theories and doctrines of parties, not merely the recondite part of politics, but you must know practical politics, the history, the men, the individuals, their ideas, their purposes, and their deeds; know them if you can as they really are, not as the blind and the prejudiced may imagine them to be.

Now, Mr. Greeley is my great exemplar in journalism. He thought a newspaper man was of little use who did not know just the number of votes in every township in the State of New York, and in every voting precinct, and who could not tell whether the returns from the Second district of Pound Ridge, in Westchester county, were correctly reported or not without sending to the place to find out how many votes had really been cast. That was one of his great points of distinction and success; but I would not advise you to labor after that sort of knowledge unless you have inherited a natural talent for it. But you should understand and appreciate the theory of the

American Government, you should know where this republic began, where it came from, and where it belongs in the history of mankind, and what part it is destined to play in the vast drama of human existence. That is the sort of politics that must appeal to any intelligent man and that will surely test his utmost powers. And while we are on this point, we may say in passing that an American who thinks another country is better than this should not go into journalism. [Applause.] You must be for the Stars and Stripes every time, or the people of this country won't be for you [applause], and you won't sell enough papers to pay your expenses. [Laughter.]

In order to understand the theory of the American Government, the most serious, calm, persistent study should be given to the Constitution of the United States. I don't mean learning it by heart, committing it to memory. What you want is to understand it, to know the principles at the bottom of it; to feel the impulse of it; to feel the heart-beat that thrills through the whole American people. That is the vitality that is worth knowing; that is the sort of politics that excels all the mysteries of ward elections, and lifts you up into a view where you can see the clear skies, the unknown expanse of the future. [Applause.] Besides the Constitution of the United States, it is well to be acquainted with the Constitutions of all the States. All these Constitutions are more or less modeled upon the central Constitution; but there are differences, and those differences a man ought to know. The citizen of New York ought to understand the Constitution of New York and for himself get at the reason for this and that provision. Take, for instance, the great question which has occupied the people of New York so long, the question of an elective judiciary or of a judiciary appointed by the Governor; which is better, which is right? That is better and that is right, evidently, which gives better Judges and which produces a more equable, steady, consistent, and just administration of law. Well, now, the young man who sets to work and studies out that question has accomplished a great deal; he has got a light in his mind that will go with him a great way, and that will help out his judgment in other things. Supposing that he is conducting a newspaper, and is responsible to the people for conducting it in an instructive and useful manner, and for having it such that when he says a thing is so the people will know that it is so: the man who knows the Constitution of the States, of his own State, and of all the principal States, as well as the Constitution of the United States, is well fitted for conducting a newspaper, or even for administering a government.

The modern newspaper, however, is not confined to any neighborhood or to any country. You have got to look beyond your own land; you have got to study the history of every European country. You must know, first of all, the history of England. We came from England; the American Constitution is rooted in English principles and in English history. You want to know where it started from. You want to go into the garden where the seed was first sown and watch the growth of this great product of wisdom and beneficence which we call the American Constitution. You see, the course of preparatory study is pretty large; and it is not very easy; it must be carried on in earnest. It is not a matter of fancy or of play. And so not merely with the history of England, but with the history of all of Europe, of every great and every little country. The course of human history offers a safe guide for human action, and especially for political action. The history of France is a chapter that is worthy of the utmost attention that can be given to it. Why have such and such results been produced? What is there from which this and that effect has proceeded? These are the sort of questions that careful study can bring an answer to; and without careful study you will never get the answer.

But I do not propose all these things as a course of preparatory study for a young man. You cannot learn everything in a day. It is as much as many men can do to learn a few things in the lapse of a long life; but at least try to learn something solid, to add to your stock of efficacious knowledge, to add to your understanding of principles, and to feel that as little effort as possible has been wasted and as little time as possible flung away.

The next point to be attended to is this: What books ought you to read? There are some books that are indispensable, a few books. Almost all books have their use, even the silly ones, and an omnivorous reader, if he reads intelligently, need never feel that his time is wasted even when he bestows it on the flimsiest trash that is printed; but there are some books that are absolutely indispensable to the kind of education that we are contemplating, and to the profession that we are considering; and of all these the most indispensable, the most useful, the one whose knowledge is most effective, is the Bible. There is no book from which more valuable lessons can be learned. I am considering it now not as a religious book, but as a manual of utility, of professional preparation, and professional use for a journalist. There is perhaps no book whose style is more suggestive and more instructive, from which you learn more directly that sublime simplicity which never exaggerates, which recounts the greatest event with solemnity, of course, but without sentimentality or affectation, none which you open with such confidence and lay down with such reverence: there is no book like the Bible. [Applause.] When you get into a controversy and want exactly the right answer, when you are looking for an expression, what is there that closes a dispute like a verse from the Bible? What is it that sets up the right principle for you, which pleads for a policy, for a cause, so much as the right passage of Holy Scripture? [Applause.]

Then, everybody who is going to practice the newspaper profession ought to know Shakespeare. He is the chief master of English speech. He is the head of English literature. Considered as a writer, considered as a poet, considered as a philosopher, I do not know another who can be named with him. He is not merely a constructor of plays that are powerful and impressive when they are shown upon the stage, with all the auxiliaries of lights, and scenery, and characters; he is a high literary treasure, a mighty storehouse of wisdom, the great glory of the literature of our language; and, if you don't know him, knowing the language may not be of much avail after all. Perhaps that is an exaggeration, and I take it back; but it is an object to know Shakespeare; it is indispensable to a journalist.

Then there is another English author who ought not to be neglected by any young man who means to succeed in this profession. I mean John Milton, and I invite your attention to that immortal essay of his, too little known in our day, the "Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." It is a treasury of the highest wisdom, of the noblest sentiments, and of the greatest instruction; study that, and you will get at once the philosophy of English liberty and the highest doctrine that has ever been promulgated, to my knowledge, with regard to the freedom of the press.

When I advise you to make yourselves familiar with these glories of English literature, I do not say that these writers ought to be taken as models. Do not take any model. Every man has his own natural style, and the thing to do is to develop it into simplicity and clearness. Do not, for instance, labor after such a style as Matthew Arnold's—one of the most beautiful styles that has ever been seen in any literature. It is no use to try to get another man's style, or to imitate the wit or the mannerisms of another writer. The late Mr. Carlyle, for example, did, in my judgment, a considerable mischief in his day because he led everybody to write after the style of his "French Revolution," and it became pretty tedious. They got over it after a time, however. But it was not a good thing. Let every man write in his own style, taking care only not to be led into any affectation, but to be perfectly clear, perfectly simple, or, in other words, to follow the honored and noble traditions of Union College. [Applause.]

That is all that it seems to me necessary to say with regard to the studies and the education of the journalist. Now, let us turn to the practice of this profession. One of the parts of the newspaper profession which employs the greatest number of men, and I may also say the greatest amount of talent, is the business of reporting. In a large newspaper office, as in the "Tribune" in New York, for example, where there may be one hundred men who are attached to the paper as writers, as correspondents, as reporters, and to the strictly editorial department, out of this one hundred, sixty or seventy will be reporters, that is, men who are sent out when any event of interest occurs, when a bank breaks, when a great fire takes place, when there is an earthquake, to inquire into the facts and collect information, and to put that information into form so that it can be printed the next day. That is one of the most important branches of the profession, and it is paid very liberally, I am glad to say. For instance, I know many reporters who earn $10 or $15 a day and some who earn more. They have constant employment, and their labor is entirely agreeable to themselves. That is one of the first things, when a young man comes for employment and you take him on and give him a chance, that he is set to do. There, you see, all this culture that we have been considering is at once brought into action. He must learn accurately the facts, and he must state them exactly as they are; and if he can state them with a little degree of life, a little approach to eloquence, or a little humor in his style, why, his report will be perfect. It must be accurate; it must be free from affectation; it must be well set forth, so that there shall not be any doubt as to any part or detail of it; and then if it is enlivened with imagination, or with feeling, or with humor, why, you have got a literary product that no one need be ashamed of. Thus we see this department of the newspaper is really a high art, and it may be carried to an extraordinary degree of perfection. At the same time, the cultivated man is not in every case the best reporter. One of the best I ever knew was a man who could not spell four words correctly to save his life, and his verb did not always agree with the subject in person and number; but he always got the fact so exactly, and he saw the picturesque, the interesting, and important aspect of it so vividly, that it was worth another man's while, who possessed the knowledge of grammar and spelling, to go over the report and write it out. Now, that was a man who had genius; he had a talent the most indubitable, and he got handsomely paid in spite of his lack of grammar, because after his work had been done over by a scholar it was really beautiful. But any man who is sincere and earnest, and not always thinking about himself, can learn to be a good reporter. He can learn to ascertain the truth; he can acquire the habit of seeing. When he looks at a fire, what is the most important thing about that fire? Here, let us say, are five houses burning; which is the greatest? whose store is that which is burning? and who has met with the greatest loss? Has any individual perished in the conflagration? Are there any very interesting circumstances about the fire? How did it occur? Was it like Chicago, where a cow kicked over a spirit lamp and burned up the city? All these things the reporter has to judge about. He is the eye of the paper, and he is there to see which is the vital fact in the story, and to produce it, tell it, write it out.

Next to the reporter, a very important functionary in the newspaper is the man who reads the other newspapers and makes extracts from them. Mr. Greeley used to think that it was enough to make a good paper if he had an able man to read the exchanges, provided he himself was there to add up the returns of the elections. [Laughter.] The man who reads the exchanges is a very important man; and, let me say, too, he is a pretty highly paid man. He has to read, we will say, three thousand papers regularly. All the newspapers in the country come into the office, and he does not do anything else. He sits at his desk all day, and a pile of newspapers, or say a cord of newspapers, is laid before him every morning: he starts to work and turns them over and over to see what is in them. He has to know what it is that should be taken from them and put into his paper. What is the interesting story? It requires judgment to know this; it requires knowledge and experience as well as talent. It also requires a sense of humor, because there are a great many things that are really important that may not seem so at the first glance, and the newspaper reader has got to judge about that. He must always be on hand and spend a great many hours at his desk; and he is pretty tired when he gets through with his day's task. It is a hard duty, but he has lots of amusement, and, as I said, he is very well paid. So he is happy.

Next to the exchange reader in the newspaper organization, comes the man whose duty it is to receive manuscripts and examine them and prepare them for the press, to edit them, correct them; where the writer has made a little slip of rhetoric, to put the right word in or the right turn of the phrase; to clarify it all; to make the sentences clean. That is a hard job in the writing of a great many persons. They interject; they put sub-sentences in parentheses. They do not begin and say the thing in its exact order, taking first the man and then what he did, and where he went; but they mix it up and complicate it. The editor who examines the manuscripts has got to go through all these things and straighten them out and disentangle the facts that the writer has twisted up; and then he must correct the punctuation, mark the paragraphs where one idea is finished and a new idea begins. He also receives the correspondence. Letters from all over the world go into his hands. You will get a letter from Madagascar perhaps. Ought it to be published? There is a lot of news in it, perhaps, that is of no interest in New York or in Schenectady. He has got to determine whether it is worth while to put that in or to leave it out, although you may have to pay for it and not use it. Masses of matter are paid for in a large newspaper office that are never used. So, you see, he is a very important functionary, and it requires a great deal of knowledge, a great deal of judgment, a great deal of literary cultivation to be able to fill that position.

Then finally you come to the editor-in-chief, and he is always a man who gets into his place by a natural process of selection. He comes there because he can do the work, and I have known some young men who had no idea that they would ever have control of a newspaper, who have risen to that place, and who have filled it with wisdom and success and force. Yet at the bottom of it all, it is always a question of character, as well as of talent. A fellow that is practising arts of deception may last a little while, but he cannot last long. The man who stays is the man who has the staying power; and the staying power is not merely intellectual; it is moral. It is in the character, and people believe in him, because they are sure he does not mean to say anything that is not so.

Now, every one who has written or talked about newspapers, has made a great account of the matter of news, and in these remarks that it has been my opportunity to make, I have not said anything yet on that subject.

News is undoubtedly a great thing in a newspaper. A newspaper without news is no newspaper. [Laughter.] The main function of a newspaper is to give the news, and tell you what has happened in the world, what events have occurred of all sorts, political, scientific, and nonsensical. By the way, one person that I have not mentioned is the scientific man. That is also a place that has to be filled by special cultivation. A scientific man, one who knows electricity and chemistry; one who can really understand the inventions of Edison, and who can tell what is going on in the scientific world where so many men of genius are incessantly at work bringing out and developing new things. There must be a man of that sort on a newspaper. That is a department of news of supreme consequence.

But the business of collecting news, which has always been regarded as of prime importance, is rather declining into a second place. It is a necessity, and it is very costly, to collect and to bring here to Schenectady, for instance, for printing to-morrow morning, the news of the whole world, from England, from Germany, from Russia, from France, from Africa, from South America, from the Pacific, so that it may be presented to the reader who takes up the paper to-morrow, and he may have a panorama of all the events of the preceding day. What a wonder, what a marvel it is that here for one or two cents you buy a history of the entire globe of the day before! It is something that is miraculous, really, when you consider it. All brought here to Schenectady and printed! All brought here by electricity, by means of the telegraph! So that the man who has knowledge enough to read, can tell what was done in France yesterday, or in Turkey, or in Persia. That is a wonderful thing. But the very necessity of bringing all this matter together, and the immense expense attendant upon it, have led to the formation of associations among newspapers and to the organization of agencies. I won't undertake to say now how much the expense is, because I do not remember it with absolute certainty, but it is an enormous sum, say perhaps three to five thousand dollars a day; but when it is divided among the four or five or six thousand newspapers in the United States, first divided among all the great cities and then among the cities of the second class, which pay less, and so on until finally it is distributed all around, why, it costs each individual newspaper very little; and the system which is most perfectly organized is the establishment in Chicago and New York known as the United Press. It supplies the news of the whole world, so that the individual editor sitting at his desk has only to look after the news of his own locality. When he has got that, he gets from the United Press the news of all the rest of the world, and, putting them together, his report of the day's history of the globe is complete. That is an institution which has revolutionized and is revolutionizing the operations of the profession, so that instead of the struggle to hunt after the news, to appreciate the importance of events that people generally do not see, and to report them so that you may have in your journal something that the others have not got, that struggle is mainly obviated by this organization of the United Press. The news of the entire world is brought to you, and the editor, the newspaper, is put back into the position which the thinker occupied before this supreme attention to news was regarded as indispensable. The editors and writers of the newspapers are now emancipated from all that drudgery, and have become intellectual beings again. The work of news-getting is performed by this great and wide-reaching agency of the United Press, and the individual editor here in Schenectady, or in Chicago, or New Orleans has no anxiety on that subject any longer. He devotes himself to the intellectual part of his business, and is able to carry that on to a greater degree of perfection than he has ever been able to do it with before. That, I think, is a revolution that is going to make a great change in the profession of newspaper making, raising it to a higher dignity than it has ever occupied. I look forward to the effects of this revolution with the greatest hope and confidence, and I think you young gentlemen who have not yet embarked in the profession may be congratulated on being able to come into it under such auspicious circumstances.

Gentlemen, I am greatly indebted to you for your kind attention, and I bid you farewell! [Applause.]

JOHN WARWICK DANIEL

WASHINGTON

[Address by John W. Daniel, lawyer, statesman, United States Senator from Virginia from 1887 (born in Lynchburg, Va., September 5, 1842; ———), delivered in the hall of the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., at the dedication of the Washington National Monument, February 21, 1885, Mr. Daniel being then a member of the House from Virginia. He was introduced by Senator George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, President pro tempore of the Senate, who occupied the Speaker's chair, and presided at the dedicatory exercises.]

MR. PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, SENATORS, REPRESENTATIVES, JUDGES, MR. CHAIRMAN, AND MY COUNTRYMEN:—Alone in its grandeur stands forth the character of Washington in history; alone like some peak that has no fellow in the mountain range of greatness.

"Washington," says Guizot, "Washington did the two greatest things which in politics it is permitted to man to attempt. He maintained by peace the independence of his country, which he had conquered by war. He founded a free government in the name of the principles of order and by re-establishing their sway."

Washington did indeed do these things. But he did more. Out of disconnected fragments he molded a whole and made it a country. He achieved his country's independence by the sword. He maintained that independence by peace as by war. He finally established both his country and its freedom in an enduring frame of constitutional government, fashioned to make Liberty and Union one and inseparable. These four things together constitute the unexampled achievement of Washington.

The world has ratified the profound remark of Fisher

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Ames, that "he changed mankind's ideas of political greatness." It has approved the opinion of Edward Everett, that he was "the greatest of good men and the best of great men." It has felt for him, with Erskine, "an awful reverence." It has attested the declaration of Brougham, that "he was the greatest man of his own or of any age." It is matter of fact to-day, as when General Hamilton, announcing his death to the army, said, "The voice of praise would in vain endeavor to exalt a name unrivaled in the lists of true glory." America still proclaims him, as did Colonel Henry Lee, on the floor of the House of Representatives, the man "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." And from beyond the sea the voice of Alfieri, breathing the soul of all lands and peoples, still pronounces the blessing, "Happy are you who have for the sublime and permanent basis of your glory the love of country demonstrated by deeds."

Ye who have unrolled the scrolls that tell the tale of the rise and fall of nations, before whose eyes has moved the panorama of man's struggles, achievements, and progression, find you anywhere the story of one whose life-work is more than a fragment of that which in his life is set before you? Conquerors, who have stretched your sceptres over boundless territories; founders of empire, who have held your dominions in the reign of law; reformers, who have cried aloud in the wilderness of oppression; teachers, who have striven with reason to cast down false doctrine, heresy and schism; statesmen, whose brains have throbbed with mighty plans for the amelioration of human society; scar-crowned Vikings of the sea, illustrious heroes of the land, who have borne the standards of siege and battle—come forth in bright array from your glorious fanes,—and would ye be measured by the measure of his stature? Behold you not in him a more illustrious and more venerable presence?

Statesman, Soldier, Patriot, Sage, Reformer of Creeds, Teacher of Truth and Justice, Achiever and Preserver of Liberty—the First of Men—Founder and Savior of his Country, Father of his People—this is HE, solitary and unapproachable in his grandeur. Oh! felicitous Providence that gave to America OUR WASHINGTON!

High soars into the sky to-day—higher than the Pyramids or the dome of St. Paul's or St. Peter's—the loftiest and most imposing structure that man has ever reared—high soars into the sky to where

> " Earth highest yearns to meet a star,"

the monument which " We the people of the United States " have erected to his memory. It is a fitting monument, more fitting than any statue. For his image could only display him in some one phase of his varied character—as the Commander, the Statesman, the Planter of Mount Vernon, or the Chief Magistrate of his Country. So Art has fitly typified his exalted life in yon plain lofty shaft. Such is his greatness, that only by a symbol could it be represented. As Justice must be blind in order to be whole in contemplation, so History must be silent, that by this mighty sign she may unfold the amplitude of her story.

It was fitting that the eminent citizen [Robert C. Winthrop] who thirty-seven years ago spoke at the laying of the corner-stone should be the orator at the consummation of the work which he inaugurated. It was Massachusetts that struck the first blow for independence; it was her voice that made the stones of Boston to " rise in mutiny "; it was her blessed blood that sealed the covenant of our salvation. The firmament of our national life she has thickly sown with deeds of glory. John Adams, of Massachusetts, was among the first to urge the name of Washington to the Continental Congress when it commissioned him as Commander-in-Chief of the American forces; it was upon her soil that he drew the sword which was sheathed at Yorktown, and there that he first gave to the battle-breeze the thirteen stripes that now float in new galaxies of stars. And meet it was that here in the Capitol of the Republic, at the distance of more than a century from its birth, the eloquent son of that illustrious State should span the chasm with his bridge of gold, and emblazon the final arch of commemoration. And I fancy, too, that in a land where the factious tongues of the elder nations are being hushed at last, and all rival strains commingled in the blood of brotherhood, the accomplished mission of America finds fitting illustration in the Sage descended from the Pilgrims crowning the Hero sprung from the Cavaliers.

It has seemed fitting to you, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Commission, that a citizen of the State which was the birthplace and the home of Washington,—whose House of Burgesses, of which he was a member, made the first burst of opposition against the Stamp Act, although less pecuniarily interested therein than their New England brethren, and was the first representative body to recommend a General Congress of the Colonies; of the State whose Mason drew that Bill of Rights which has been called the Magna Charta of America; whose Jefferson wrote, whose Richard Henry Lee moved, the Declaration that these Colonies be "free and independent States"; whose Henry condensed the Revolution into the electric sentence, "Liberty or Death"; of the State which cemented union with that vast territorial dowry out of which five States were carved, having now here some ninety representatives; of that State whose Madison was named "the Father of the Constitution"; and whose Marshall became its most eminent expounder; of the State which holds within its bosom the sacred ashes of Washington, and cherishes not less the principles which once kindled them with fires of Heaven descended—it has seemed fitting to you, gentlemen, that a citizen of that State should be also invited to deliver an address on this occasion.

Would, with all my heart, that a worthier one had been your choice. Too highly do I esteem the position in which you place me to feel aught but solemn distrustfulness and apprehension. And who indeed might not shrink from such a theatre when a Winthrop's eloquence still thrilled all hearts with Washington the theme? Yet, in Virginia's name, I thank you for the honor done her. She deserves it. Times there are when even hardihood is virtue; and to such virtue alone do I lay claim in venturing to abide your choice to be her spokesman.

None more than her could I offend did I take opportunity to give her undue exaltation. Her foremost son does not belong to her alone, nor does she so claim him. His part and her part in the Revolution would have been as naught but for what was so gloriously done by his brothers in council and in arms and by her sister Colonies, who kept the mutual pledge of "Life, Fortune, and Sacred Honor." New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, your comrade of the old heroic days, salutes you once again in honor and affection; no laurel could be plucked too bright for Virginia's hand to lay upon your brows. And ye, our younger companions, who have sprung forth from the wilderness, the prairie and the mountain, and now extend your empire to the far slopes where your teeming cities light their lamps by the setting sun—what grander tribute to the past, what happier assurance of the present, what more auspicious omens of the future could Heaven vouchsafe us than those which live and move and have their being in your presence?

What heart could contemplate the scene to-day—grander than any of Old Rome, when her victor's car "climbed the Capitol"—and not leap into the exclamation, "I, too, am an American citizen!"

Yet may I not remind you that Washington was a Virginian before he became an American, to tell his countrymen that "the name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discrimination?" And may I not seek the fountain from which sprang a character so instinct with love of country?

The Puritans of England, who from the landing at Plymouth in 1620 to the uprising against Charles I in 1640, "turned to the New World," in the language of Canning, "to redress the balance of the Old," were quickly followed to America by a new stream of immigration, that has left as marked an impress upon our civilization between the South Atlantic and the Mississippi as the sons of the Pilgrims have made between the North Atlantic and the Lakes.

When Charles I was beheaded in 1649, and when his son, the Second Charles, was beaten at Worcester in 1651, multitudes of the King's men turned their faces also to the new land of hope, the very events which checked the immigration of the Puritans to New England giving impulse to the tide which moved the Cavaliers to the Old Dominion. Between 1650 and 1670 the Virginia Colony increased from fifteen thousand to forty thousand souls, and nearly one-half of this number came thither within the decade after the execution of the King, and the establishment of Cromwell's Commonwealth on the ruins of his throne.

Intense loyalists were these new Virginians, who "would defend the crown if it hung upon a bush"; and when indeed its substance vanished with the kingly head that wore it, these "faithful subjects of King and Church" held allegiance to its phantom and to the exiled claimant. But they were not inattentive to their liberties. And if Virginia was the last of all the countries belonging to England to submit to Cromwell, yet she was also "the first State in the world composed of separate boroughs, diffused over an extensive surface, where representation was organized on the principle of universal suffrage." And in the very terms of surrender to the Commonwealth it was stipulated that "the people of Virginia" should have all the liberties of the free-born people of England; should intrust their business, as formerly, to their own grand Assembly; and should remain unquestioned for past loyalty to the King.

As in New England the Pilgrim Colony grew apace, so in Virginia prospered that of the Cavaliers. With that love of landed estates which is an instinct of their race, they planted their homes in the fertile lowlands, building great houses upon broad acres, surrounded by ornamental grounds and gardens.

Mimic empires were those large estates, and a certain baronial air pervaded them. Trade with Europe loaded the tables of their proprietors with luxuries; rich plate adorned them. Household drudgeries were separated from the main dwelling. The family became a considerable government within itself—the mistress a rural queen, the master a local potentate, with his graziers, seedsmen, gardeners, brewers, butchers, and cooks around him. Many of the heads of families were traveled and accomplished men. The parishes were ministered to by the learned clergy of the Established Church. In the old

College of William and Mary ere long were found the resources of classic education, and in the old capital town of Williamsburg the winter season shone resplendent with the entertainments of a refined society. Barges imported from England were resources of amusement and means of friendly visitations along the water courses, and heavy coaches, drawn by four or six horses, became their mode of travel.

"Born almost to the saddle and to the use of firearms, they were keen hunters, and when the chase was over they sat by groaning boards and drank confusion to the Frenchman and Spaniard abroad, and to Roundhead and Prelatist at home. When the lurking and predatory Indian became the object of pursuit, no speed of his could elude their fiery and gallantly mounted cavalry."

This was the Virginia, these the Virginians, of the olden time. If even in retrospect their somewhat artistocratic manners touch the sensitive nerve of a democratic people, it may at least be said of them that nothing like despotism, nihilism, or dynamite was ever found amongst them; that they cherished above all things Honor and Courage, the virtues preservative of all other virtues, and that they nurtured men and leaders of men well fitted to cope with great forces, resolve great problems, and assert great principles. And it is at least true that their habits of thought and living never proved more dangerous to "life, liberty, or the pursuit of happiness" than those of others who in later days corrupt the suffrage in the rank growth of cities; build up palaces and pile up millions amid crowded paupers; monopolize telegraph and railway lines by corporate machinery; spurn all relations to politics, save to debauch its agencies for personal gain; and know no Goddess of Liberty and no Eagle of Country save in the images which satire itself has stamped on the Almighty Dollar.

In 1657, while yet "a Cromwell filled the Stuarts' throne," there came to Virginia with a party of Carlists who had rebelled against him John Washington, of Yorkshire, England, who became a magistrate and member of the House of Burgesses, and distinguished himself in Indian warfare as the first colonel of his family on this side of the water. He was the nephew of that Sir Henry

Washington who had led the forlorn hope of Prince Rupert at Bristol in 1643, and who, with a starving and mutinous garrison, had defended Worcester in 1649, answering all calls for surrender that he "awaited His Majesty's commands."

And his progenitors had for centuries, running back to the conquest, been men of mark and fair renown. Pride and modesty of individuality alike forbid the seeking from any source of a borrowed lustre, and the Washingtons were never studious or pretentious of ancestral dignities. But "we are quotations from our ancestors," says the philosopher of Concord—and who will say that in the loyalty to conscience and to principle, and to the right of self-determination of what is principle, that the Washingtons have ever shown, whether as loyalist or rebel, was not the germ of that deathless devotion to Liberty and Country which soon discarded all ancient forms in the mighty stroke for independence?

Two traits of the Anglo-Saxon have been equally conspicuous—respect for authority; resistance to its abuse. Exacting service from the one, even the Second Charles learned somewhat from the other. When pressed by James to an extreme measure, he answered: "Brother, I am too old to start again on my travels." James, becoming King, forgot the hint, was soon on his travels, with the Revolution of 1688 in full blast, and William of Orange upon his throne. The Barons of Runnymede had, indeed, written in the Great Charter that if the King violated any article thereof they should have the right to levy war against him until full satisfaction was made. And we know not which is most admirable, the wit or the wisdom of the English lawyer, John Selden, who, when asked by what law he justified the right of resistance, answered, "By the *custom* of England, which is part of the common law." Mountains and vales are natural correspondences.

A very Tempe had Virginia been, sheltering the loyal Cavaliers in their reverence for authority. The higher and manlier trait of the Anglo-Saxon was about to receive more memorable illustration, and she uprose, Olympus-like, in her resistance to its abuse. And the Instrument of Providence to lead her people and their brethren, had he lived in the days when mythic lore invested human heroes with a Godlike grace, would have been shrouded in the glory of Olympian Jove.

One hundred and fifty-three years ago, on the banks of the Potomac, in the county of Westmoreland, on a spot marked now only by a memorial stone, of the blood of the people whom I have faintly described, fourth in descent from the Colonel John Washington whom I have named, there was born a son to Augustine and Mary Washington. And not many miles above his birthplace is the dwelling where he lived, and near which he now lies buried.

Borne upon the bosom of that river which here mirrors Capitol dome and monumental shaft in its seaward flow, the river itself seems to reverse its current and bear us silently into the past. Scarce has the vista of the city faded from our gaze when we behold on the woodland height that swells above the waters—amidst walks and groves and gardens—the white porch of that old colonial plantation home which has become the shrine of many a pilgrimage. Contrasting it as there it stands to-day with the marble halls which we have left behind us, we realize the truth of Emerson: "The atmosphere of moral sentiment is a region of grandeur which reduces all material magnificence to toys, yet opens to every wretch that has reason the doors of the Universe."

The quaint old wooden mansion, with the stately but simple old-fashioned mahogany furniture, real and ungarnished; the swords and relics of campaigns and scenes familiar to every schoolboy now; the key of the Bastile hanging in the hall incased in glass, calling to mind Tom Paine's happy expression, "That the principles of the American Revolution opened the Bastile is not to be doubted, therefore the key comes to the right place"; the black velvet coat worn when the farewell address to the Army was made; the rooms all in nicety of preparation as if expectant of the coming host—we move among these memorials of days and men long vanished—we stand under the great trees and watch the solemn river, in its never-ceasing flow, we gaze upon the simple tomb whose silence is unbroken save by the low murmur of the waters or the wild bird's note, and we are enveloped in an atmosphere of moral grandeur which no pageantry of moving men nor splendid pile can generate. Nightly on the plain of Marathon—the Greeks have the tradition—there may yet be heard the neighing of chargers and the rushing shadows of spectral war. In the spell that broods over the sacred groves of Vernon, Patriotism, Honor, Courage, Justice, Virtue, Truth seem bodied forth, the only imperishable realities of man's being.

There emerges from the shades the figure of a youth over whose cradle had hovered no star of destiny, nor dandled a royal crown—an ingenious youth, and one who in his early days gave auguries of great powers. The boy whose strong arm could fling a stone across the Rappahannock; whose strong will could tame the most fiery horse; whose just spirit made him the umpire of his fellows; whose obedient heart bowed to a mother's yearning for her son and laid down the midshipman's warrant in the British Navy which answered his first ambitious dream; the student transcribing mathematical problems, accounts, and business forms, or listening to the soldiers and seamen of vessels in the river as they tell of "hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field"; the early moralist in his thirteenth year compiling matured "Rules for behavior and conversation"; the surveyor of sixteen, exploring the wilderness for Lord Fairfax, sleeping on the ground, climbing mountains, swimming rivers, killing and cooking his own game, noting in his diary soils, minerals, and locations, and making maps which are models of nice and accurate draughtsmanship; the incipient soldier, studying tactics under Adjutant Muse, and taking lessons in broadsword fence from the old soldier of fortune, Jacob Van Braam; the major and adjutant-general of the Virginia frontier forces at nineteen:—we seem to see him yet as here he stood, a model of manly beauty in his youthful prime, a man in all that makes a man ere manhood's years have been fulfilled, standing on the threshold of a grand career, "hearing his days before him and the trumpet of his life."

The scene changes. Out into the world of stern adventure he passes, taking as naturally to the field and the frontier as the eagle to the air. At the age of twenty-one he is riding from Williamsburg to the French post at

Venango, in Western Pennsylvania, on a mission for Governor Dinwiddie, which requires "courage to cope with savages and sagacity to negotiate with white men"—on that mission which Edward Everett recognizes as "the first movement of a military nature which resulted in the establishment of American Independence." At twenty-two he has fleshed his maiden sword, has heard the bullets whistle, and found "something charming in the sound"; and soon he is colonel of the Virginia regiment in the unfortunate affair at Fort Necessity, and is compelled to retreat after losing a sixth of his command. He quits the service on a point of military etiquette and honor, but at twenty-three he reappears as volunteer aide by the side of Braddock in the ill-starred expedition against Fort Duquesne, and is the only mounted officer unscathed in the disaster, escaping with four bullets through his garments, and after having two horses shot under him.

The prophetic eye of Samuel Davies has now pointed him out as "that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I can but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country"; and soon the prophecy is fulfilled. The same year he is in command of the Virginia frontier forces. Arduous conflicts of varied fortunes are ere long ended, and on the 25th of November, 1759, he marches into the reduced fortress of Fort Duquesne—where Pittsburg now stands, and the Titans of Industry wage the eternal war of Toil—marches in with the advanced guard of his troops, and plants the British flag over its smoking ruins.

That self-same year Wolfe, another young and brilliant soldier of Britain, has scaled and triumphed on the Heights of Abraham—his flame of valor quenched as it lit the blaze of victory; Canada surrenders; the Seven Years' War is done; the French power in America is broken, and the vast region west of the Alleghanies, from the lakes to the Ohio, embracing its valley and tributary streams, is under the sceptre of King George. America has been made whole to the English-speaking race, to become in time the greater Britain.

Thus, building wiser than he knew, Washington had taken no small part in cherishing the seed of a nascent nation.

Mount Vernon welcomes back the soldier of twenty-seven, who has become a name. Domestic felicity spreads its charms around him with the "agreeable partner" whom he has taken to his bosom, and he dreams of "more happiness than he has experienced in the wide and bustling world."

Already, ere his sword had found its scabbard, the people of Frederick county had made him their member of the House of Burgesses. And the quiet years roll by as the planter, merchant, and representative superintends his plantation, ships his crops, posts his books, keeps his diary, chases the fox for amusement, or rides over to Annapolis and leads the dance at the Maryland capital—alternating between these private pursuits and serving his people as member of the Legislature and justice of the county court.

But ere long this happy life is broken. The air is electric with the currents of revolution. England has launched forth on the fatal policy of taxing her colonies without their consent. The spirit of liberty and resistance is aroused. He is loth to part with the Mother Land, which he still calls "home." But she turns a deaf ear to reason. The first Colonial Congress is called. He is a delegate, and rides to Philadelphia with Henry and Pendleton. The blow at Lexington is struck. The people rush to arms. The sons of the Cavaliers spring to the side of the sons of the Pilgrims. "Unhappy it is," he says, "that a brother's sword has been sheathed in a brother's breast, and that the once happy plains of America are to be either drenched in blood or inhabited by slaves. Sad alternative! But how can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice?" He becomes Commander-in-Chief of the American forces. After seven years' war he is the deliverer of his country. The old Confederation passes away. The Constitution is established. He is twice chosen President, and will not consent longer to serve.

Once again Mount Vernon's grateful shades receive him, and there—the world-crowned Hero now—he becomes again the simple citizen, wishing for his fellow men "to see the whole world in peace and its inhabitants one band of brothers, striving who could contribute most to the happiness of mankind"—without a wish for himself, but "to live and die an honest man on his farm." A speck of war spots the sky. John Adams, now President, calls him forth as Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief to lead America once more. But the cloud vanishes. Peace reigns. The lark signs at Heaven's gate in the fair morn of the new nation. Serene, contented, yet in the strength of manhood, though on the verge of threescore years and ten, he looks forth—the quiet farmer from his pleasant fields, the loving patriarch from the bowers of home—looks forth and sees the work of his hands established in a free and happy people. Suddenly comes the mortal stroke with severe cold. The agony is soon over. He feels his own dying pulse—the hand relaxes—he murmurs, "It is well"; and Washington is no more. While yet Time had crumbled never a stone nor dimmed the lustrous surface, prone to earth the mighty column fell.

Washington, the friend of Liberty, is no more!

The solemn cry filled the universe. Amidst the tears of his People, the bowed heads of kings, and the lamentations of the nations, they laid him there to rest upon the banks of the river whose murmurs were his boyhood's music—that river which, rising in mountain fastnesses amongst the grandest works of nature and reflecting in its course the proudest works of man, is a symbol of his history, which in its ceaseless and ever-widening flow is a symbol of his eternal fame.

No sum could now be made of Washington's character that did not exhaust language of its tributes and repeat virtues by all her names. No sum could be made of his achievements that did not unfold the history of his country and its institutions—the history of his age and its progress—the history of man and his destiny to be free. But whether character or achievement be regarded, the riches before us only expose the poverty of praise. So clear was he in his great office that no ideal of the Leader or the Ruler can be formed that does not shrink by the side of the reality. And so has he impressed himself upon the minds of men, that no man can justly aspire to be the chief of a great free people who does not adopt his principles and emulate his example. We look with amazement on such eccentric characters as Alexander, Cæsar, Cromwell, Frederick, and Napoleon; but when the serene face of Washington rises before us mankind instinctively exclaims, "This is the Man for the Nations to trust and reverence and for heroes and rulers to copy."

Drawing his sword from patriotic impulse, without ambition and without malice, he wielded it without vindictiveness and sheathed it without reproach. All that humanity could conceive he did to suppress the cruelties of war and soothe its sorrows. He never struck a coward's blow. To him age, infancy, and helplessness were ever sacred. He tolerated no extremity unless to curb the excesses of his enemy, and he never poisoned the sting of defeat by the exultation of the conqueror. Peace he welcomed as the Heaven-sent herald of Friendship; and no country has given him greater honor than that which he defeated; for England has been glad to claim him as the scion of her blood, and proud, like our sister American States, to divide with Virginia the honor of producing him.

Grand and manifold as were its phases, there is yet no difficulty in understanding the character of Washington. He was no Veiled Prophet. He never acted a part. Simple, natural, and unaffected, his life lies before us, a fair and open manuscript. He disdained the arts which wrap power in mystery in order to magnify it. He practiced the profound diplomacy of truthful speech, the consummate tact of direct attention. Looking ever to the All-Wise Disposer of events, he relied on that Providence which helps men by giving them high hearts and hopes to help themselves with the means which their Creator has put at their service. There was no infirmity in his conduct over which Charity must fling its veil; no taint of selfishness from which Purity averts her gaze; no dark recess of intrigue that must be lit up with colored panegyric.

A true son of nature was George Washington, of nature in her brightest intelligence and noblest mold. Difficulty, if such there be in comprehending him, is only that of reviewing from a single standpoint the vast procession of those civil and military achievements which filled nearly half-a-century of his life, and in realizing the magnitude of those qualities which were requisite in their performance—the difficulty of fashioning in our minds a pedestal broad enough to bear the towering figure, whose greatness is diminished by nothing but the perfection of its proportions. If his exterior—in calm, grave, and resolute repose—ever impressed the casual observer as austere and cold, it was only because that observer did not reflect that no great heart like his could have lived unbroken unless bound by iron nerves in an iron frame. The Commander of Armies, the Chief of a People, the Hope of Nations could not wear his heart upon his sleeve; and yet his sternest will could not conceal its high and warm pulsations. Under the enemy's guns at Boston he did not forget to instruct his agent to administer generously of charity to his needy neighbors at home. The sufferings of women and children, thrown adrift by war, and of his bleeding comrades, pierced his soul. And the moist eye and trembling voice with which he bade farewell to his veterans bespoke the underlying tenderness of his nature, even as the storm-wind makes music in its undertones.

Disinterested Patriot, he would receive no pay for his military services. Refusing gifts, he was glad to guide the benefaction of a grateful State to educate the children of his fallen braves in the institution at Lexington which yet bears his name. Without any of the blemishes that mark the tyrant, he appealed so loftily to the virtuous elements in man that he almost created the qualities of which his country needed the exercise; and yet he was so magnanimous and forbearing to the weaknesses of others, that he often obliterated the vices of which he feared the consequence. But his virtue was more than this. It was of that daring, intrepid kind that, seizing principle with a giant's grasp, assumed responsibility at any hazard, suffers sacrifice without pretence of martyrdom, bears calumny without reply, imposes superior will and understanding on all around it, capitulates to no unworthy triumph, but must carry all things at the point of clear and blameless conscience. Scorning all manner of meanness and cowardice, his bursts of wrath at their exhibition heighten our admiration for those noble passions which were kindled by the inspirations and exigencies of virtue.

Invested with the powers of a Dictator, the country bestowing them felt no distrust of his integrity; he, receiving them, gave assurance that as the sword was the last resort of Liberty, so it should be the first thing laid aside when Liberty was won. And keeping the faith in all things, he left mankind bewildered with the splendid problem whether to admire him most for what he was or what he would not be. Over and above all his virtues was the matchless manhood of personal honor, to which Confidence gave in safety the key of every treasure; on which Temptation dared not smile; on which Suspicion never cast a frown. And why prolong the catalogue? "If you are presented with medals of Cæsar, of Trajan, or Alexander, on examining their features you are still led to ask, what was their stature and the forms of their persons? But if you discover in a heap of ruins the head or the limb of an antique Apollo, be not curious about the other parts, but rest assured they were all conformable to those of a god."

Great as a Commander, it may not be said of him as of Marlborough, that "he never formed the plan of a campaign that he did not execute; never besieged a city that he did not take; never fought a battle that he did not gain." But it can be said of him that, at the head of raw volunteers, hungry to the edge of famine, ragged almost to nakedness, whose muniments of war were a burlesque of its necessities, he defeated the trained bands and veteran generals of Europe; and that, when he had already earned the name of the American Fabius, destined to save a nation by delay, he suddenly displayed the daring of a Marcellus. It may be said that he was the first general to employ large bodies of light infantry as skirmishers, catching the idea from his Indian warfare, and so developing it that it was copied by the Great Frederick of Prussia, and ere long perfected into the system now almost universal. It can be said of him, as testified by John Adams, that "it required more serenity of temper, a deeper understanding, and more courage than fell to the lot of Marlborough, to ride on the whirlwind" of such tempestuous times as Washington dealt with, and that he did "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm." It can be said that he was tried in a crucible to which Marlborough was never subjected—adversity, defeat, depression of fortune bordering on despair. The first battle of his youth ended in capitulation. The first general engagement of the Revolution at Long Island opened a succession of disasters and retreats. But with the energy that remolds broken opportunities into greater ones, with the firmness of mind that cannot be unlocked by trifles but which when unlocked displays a cabinet of fortitude, he wrenched victory from stubborn fortune, compelling the reluctant oracle to exclaim as to Alexander, "My son, thou art invincible." So did he weave the net of war by land and sea, that at the very moment when an elated adversary was about to strike the final blow for his country's fall, he surrounded him by swift and far-reaching combinations, and twined the lilies of France with the Stars and Stripes of America over the ramparts of Yorktown. And if success be made the test of merit, let it be remembered that he conducted the greatest military and civil enterprises of his age, and left no room for fancy to divine greater perfection of accomplishment.

Great in action as by the council board, the finest horseman and knightliest figure of his time, he seemed designed by nature to lead in those bold strokes which needs must come when the battle lies with a single man—those critical moments of the campaign or the strife when, if the mind hesitates or a nerve flinches, all is lost. We can never forget the passage of the Delaware that black December night, amidst shrieking winds and great upheaving blocks of ice which would have petrified a leader of less hardy mold, and then the fell swoop at Trenton. We behold him as when at Monmouth he turns back the retreating lines, and galloping his white charger along the ranks until he falls, leaps on his Arabian bay, and shouts to his men: "Stand fast, my boys, the Southern troops are coming to support you!" And we hear Lafayette exclaim, "Never did I behold so superb a man!" We see him again at Princeton dashing through a storm of shot to rally the wavering troops; he reins his horse between the contending lines, and cries: "Will you leave your general to the foe?" then bolts into the thickest fray. Colonel Fitzgerald, his aid, drops his reins and pulls his hat down over his eyes that he may not see his chieftain fall, when, through the smoke he reappears waving his hat, cheering on his men, and shouting: "Away, dear

Colonel, and bring up the troops; the day is ours." "Cœur de Lion" might have doffed his plume to such a chief, for a great knight was he, who met his foes full tilt in the shock of battle and hurled them down with an arm whose sword flamed with righteous indignation.

As children pore over the pictures in their books where they can read the words annexed to them so we linger with tingling blood by such inspiring scenes, while little do we reck of those dark hours when the aching head pondered the problems of a country's fate. And yet there is a greater theatre in which Washington appears, although not so often has its curtain been uplifted.

For it was as a statesman that Washington was greatest. Not in the sense that Hamilton and Jefferson, Adams and Madison were statesmen; but in a larger sense. Men may marshal armies who cannot drill divisions. Men may marshal nations in storm and travail who have not the accomplishments of their cabinet ministers. Not so versed as they was he in the details of political science. And yet as he studied tactics when he anticipated war, so he studied politics when he saw his civil rôle approaching, reading the history and examining the principles of ancient and modern confederacies, and making notes of their virtues, defects, and methods of operation.

His pen did not possess the facile play and classic grace of their pens, but his vigorous eloquence had the clear ring of our mother tongue. I will not say that he was so astute, so quick, so inventive as the one or another of them—that his mind was characterized by the vivacity of wit, the rich colorings of fancy, or daring flights of imagination. But with him thought and action like well-trained coursers kept abreast in the chariot race, guided by an eye that never quailed, reined by a hand that never trembled. He had a more infallible discrimination of circumstances and men than any of his contemporaries. He weighed facts in a juster scale, with larger equity, and firmer equanimity. He best applied to them the lessons of experience. With greater ascendancy of character he held men to their appointed tasks; with more inspiring virtue he commanded more implicit confidence. He bore a truer divining-rod, and through a wilderness of contention he alone was the unerring Pathfinder of the People. There can, indeed, be no right conception of Washington that does not accord him a great and extraordinary genius. I will not say he could have produced a play of Shakespeare, or a poem of Milton, handled with Kant the tangled skein of metaphysics, probed the secrecies of mind and matter with Bacon, constructed a railroad or an engine like Stephenson, wooed the electric spark from Heaven to earth with Franklin, or walked with Newton the pathways of the spheres. But if his genius were of a different order, it was of as rare and high an order. It dealt with man in the concrete, with his vast concerns of business stretching over a continent and projected into the ages, with his seething passions; with his marvelous exertions of mind, body, and spirit to be free. He knew the materials he dealt with by intuitive perception of the heart of man, by experience and observation of his aspirations and his powers, by reflection upon his complex relations, rights, and duties as a social being. He knew just where, between men and States, to erect the monumental mark to divide just reverence for authority from just resistance to its abuse. A poet of social facts, he interpreted by his deeds the harmonies of justice.

Practical, yet exalted, not stumbling in the pit as he gazed upon the stars, he would "put no man in any office of consequence whose political tenets were opposed to the measures which the General Government was pursuing." Yet he himself, by the kingliness of his nature, could act independently of party, return the confidence and affections, use the brains and have thrust upon him the unanimous suffrage of all parties, walking the dizzy heights of power in the perfect balance of every faculty, and surviving in that rarefied atmosphere which lesser frames could only breathe to perish.

Brilliant I will not call him, if the brightness of the rippling river exceed the solemn glory of old Ocean. Brilliant I will not call him, if darkness must be visible in order to display the light; for he had none of that rocket-like brilliancy which flames in instant coruscation across the black brow of night, and then is not. But if a steady, unflickering flame, slow rising to its lofty sphere, dispensing far and wide its rays, revealing all things on which it shines in due proportions and large relations, making Right, Duty, and Destiny so plain that in the vision we are scarce conscious of the light—if this be brilliancy, then the genius of Washington was as full-orbed and luminous as the god of day in his zenith.

This is genius in rarest manifestation; and, as life is greater than any theory of living, in so much does he who points the path of Destiny and brings great things to pass, exceed the mere dreamer of great dreams.

The work of Washington filled the rounded measure of his splendid faculties. Grandly did he illustrate the Anglo-Saxon trait of just resistance to the abuse of power—standing in front of his soldier-husbandmen on the fields of Boston, and telling the general of earth's greatest Empire, who stigmatized them as "rebels" and threatened them "with the punishment of the cord," that "he could conceive of no rank more honorable than that which flows from the uncorrupted choice of a brave and free People, the original and purest fountain of all power," and that, "far from making it a plea for cruelty, a mind of true magnanimity and enlarged ideas would comprehend and respect it." Victoriously did he vindicate the principle of the Declaration of Independence, that to secure the inalienable rights of man "governments are instituted amongst men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the People to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its power in such forms, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." By these signs he conquered. And had his career ended here, none other would have surpassed—whose could have equaled it? But where the fame of so many successful warriors has found conclusion, or gone beyond only to be tarnished, his took new flight upward.

If I might venture to discriminate, I would say that it was in the conflicts of opinion that succeeded the Revolution that the greatness of Washington most displayed itself; for it was then that peril thickened in most subtle forms; that rival passions burned in intestine flames; that crises came, demanding wider-reaching and more constructive faculties than may be exhibited in war, and higher heroism than may be avouched in battle. And it was then that the soldier uplifted the visor of his helmet and disclosed the countenance of the sage; and passing from the fields of martial fame to the heights of civil achievement, still more resplendent, became the world-wide statesman, like Venus in her transit, sinking the light of his past exploits only in the sun of a new-found glory.

First to perceive, and swift to point out, the defects in the Articles of Confederation, they became manifest to all long before victory crowned the warfare conducted under them. Charged by them with the public defense, Congress could not put a soldier in the field; and charged with defraying expenses, it could not levy a dollar of imposts or taxes. It could, indeed, borrow money with the assent of nine States of the thirteen, but what mockery of finance was that, when the borrower could not command any resource of payment.

The States had indeed put but a scepter of straw in the legislative hand of the Confederation—what wonder that it soon wore a crown of thorns! The paper currency ere long dissolved to nothingness; for four days the Army was without food, and whole regiments drifted from the ranks of our hard-pressed defenders. "I see," said Washington, "one head gradually changing into thirteen; I see one army gradually branching into thirteen, which, instead of looking up to Congress as the supreme controlling power, are considering themselves as dependent upon their respective States." While yet his sword could not slumber, his busy pen was warning the statesmen of the country that unless Congress were invested with adequate powers, or should assume them as matter of right, we should become but thirteen States, pursuing local interests, until annihilated in a general crash—the cause would be lost—and the fable of the bundle of sticks applied to us.

In rapid succession his notes of alarm and invocations for aid to Union followed each other to the leading men of the States, North and South. Turning to his own State, and appealing to George Mason, "Where," he exclaimed, "where are our men of abilities? Why do they not come forth and save the country?" He compared the affairs of this great continent to the mechanism of a clock, of which each State was putting its own small part in order, but neglecting the great wheel, or spring, which was to put the whole in motion. He summoned Jefferson, Wythe, and Pendleton to his assistance, telling them that the present temper of the States was friendly to lasting union, that the moment should be improved and might never return, and that "after gloriously and successfully contending against the usurpation of Britain we may fall a prey to our own folly and disputes."

How keen the prophet's ken, that through the smoke of war discerned the coming evil; how diligent the Patriot's hand, that amidst awful responsibilities reached futureward to avert it! By almost a miracle the weak Confederation, "a barrel without a hoop," was held together perforce of outside pressure; and soon America was free.

But not yet had beaten Britain concluded peace—not yet had dried the blood of Victory's field, ere "follies and disputes" confounded all things with their Babel tongues and intoxicated Liberty gave loose to license. An unpaid Army with unsheathed swords clamored around a poverty-stricken and helpless Congress. And grown at last impatient even with their chief, officers high in rank plotted insurrection and circulated an anonymous address, urging it "to appeal from the justice to the fears of government, and suspect the man who would advise to longer forbearance." Anarchy was about to erect the Arch of Triumph—poor, exhausted, bleeding, weeping America lay in agony upon her bed of laurels.

Not a moment did Washington hesitate. He convened his officers, and going before them he read them an address, which, for homethrust argument, magnanimous temper, and the eloquence of persuasion which leaves nothing to be added, is not exceeded by the noblest utterances of Greek or Roman. A nobler than Coriolanus was before them, who needed no mother's or wife's reproachful tears to turn the threatening steel from the gates of Rome. Pausing, as he read his speech, he put on his spectacles and said: "I have grown gray in your service, and now find myself growing blind." This unaffected touch of nature completed the master's spell.

The late fomenters of insurrection gathered to their chief with words of veneration—the storm went by—and, says Curtis in his History of the Constitution, "Had the Commander-in-Chief been other than Washington, the land would have been deluged with the blood of civil war."

But not yet was Washington's work accomplished. Peace dawned upon the weary land, and parting with his soldiers, he pleaded with them for union. "Happy, thrice happy, shall they be pronounced," he said, "who have contributed anything in erecting this stupendous fabric of freedom and empire; who have assisted in protecting the rights of human nature, and establishing an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations and religions." But still the foundations of the stupendous fabric trembled, and no cement held its stones together. It was then, with that thickening peril, Washington rose to his highest stature. Without civil station to call forth his utterance, impelled by the intrepid impulse of a soul that could not see the hope of a nation perish without leaping into the stream to save it, he addressed the whole People of America in a Circular to the Governors of the States: "Convinced of the importance of the crisis, silence in me," he said, "would be a crime. I will, therefore, speak the language of freedom and sincerity." He set forth the need of union in a strain that touched the quick of sensibility; he held up the citizens of America as sole lords of a vast tract of continent; he portrayed the fair opportunity for political happiness with which Heaven had crowned them; he pointed out the blessings that would attend their collective wisdom; that in their fate was involved that of unborn millions; that mutual concessions and sacrifices must be made; and that supreme power must be lodged somewhere to regulate and govern the general concerns of the Confederate Republic, without which the Union would not be of long duration. And he urged that happiness would be ours if we seized the occasion and made it our own. In this, one of the very greatest acts of Washington, was revealed the heart of the man, the spirit of the hero, the wisdom of the sage—I might almost say the sacred inspiration of the prophet.

But still the wing of the eagle drooped; the gathering storms baffled his sunward flight. Even with Washington in the van, the column wavered and halted—States straggling to the rear that had hitherto been foremost for permanent Union, under an efficacious Constitution. And while three years rolled by amidst the jargon of sectional and local contentions, "the half-starved government," as Washington depicted it, "limped along on crutches, tottering at every step." And while monarchical Europe with saturnine face declared that the American hope of Union was the wild and visionary notion of romance, and predicted that we would be to the end of time a disunited people, suspicious and distrustful of each other, divided and subdivided into petty commonwealths and principalities, lo! the very earth yawned under the feet of America, and in that very region whence had come forth a glorious band of orators, statesmen and soldiers to plead the cause and fight the battles of Independence—lo! the volcanic fires of Rebellion burst forth upon the heads of the faithful, and the militia were leveling the guns of the Revolution against the breasts of their brethren. "What, gracious God! is man?" Washington exclaimed: "It was but the other day that we were shedding our blood to obtain the Constitutions under which we live, and now we are unsheathing our swords to overturn them."

But see! there is a ray of hope, Maryland and Virginia had already entered into a commercial treaty for regulating the navigation of the rivers and great bay in which they had common interests, and Washington had been one of the Commissioners in its negotiation. And now, at the suggestion of Maryland, Virginia had called on all the States to meet in convention at Annapolis, to adopt commercial regulations for the whole country. Could this foundation be laid, the eyes of the Nation-builders foresaw that the permanent structure would ere long rise upon it. But when the day of meeting came no State north of New York or south of Virginia was represented; and in their helplessness those assembled could only recommend a Constitutional Convention, to meet in Philadelphia in May, 1787, to provide for the exigencies of the situation.

And still thick clouds and darkness rested on the land, and there lowered upon its hopes a night as black as that upon the freezing Delaware; but through the gloom the dauntless leader was still marching on to the consummation of his colossal work, with a hope that never died; with a courage that never faltered; with a wisdom that never yielded that "all is vanity."

It was not permitted the Roman to despair of the Republic, nor did he—our Chieftain. "It will all come right at last," he said. It did. And now let the historian, Bancroft, speak: "From this state of despair the country was lifted by Madison and Virginia." Again he says: "We come now to a week more glorious for Virginia beyond any in her annals, or in the history of any Republic that had ever before existed."

It was that week in which Madison, "giving effect to his own long-cherished wishes, and still earlier wishes of Washington," addressing, as it were, the whole country, and marshaling all the States, warned them "that the crisis had arrived at which the People of America are to decide the solemn question, whether they would, by wise and magnanimous efforts reap the fruits of Independence and of Union, or whether by giving way to unmanly jealousies and prejudices, or to partial and transitory interests, they would renounce the blessings prepared for them by the Revolution," and conjuring them "to concur in such further concessions and provisions as may be necessary to secure the objects for which that Government was instituted, and make the United States as happy in peace as they had been glorious in war."

In such manner, my countrymen, Virginia, adopting the words of Madison, and moved by the constant spirit of Washington, joined in convoking that Constitutional Convention, in which he headed her delegation, and over which he presided, and whose deliberations resulted in the formation and adoption of that instrument which the Premier of Great Britain pronounces "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

In such manner the State which gave birth to the Father of his Country, following his guiding genius to the Union, as it had followed his sword through the battles of Independence, placed herself at the head of the wavering column. In such manner America heard and harkened to the voice of her chief; and now closing ranks, and moving with reanimated step, the Thirteen Commonwealths wheeled and faced to the front, on the line of the Union, under the sacred ensign of the Constitution.

Thus at last was the crowning work of Washington accomplished. Out of the tempests of war, and the tumults of civil commotion, the ages bore their fruit, the long yearning of humanity was answered. "Rome to America" is the eloquent inscription on one stone contributed to yon colossal shaft—taken from the ancient Temple of Peace that once stood hard by the Palace of the Cæsars. Uprisen from the sea of Revolution, fabricated from the ruins of the battered Bastiles, and dismantled palaces of unhallowed power, stood forth now the Republic of Republics, the Nation of Nations, the Constitution of Constitutions, to which all lands and times and tongues had contributed of their wisdom. And the Priestess of Liberty was in her Holy Temple.

When Salamis had been fought and Greece again kept free, each of the victorious generals voted himself to be first in honor; but all agreed that Themistocles was second. When the most memorable struggle for the rights of human nature, of which time holds record, was thus happily concluded in the muniment of their preservation, whoever else was second, unanimous acclaim declared that Washington was first. Nor in that struggle alone does he stand foremost. In the name of the people of the United States, their President, their Senators, their Representatives, and their Judges, do crown to-day with the grandest crown that veneration has ever lifted to the brow of glory, Him, whom Virginia gave to America, whom America has given to the world and to the ages, and whom mankind with universal suffrage has proclaimed the foremost of the founders of empire in the first degree of greatness; whom Liberty herself has anointed as the first citizen in the great Republic of Humanity.

Encompassed by the inviolate seas stands to-day the American Republic which he founded—a freer Greater Britain—uplifted above the powers and principalities of the earth, even as his monument is uplifted over roof and dome and spire of the multitudinous city.

Long live the Republic of Washington! Respected by mankind, beloved of all its sons, long may it be the asylum of the poor and oppressed of all lands and religions—long may it be the citadel of that Liberty which writes beneath the Eagle's folded wings, "We will sell to no man, we will deny to no man, Right and Justice."

Long live the United States of America! Filled with the free, magnanimous spirit, crowned by the wisdom, blessed by the moderation, hovered over by the guardian angel of Washington's example; may they be ever worthy in all things to be defended by the blood of the brave who know the rights of man and shrink not from their assertion—may they be each a column, and altogether, under the Constitution, a perpetual Temple of Peace, unshadowed by a Cæsar's palace, at whose altar may freely commune all who seek the union of Liberty and Brotherhood.

Long live our Country! Oh, long through the undying ages may it stand, far removed in fact as in space from the Old World's feuds and follies, alone in its grandeur and its glory, itself the immortal monument of Him whom Providence commissioned to teach man the power of Truth, and to prove to the nations that their Redeemer liveth.

GEORGE DAWSON

ILL-USED MEN

[Address by George Dawson, preacher, from 1847 till his death, in the chapel in Birmingham which he founded, and popular lecturer for thirty years in English towns (born in London, England, February 24, 1821; died in Kingsnorton, near Birmingham, England, November 30, 1876). He was a friend of Carlyle and of Emerson, and it has been said was remarkable for his power of popularizing their teachings, "as well as for spreading the fame of Shakespeare and the great writers of English literature and history among the middle classes." He made a lecture tour in the United States in 1874.]

Ladies and Gentlemen:—Lamenting the fact that I had not the privilege of arranging the Lectures of this Institute myself, I will express a hope at the outset of my discourse, that you will sympathize with me in the difficult task of reconciling the public mind, after it has been for two successive weeks devoted to the gorilla, to the consideration of mere men and women—ill-used men. I have some boldness in asking of you this boon, because I doubt not that most among you consider yourselves as ill-used men, but at the same time I candidly state my belief that however many of you may have been badly treated, the greater number, if you put it honestly to your consciences, will find that you have received far more good than you have ever deserved, and have been treated much better than you could ever have expected. I deny not that here and there one may have received an injury; but, if you carefully balance up the book of life, you will find that you have done the same thing to others, and have no right to complain.

In answering the inquiry, who are ill-used men? I exclude martyrs and confessors entirely, because theirs is a kind of suffering above ill-usage altogether, and, to instance what I mean by the term, I will state my opinion, that Socrates while a martyr when drinking the hemlock draught, was an ill-used man in his relations to Xantippe, his wife.

In most cases I hold that ill-usage is nothing more than the rushing in of the great forces of life when man's carelessness and folly open the way for them. If a man will go blundering along the streets of London, perambulating from side to side—Birmingham fashion—he can blame nobody else but himself if he gets his clumsy and disorderly head knocked against some other head as hard as his is soft; and this is a fair type of the majority of the cases of ill-usage. I hold that, as a general rule, ill-usage is nothing but the necessary influence of the laws of life, whereby the wrong people inevitably get into wrong places—the round pegs get into square holes, and all goes wrong together.

At the same time I admit that there are what are called "unlucky men"—men whose cogs will never fit into the cogs of that greater wheel of circumstances which surrounds all of us; and also men whose orbits are always bad—men who never can pursue their little course but some great body will come into contact with them, drive them out of their course, or smash them into dust at once.

There are men also who reap consequences without having the advantages of the causes that brought them about. For instance, it takes the gout a good long time to grow in a family, but it does grow, and it often grows from a good cellar of port in the possession of an ancestor. Now, what I do think hard is that a man should have the port without having the gout; and what I think more tragic still, is that another man should have the gout without having had the port. But still that is one of the great laws of life. We cannot avoid it, and we dare not impugn its wisdom. Did we, we should be like the great civic functionary—not of Birmingham, I am happy to say—who determined to have a south wall built all round his garden.

The truth is, as it ever stood—"One soweth and another reapeth." And the great reconcilement is to recognize the fact that all the generations of men are but a continuance of each other; that the child is the father continued, and that the follies of one age are visited upon the people of another. Taking the national debt as an example, what had we Englishmen of the present day to do with all the stupid quarrels of those stupid Georges? or what had we to do with the replacing of those absurd Bourbons on the throne of France? But still we have to pay the cost. And right, too, I hold; and I despise all those sneaking people who come up with it as a great grievance pleading the rights of Englishmen in doing so. I hold that those rights are a very sufficient set-off against the burden, and until noisy demagogues are willing to relinquish all the rights and privileges they hold by virtue of their birthright, I contend they have no right to complain of the evils accompanying those rights until the one outweighs the other. All is in accordance with the great law of Nature, and to illustrate that law I will produce instances; but where to begin with the catalogue of ill-used men I do not know.

To begin very low down, I consider Luther an ill-used man because he was born before the invention of tobacco. If tobacco had been invented I am sure Luther would have smoked, and if he had smoked, I am sure he would have treated the Pope like a gentleman, and would never have Billingsgated kings. That must have been an ill-used man, too, of whom Addison relates that he shut himself up for six months to compose anagrams on his lady's name and then found out that he had spelt it wrong. I could lay that man's case to heart; but there is a moral to it; always get your mistress to write her name before you spend six months in writing anagrams on it. Then there is the case of the barber, living in Sydney, who found a new kind of sea-hog, and resolved to invent a new kind of grease out of its blubber. He made his grease; operated on his wife and himself; both went to bed and woke up bald, and remain to this day martyrs to science. So with the tailor and his customer, who misunderstood each other. The tailor made a pair of breeches, and they split. The customer complained, and the tailor, after considerable altercation found that they were made for walking, not for sitting, which had caused the splitting. Again, there was a man during the reign of Kaiser Otho, who wore puffed breeches. Puffed breeches then were filled with flour, and when the wearer of the breeches sat down on a seat he sat down on a nail, and the nail tore the breeches and the rent emitted three pecks of flour, and the man who wore the breeches was an ill-used man. Why he should have sat down at that particular time, and in that particular place, is a mystery; and why there should have been a nail there, is to me an inscrutable mystery; but there is the fact, and the sufferer I consider an ill-used man. Then there are the touching cases of many poor philosophers and authors—men who suffered by printers' blunders and the misunderstanding of posterity—and there is another class of persons whose case is extremely affecting,—those who are hung by mistake.

But passing these by, there is a class of men who are condemned by mistake, and who receive what is called a "free pardon." A "free pardon" indeed!—I despise the term with all the contempt of which my soul is capable. The very idea of pardoning a man who has committed no crime, is to my mind revolting. Rather ought the nation, through its heads, to ask the poor victim to grant pardon to the dull-headed juries and the precedent-bound judges, than for them to grant it him.

But of all ill-used people in the world authors seem to be singled out as the chief. Cervantes wanted food; Camoens died in the hospital at Lisbon; poor Tasso went out one day to borrow a crown; and Racine on one of his monthly visits to Louis XIV, when asked if there was anything new, said Corneille was dying for want of a little broth. The Marquis of Worcester, one of the great men of science, when science was small, had to petition for a little money to carry on his investigations. Otley, Sydenham, and others died in a sponging-house.

Great Shakespeare, almost alone, was one of the few men who were not ill-used during their lives. They could not ill-use him. He never took poetry to an onion market for sale; he took it where it would be appreciated. But while preserving his bones by his epitaph, he could not preserve his works. Every dull-headed scribbler and heavy critic, right up to the present day, has inflicted on him the penalty of the peace he enjoyed during life, by murdering him when dead. He has been ill-used by Dumas, and by another Frenchman in the present day—a Frenchman who supposes that he can alter the great dramatist to advantage; can (with presumption unequaled) take out what Shakespeare has written, insert what Shakespeare has not written, and make up the deficiency by his own vile gymnastics.

But as Sterne dealt with the question of slavery by singling out one instance, and despised the talk about "general humanity," and the "interests of the race," so will I deal with ill-used men by singling out a few instances only, thereby letting in a light by which may be seen the whole question.

The instances I shall choose are Matthew Flinders and James Hargreaves. The history of the former, as the first useful discoverer of Australia, may be traced from the time he started from England in his little ship the "Tom Thumb," through all his dangers, shipwrecks, and imprisonments till the time he returned to England to find that his discoveries had been appropriated by a Frenchman while he was in prison, and that his services were to go unrewarded until the day of his death, while his widow died in penury. Turn this man round which way I will, I cannot find a single weakness in his character or his actions; he was brave, clever, indomitable, but still he failed; and he is one who may be classed amongst those who are really the ill-used men of the world. As to James Hargreaves, he sitting alone there in his little house in Yorkshire, finding that he could not get enough from the spinners of cotton to supply his wants as a weaver cast about for a way to spin faster. After many weary days, and weeks, and months, he found out a method by which he could spin eight threads in the same time that one had previously been spun; and being asked for a name for the instrument, he looked lovingly upon his wife, and said: "We'll call it Jenny"; and the modest Jenny has come down to posterity, and will go to remotest generations with the name of the "Spinning Jenny." But no sooner was it found out, than the insane clamor of workmen raised a mob, who destroyed the invention, and drove Hargreaves away from his native town. And the only resulting good I can see, is that it distributed the man abroad into other towns, carrying his invention whithersoever he went. At the same time, poor Hargreaves died in a workhouse, his wife, a widow, sunk into that black mass of under-current which ever under-runs the tide of England's prosperity; and thus the man whose labors gave England the greatest wealth she ever possessed, sunk into oblivion unrewarded. Such a man as that I consider an ill-used man.

Having introduced these two men as exceptions to the rule that ill-used men have only themselves to blame for their ill-usage, let us now look at some of the sources of ill-usage. Some men, I grant, are truly unlucky. They have a fatal propensity to step in just when the blow is falling. They do not deserve it; it is intended for some rascal; but they will step in just in time to get it, and they do get it, invariably. One man comes to the sowing and another to the reaping; one does the work and another gets the reward. These I consider ill-used men.

Then sometimes a man gets ill-used for too much shyness, and too much deference to society, and at another time for too much love of gold and silver.

People get ill-used, too, for undertaking to be little providences to all the world—to take care of the concerns of other people; this is a certain source of ill-usage.

Ingratitude is another. To hear people talk, one would think that ingratitude was a thing to be surprised at when it comes. It isn't. It is one of the things I always provide for; I have it registered among the unpleasant things I expect—frost, snow, cold east wind, ingratitude; that's how it runs in my memorandum.

Some instances of ill-used men I may give you in order to see how far their treatment corresponds to some fault in their doing, or to some weakness in their character; for fault and weakness I hold to mean the same thing in the eyes of the world, and I assure you that you may as well be guilty of the one as the other.

Samuel Crompton, the inventor of the cotton-mule, was an ill-used man; but then he was so shy and proud—he invited it. The world did not want proud shy men, and while it let Barber Arkwright make £2,000,000 of money, it let Crompton get under the bed to starve, and at last gave him only a miserable gratuity, half of which was spent in canvassing to get it; and all this after he had given to England an invention which was one of the greatest wealth producers she had ever had.

Glancing back, there was Francis Bacon. His question is altogether too large for the present address, but he was an ill-used man. The world ill-used him and he ill-used it; for while one of the wisest of men he was one of the meanest; and though ill-used I am not quite sure that he did not deserve it.

Then there was poor James Bruce. He went to Africa, and wrote a journal about it, like some people in modern days who have been to Africa and elsewhere. People whose experience goes no further than their own little tea-table say such journals are lies; but they are not; granting that there is a little romancing about them, still they are true in the main. They are like those portraits one gets—a penny plain, twopence colored—brought home plain from Africa, and colored in London. So that on the whole I consider Bruce an ill-used man, partly because of his little decorations, and partly because of the narrow-minded stupidity of his countrymen.

Then there was poor Admiral John Byng; he was a vicarious person, offered up for the good of the public. He died like every tenth man in a regiment that is decimated, not for the individual punishment of that tenth man, but to frighten all the rest. He had had ships ill-provided and a cowardly ministry was hounded on by a noisy nation, so he was shot for cowardice—not because he was a coward, but because the nation was impatient, and as Voltaire wittily said: *"pour encourager les autres"*; like the man who was sentenced to transportation, not for stealing a horse, but to prevent horse-stealing.

Then there was poor Beau Brummel, a painted butterfly, that amused everybody during the summer of his life, and when winter came met a butterfly's fate—a miserable death and oblivion.

There was also that great man Bonaparte—shrieking Frenchmen and some miserable Englishmen to the present day will persist that he was an ill-used man because England put him in prison at St. Helena. For the life of me I cannot see it; it was not a question of the law of nations to be settled by Grotius, Vattel, and Puffendorf; it was a question of self-preservation. Here was this man, the butcher of humanity—a man who lied by nature and told the truth by accident, who had neither ruth, truth, nor pity—and we got hold of him after beating him in battle, and we locked him up. Now we are asked to pity him! Whenever I am asked to pity him, I say, "I shan't"; and I at once fortify myself by opening the Bible upon the history of Nebuchadnezzar, where I find that howsoever high men may build their Babel tower in this world, it must fall before it reaches Heaven. And looking at Bonaparte's miserable conduct in prison, and his death, I should say, if I were the jury who sat on his body: "Died of imprisonment, and served him right."

But now we come to a very different man, and that is poor Burns, who will remain forever a man best worth studying of all men—so blamable, so lovable; so wrong, so glorious; so traduced, so canonized; so outraging his country's creed, and yet so taken to his country's heart. It is worth everything to hear a real Scotchman grow graciously weak and largely tolerant when talking about Burns. How Scotland can love Burns is worth studying; Scotland does not love bad people, but it loves Burns, and the only way in which I can account for it is because Burns himself loved everything, great and small. Still, Burns was an ill-treated man. You all remember that brief outbreak of prosperity when he was taken up to Edinburgh, and petted, patted, and pawed by society, and how he went back again to his obscurity because he would stand on the rock of independence. He tried to serve two masters—society and his verses—and he was rewarded by neither. Altogether, he was an ill-used man; but he was in fault himself, and not the world. Who calls John Locke or Milton ill-used men? They glorified their obscurity by serving one master truly, and despising the other; and they had their reward.

Byron was another ill-used man who tried to serve two masters. He despised English society, and trembled at it; he tried to please it, and to write his verses, and he met his reward, for he was as much in fault as the world.

Haydon, the painter, was another ill-used man; but it was purely his own fault. He would paint high art when people did not want it—would paint acres of hooked-nosed Romans, and bore the public with Dentatus, Scipio and Co., when they wanted something else. He was like a man taking beautiful pebbles to market when people wanted eggs, and telling the people that they ought not to want eggs, because they led to carnality and had a nasty and disgusting connection with bacon. But people would not have it—eggs they wanted, and eggs they would have, how beautiful soever the pebbles might be. So with Haydon. He persisted that the people ought to have what they did not want, and he went from a prison to a lunatic asylum, and died a suicide. Had he done as his friends, Wordsworth and Wilkie did, he would never have been an ill-used man; he was in fault, and not the world.

Putting, then, all these men together, I find they all had a fault or a weak place, where the great forces of life might rush in and overwhelm them—some thin place in the garment, where the east wind came in to torment them. And my advice is, "Be single-eyed; don't try to serve two masters, but serve one truly, and then you will never feel ill-usage: you'll be above it, and if in obscurity, will glorify that obscurity instead of making it a punishment."

As to the question whether ill-usage is on the decline, I am of opinion that it is, because, owing to the increase of knowledge, toleration is becoming a principle, instead of being exercised by accident.

Then as to the necessity of the existence of ill-used men, and their uses to the world. Their lives are a moral to be read and learnt of all men. I believe ill-usage has been one of the most powerful influences for good this world ever saw. It distributed great and good men abroad, and brought out all their energies. Persecution drove the Huguenots and the Valois to England, where they established their arts and manufactures; and persecution drove Paul to preach in ten cities when he would only have preached in two. Ill-usage, too, is useful to the individual, if he will only deal rightly by it. If a man is abused, he should just go home quietly and find out how much of the abuse he deserves. That which he deserves, he should resolve never to merit again; but with regard to that which he does not deserve, he should stand up boldly for his principle, and live down the abuse, instead of whining about it. Then, like the oyster, though wounded, he will repair the breach, and repair it with a pearl.

CHARLES DICKENS

THE VOLUNTEER STUDENT

[Address by Charles Dickens, novelist (born at Landport in Portsea, England, February 7, 1812; died at Gadshill, June 9, 1870), delivered in Birmingham, England, on the occasion of his inauguration as President of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, September 27, 1869.]

Ladies and Gentlemen:—We often hear of our common country that it is an over-populated one, that it is an over-pauperized one, that it is an over-colonizing one, and that it is an overtaxed one. Now, I entertain, especially of late times, the heretical belief that it is an over-talked one, and that there is a deal of public speech-making going about in various directions which might be advantageously dispensed with.

If I were free to act upon this conviction, as President for the time being of the great institution so numerously represented here, I should immediately and at once subside into a golden silence, which would be of a highly edifying, because of a very exemplary character. But I happen to be the institution's willing servant, not its imperious master, and it exacts tribute of mere silver or copper speech—not to say brazen—from whomsoever it exalts to my high office.

Some African tribes—not to draw the comparison disrespectfully—some savage African tribes, when they make a king require him perhaps to achieve an exhausting foot-race under the stimulus of considerable popular prodding and goading, or perhaps to be severely and experimentally knocked about the head of his Privy Council, or perhaps to be dipped in a river full of crocodiles, or perhaps to drink immense quantities of something nasty out of a calabash—at all events, to undergo some purifying ordeal in presence of his admiring subjects.

I must confess that I became rather alarmed when I was duly warned by your constituted authorities that whatever I might happen to say here to-night would be termed an inaugural address on the entrance upon a new term of study by the members of your various classes; for, besides that the phrase is something high-sounding for my taste, I avow that I do look forward to that blessed time when every man shall inaugurate his own work for himeslf, and do it. I believe that we shall then have inaugurated a new era indeed, and one in which the Lord's Prayer will become a fulfilled prophecy upon this earth. Remembering, however, that you may call anything by any name without in the least changing its nature—bethinking myself that you may, if you be so minded, call a butterfly a buffalo, without advancing a hair's breadth towards making it one—I became composed in my mind, and resolved to stick to the very homely intention I had previously formed. This was merely to tell you, the members, students, and friends of the Birmingham and Midland Institute—firstly, what you cannot possibly want to know (this is a very popular oratorical theme); secondly, what your institution has done; and, thirdly, what, in the poor opinion of its President for the time being, remains for it to do and not to do.

Now, first, as to what you cannot possibly want to know. You cannot need from me any oratorical declamation concerning the abstract advantages of knowledge or the beauties of self-improvement. If you had any such requirement you would not be here. I conceive that you are here because you have become thoroughly penetrated with such principles, either in your own persons or in the persons of some striving fellow-creatures, on whom you have looked with interest and sympathy. I conceive that you are here because you feel the welfare of the great chiefly adult educational establishment, whose doors stand really open to all sorts and conditions of people, to be inseparable from the best welfare of your great town and its neighborhood. Nay, if I take a much wider range than that, and say that we all—every one of us here—perfectly well know that the benefits of such an establishment must extend far beyond the limits of this midland county—its fires and smoke—and must comprehend, in some sort, the whole community, I do not strain the truth.

It was suggested by Mr. Babbage, in his ninth "Bridgewater Treatise," that a mere spoken word—a single articulated syllable thrown into the air—may go on reverberating through illimitable space forever and forever, seeing that there is no rim against which it can strike—no boundary at which it can possibly arrive. Similarly it may be said—not as an ingenious speculation, but as a steadfast and absolute fact—that human calculation cannot limit the influence of one atom of wholesome knowledge patiently acquired, modestly possessed, and faithfully used.

As the astronomers tell us that it is probable that there are in the universe innumerable solar systems besides ours, to each of which myriads of utterly unknown and unseen stars belong, so it is certain that every man, however obscure, however far removed from the general recognition, is one of a group of men impressible for good, and impressible for evil, and that it is in the eternal nature of things that he cannot really improve himself without in some degree improving other men. And observe, this is especially the case when he has improved himself in the teeth of adverse circumstances, as in a maturity succeeding to a neglected or an ill-taught youth, in the few daily hours remaining to him after ten or twelve hours' labor, in the few pauses and intervals of a life of toil; for then his fellows and companions have assurance that he can have known no favoring conditions, and that they can do what he has done, in wresting some enlightenment and self-respect from what Lord Lytton finely calls—

> "Those twin gaolers of the daring heart,
> Low birth and iron fortune."

As you have proved these truths in your own experience or in your own observation, and as it may be safely assumed that there can be very few persons in Birmingham, of all places under heaven, who would contest the position that the more cultivated the employed the better for the employer, and the more cultivated the employer the better for the employed; therefore, my references to what you do not want to know shall here cease and determine.

Next, with reference to what your institution has done; on my summary, which shall be as concise and as correct as my information and my remembrance of it may render possible, I desire to lay emphatic stress. Your institution, sixteen years old, and in which masters and workmen study together, has outgrown the ample edifice in which it receives its 2,500 or 2,600 members and students. It is a most cheering sign of its vigorous vitality that of its industrial students almost half are artisans in the receipt of weekly wages. I think I am correct in saying that 400 others are clerks, apprentices, tradesmen, or tradesmen's sons. I note with particular pleasure the adherence of a goodly number of the gentler sex, without whom no institution whatever can truly claim to be either a civilizing or a civilized one.

The increased attendance at your educational classes is always greatest on the part of the artisans—the class within my experience the least reached in any similar institutions elsewhere, and whose name is the oftenest and the most constantly taken in vain. But it is specially reached here, not improbably because it is, as it should be, specially addressed in the foundation of the industrial department, in the allotment of the direction of the Society's affairs, and in the establishment of what are called its penny classes—a bold, and, I am happy to say, a triumphantly successful experiment, which enables the artisan to obtain sound evening instruction in subjects directly bearing upon his daily usefulness or on his daily happiness, as arithmetic (elementary and advanced), chemistry, physical geography, and singing, on payment of the astoundingly low fee of a single penny every time he attends the class. I beg emphatically to say that I look upon this as one of the most remarkable schemes ever devised for the educational behoof of the artisan, and if your institution had done nothing else in all its life, I would take my stand by it on its having done this.

Apart, however, from its industrial department, it has its general department, offering all the advantages of a first-class literary institution. It has its reading-rooms, its library, its chemical laboratory, its museum, its art department, its lecture hall, and its long list of lectures on subjects of various and comprehensive interest, delivered by lecturers of the highest qualifications. Very well. But it may be asked, what are the practical results of all these appliances? Now, let us suppose a few. Suppose that your institution should have educated those who are now its teachers. That would be a very remarkable fact. Supposing, besides, it should, so to speak, have educated education all around it, by sending forth numerous and efficient teachers into many and divers schools. Suppose the young student, reared exclusively in its laboratory, should be presently snapped up for the laboratory of the great and famous hospitals. Suppose that in nine years its industrial students should have carried off a round dozen of the much competed for prizes awarded by the Society of Arts and the Government department, besides two local prizes originating in the generosity of a Birmingham man. Suppose that the Town Council, having it in trust to find an artisan well fit to receive the Whitworth prizes, should find him here. Suppose that one of the industrial students should turn his chemical studies to the practical account of extracting gold from waste color water, and of taking it into custody, in the very act of running away with hundreds of pounds down the town drains. Suppose another should perceive in his books, in his studious evenings, what was amiss with his master's until then inscrutably defective furnace, and should go straight—to the great annual saving of that master—and put it right. Supposing another should puzzle out the means, until then quite unknown in England, of making a certain description of colored glass. Supposing another should qualify himself to vanquish one by one, as they daily arise, all the little difficulties incidental to his calling as an electroplater, and should be applied to by his companions in the shop in all emergencies under the name of the "Encyclopædia." Suppose a long procession of such cases, and then consider that these are not suppositions at all, but are plain, unvarnished facts, culminating in the one special and significant fact that, with a single solitary exception, every one of the institution's industrial students who have taken its prizes within ten years, have since climbed to higher situations in their way of life.

As to the extent to which the institution encourages the artisan to think, and so, for instance, to rise superior to the little shackling prejudices and observances perchance existing in his trade when they will not bear the test of inquiry, that is only to be equalled by the extent to which it encourages him to feel. There is a certain tone of modest manliness pervading all the little facts which I have looked through which I found remarkably impressive. The decided objection on the part of industrial students to attend classes in their working clothes, breathes this tone, as being a graceful and at the same time perfectly independent recognition of the place and of one another. And this tone is admirably illustrated in a different way, in the case of a poor bricklayer, who, being in temporary reverses through the illness of his family, and having consequently been obliged to part with his best clothes, and being therefore missed from his classes, in which he had been noticed as a very hard worker, was asked to attend them in his working clothes. He replied, "No, it was not possible. It must not be thought of. It must not come into question for a moment. It would be supposed, or it might be thought, that he did it to attract attention." And the same man being offered by one of the officers a loan of money to enable him to rehabilitate his appearance, positively declined it, on the ground that he came to the institution to learn and to know better how to help himself, not otherwise to ask help, or to receive help from any man. Now, I am justified in calling this the tone of the institution, because it is no isolated instance, but is a fair and honorable sample of the spirit of the place, and as such I put it at the conclusion—though last certainly not least—of my references to what your institution has indubitably done.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, I come at length to what, in the humble opinion of the evanescent officer before you, remains for the institution to do, and not to do. As Mr. Carlyle has it towards the closing pages of his grand history of the French Revolution, "This we are now with due brevity to glance at; and then courage, oh, listener, I see land!" I earnestly hope—and I firmly believe—

that your institution will do henceforth as it has done hitherto; it can hardly do better. I hope and believe that it will know among its members no distinction of persons, creed, or party, but that it will conserve its place of assemblage as a high, pure ground, on which all such considerations shall merge into the one universal, heaven-sent aspiration of the human soul to be wiser and better. I hope and believe that it will always be expansive and elastic; forever seeking to devise new means of enlarging the circle of its members, of attracting to itself the confidence of still greater and greater numbers, and never evincing any more disposition to stand still than time does, or life does, or the seasons do. And above all things, I hope, and I feel confident from its antecedents, that it will never allow any consideration on the face of the earth to induce it to patronize or to be patronized, for I verily believe that the bestowal and receipt of patronage in such wise has been a curse in England, and that it has done more to prevent really good objects, and to lower really high character, than the utmost efforts of the narrowest antagonism could have effected in twice the time.

I have no fear that the walls of the Birmingham and Midland Institute will ever tremble responsive to the croakings of the timid opponents of intellectual progress; but in this connection generally I cannot forbear from offering a remark which is much upon my mind. It is commonly assumed—much too commonly—that this age is a material age, and that a material age is an irreligious age. I have been pained lately to see this assumption repeated in certain influential quarters for which I have a high respect, and desire to have a higher. I am afraid that by dint of constantly being reiterated, and reiterated without protest, this assumption—which I take leave altogether to deny—may be accepted by the more unthinking part of the public as unquestionably true; just as caricaturists and painters professedly making a portrait of some public man, which was not in the least like him to begin with, have gone on repeating and repeating it until the public came to believe that it must be exactly like him, simply because it was like itself, and really have at last, in the fulness of time, grown almost disposed to resent upon him their tardy discovery—really to resent upon him their late discovery—that he was not like it.

I confess, standing here, in this responsible situation, that I do not understand this much-used and much-abused phrase—the "material age." I cannot comprehend—if anybody can I very much doubt—its logical signification. For instance, has electricity become more material in the mind of any sane or moderately insane man, woman, or child, because of the discovery that in the good providence of God it could be made available for the service and use of man to an immeasurably greater extent than for his destruction? Do I make a more material journey to the bedside of my dying parent or my dying child when I travel there at the rate of sixty miles an hour, than when I travel thither at the rate of six? Rather, in the swiftest case, does not my agonized heart become over-fraught with gratitude to that Supreme Beneficence from whom alone could have proceeded the wonderful means of shortening my suspense? What is the materiality of the cable or the wire compared with the materiality of the spark? What is the materiality of certain chemical substances that we can weigh or measure, imprison or release, compared with the materiality of their appointed affinities and repulsions presented to them from the instant of their creation to the day of judgment? When did this so-called material age begin? With the use of clothing; with the discovery of the compass; with the invention of the art of printing? Surely, it has been a long time about; and which is the more material object, the farthing tallow candle that will not give me light, or that flame of gas which will?

No, ladies and gentlemen, do not let us be discouraged or deceived by any fine, vapid, empty words. The true material age is the stupid Chinese age, in which no new or grand revelations of nature are granted, because they are ignorantly and insolently repelled, instead of being diligently and humbly sought. The difference between the ancient fiction of the mad braggart defying the lightning and the modern historical picture of Franklin drawing it towards his kite, in order that he might the more profoundly study that which was set before him to be studied (or it would not have been there), happily expresses to my mind the distinction between the much-maligned material sages—material in one sense, I suppose, but in another very immaterial sages—of the Celestial Empire school. Consider whether it is likely or unlikely, natural or unnatural, reasonable or unreasonable, that I, a being capable of thought, and finding myself surrounded by such discovered wonders on every hand, should sometimes ask myself the question—should put to myself the solemn consideration—can these things be among those things which might have been disclosed by divine lips nigh upon two thousand years ago, but that the people of that time could not bear them? And whether this be so or no, if I am so surrounded on every hand, is not my moral responsibility tremendously increased thereby, and with it my intelligence and submission as a child of Adam and of the dust, before that Shining Source which equally of all that is granted and all that is withheld holds in His mighty hands the unapproachable mysteries of life and death.

To the students of your industrial classes generally I have had it in my mind, first, to commend the short motto, in two words, "Courage—Persevere." This is the motto of a friend and worker. Not because the eyes of Europe are upon them, for I don't in the least believe it; nor because the eyes of even England are upon them, for I don't in the least believe it; not because their doings will be proclaimed with blast of trumpet at street corners, for no such musical performances will take place; not because self-improvement is at all certain to lead to worldly success, but simply because it is good and right of itself, and because, being so, it does assuredly bring with it its own resources and its own rewards. I would further commend to them a very wise and witty piece of advice on the conduct of the understanding which was given more than half a century ago by the Rev. Sydney Smith—wisest and wittiest of the friends I have lost. He says—and he is speaking, you will please understand, as I speak, to a school of volunteer students—he says: "There is a piece of foppery which is to be cautiously guarded against, the foppery of universality, of knowing all sciences and excelling in all arts—chemistry, mathematics, algebra, dancing, history, reasoning, riding, fencing, Low Dutch, High

Dutch, and natural philosophy. In short, the modern precept of education very often is, 'Take the Admirable Crichton for your model, I would have you ignorant of nothing.' Now," says he, "my advice, on the contrary, is to have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things, in order that you may avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything."

To this I would superadd a little truth, which holds equally good of my own life and the life of every eminent man I have ever known. The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study and in every pursuit is the quality of attention. My own invention or imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention. Genius, vivacity, quickness of penetration, brilliancy in association of ideas—such mental qualities, like the qualities of the apparition of the externally armed head in "Macbeth," will not be commanded; but attention, after due term of submissive service, always will. Like certain plants which the poorest peasant may grow in the poorest soil, it can be cultivated by any one, and it is certain in its own good season to bring forth flowers and fruit. I can most truthfully assure you by-the-by, that this eulogium on attention is so far quite disinterested on my part as that it has not the least reference whatever to the attention with which you have honored me.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, I have done. I cannot but reflect how often you have probably heard within these walls one of the foremost men, and certainly one of the very best speakers, if not the very best, in England. I could not say to myself when I began just now, in Shakespeare's line—

"I will be bright and shining gold,"

but I could say to myself, and I did say to myself, "I will be as natural and easy as I possibly can, " because my heart has all been in my subject, and I bear an old love towards Birmingham and Birmingham men. I have said that I bear an old love towards Birmingham and Birmingham men; let me amend a small omission, and add "and Birmingham women." This ring I wear on my finger now is an old Birmingham gift, and if by rubbing it I could raise the spirit that was obedient to Aladdin's ring, I heartily assure you that my first instruction to that genius on the spot should be to place himself at Birmingham's disposal in the best of causes.

JOHN JOSEPH I. DÖLLINGER

FOUNDERS OF RELIGIONS

[Address of Dr. John J. I. Döllinger, priest of the Old Catholic communion, and Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Munich (born in Bamberg, Bavaria, February 28, 1799; died in Munich, January 10, 1890), delivered before the Royal Academy of Munich, July 25, 1883, in honor of the King's Birthday; the King, Ludwig II, was present on this occasion.]

We are assembled here to-day to greet our beloved and gracious king and master with every good wish upon his entrance upon another year of his life, and to thank him heartily and joyfully for all the benefits that we enjoy through him and under his rule. We rejoice in the consciousness that the eye of the king rests on us with favor and that he sees in this institution a society which by furthering to the utmost its appointed work—the advancement of learning and research—strives to minister to the general welfare. For what else ought we desire to be than the appointed guardians and servants of that high and holy fellowship which the Christian daily proclaims and yearns for when he prays "Thy kingdom come"—the kingdom of the truth that maketh free?

I have thought it right on this day dedicated to the King to choose a royal subject for my theme. I venture to call it so, not merely because it is a subject on which the rulers of the earth more than other mortals have occasion to reflect much and often; but also because founders of religions, like kings, or even in a greater degree, stand on a higher level than the rest of mankind; dominion over the souls of their adherents has not seldom given them power over their bodies also, and just as the office of prophet has not infrequently led to that of king, so kings have sometimes felt the inclination and call to become religious teachers and found a new or purified church.

No people has ever created a religion or received a religion as a complete system either at a given moment or by gradual evolution. Families growing into tribes whilst still living peacefully together and before a multiplicity of nations had arisen already possessed religious beliefs. In short, religion is as old as humanity. The first beginning of religious development is and must remain, like the whole of the primitive history of mankind, a secret.

The question of the existence of atheistic peoples has very recently been warmly and thoroughly discussed, and the assertion of Sir John Lubbock, that numbers of tribes exist amongst whom travelers and missionaries have been unable to detect a trace of religion, has been triumphantly disproved by Tylor, Quatrefages, Peschel, J. Huber, Gerland, Roskoff, and others. It has been proved that ignorance of the language, unsuitable questions, or the aversion of the savage to express himself in the presence of strangers, have been the cause of this error. But a second assertion of Lubbock's has proved equally untenable, although in this case he has such men as Tylor and Waitz upon his side. He assumes that among the rudest peoples religion is totally independent of morality; their religious conceptions and usages having no influence upon their ethical ideas. This is not the case; on the contrary, some connection between the one and the other, though latent, is never wanting, although in numberless cases it may be only evil in its effects, making that appear as a religious duty which men otherwise recognize as a crime.

On the comparative antiquity of different religions nothing can be said with historical certainty. We can only hope that the youthful science of comparative philology has some future disclosures in store for us.

That religion has in all cases begun with the coarsest and most degraded forms of fetichism, and has gradually, through manifold forms of polytheism, worked itself upwards to a purified monotheism, is contrary to all evidence of history. For, in the first place, the most refined forms of religion are so radically different from each other, and stand frequently in such striking opposition, that it is impossible for us to assume for them any common principle of development guiding and shaping their growth by its influence either formerly or now. Secondly, two opposing currents show themselves in the history of religions; one which advances from lower to higher and nobler types, and becomes more and more spiritualized and purified; the other and more common example, which becomes more and more corrupt, and sinks from faith into superstition as religious conceptions are gradually obscured and degraded.

Further, we submit that no founder of a religion has ever encountered people or society who in naive simplicity would allow themselves to be moved by his preaching if it contained an entirely new and strange revelation. Nobody, indeed, has ever undertaken simply to set aside or eradicate the received religion and to substitute a totally new one in its place. The old religion has always been taken as a foundation in every attempt to win new disciples. A religion professing to be altogether original and having no connection with former beliefs would be unintelligible and barren of results, and should any one allege to the contrary that relations have been formed between Christian missionaries and the most degraded heathen tribes without any spiritual connection of the sort, we reply that in such instance the conversions have been won at first by force of superior intellect and education, and that the intelligent reception of what has been taught can only follow in course of time when the forms and ceremonies of the new religion have become part of daily life.

But the term "founders of religions" calls, to begin with, for closer definition and limitation. Is every founder of a sect to be regarded as the founder of a religion? How is a religion (by which I now mean a religious society or church, maintaining its own peculiar characteristics independently of all others) related to a sect? The use of the term is undefined and arbitrary. With many, the difference is merely quantitative: a church is a larger and therefore a more esteemed association; a sect is much smaller and consequently despised. Or else a church is a community recognized and privileged by the State—that is to say, an established church; whilst a sect is merely tolerated or at any rate locally inferior. But this political definition of the difference is nowadays altogether accidental and out of date, for as it has been said in the United States the distinction between the church and sect no longer exists. Let us therefore say once for all that a particular religion or church exists wherever a denomination distinguished from others by essential features and having corresponding forms of worship is to be found, whereas a sect is formed when a select minority withdraws from the larger association in order to realize that ideal of religious fellowship which is not attainable within it; or again, when mere discontent with subordinate points of doctrine or discipline leads to separation from the larger communion. Still there is always the possibility that what at first was only a sect, may, in course of time, under new influences, and by the introduction of important peculiarities of doctrine, develop into a new religion.

Looking back over the three thousand years which comprehend the province of religious history, we come across many abortive attempts, and many organizations extinguished after short duration, or suppressed by force; religions, too, which stood the test of many centuries and yet have disappeared with the nations that adhered to them. We shall meet with three dominant religions of very unequal age still outwardly holding undiminished possession of the countries and peoples which acknowledged their sway. Of these three religions the oldest still shelters in her bosom one-third of mankind; the two others have themselves been subdivided into a number of other communities which claim the rank and importance of independent religions. We feel as though we were wandering over a vast plain covered with ruins and gravestones, and discover among them a few palaces, besides a considerable number of less important dwellings.

A glance at the past enables us to recognize certain periods when the desire for new forms of religion, the power to create them, and the disposition to receive them were remarkably strong. One such time was from the end of the First to the close of the Second century of the

Christian era, when the decay of heathenism caused that fermentation in men's minds which helped to produce numerous forms of agnosticism and eclectic religions. A similar movement took strong hold of men's minds at the beginning of the Sixteenth century in the form of an impetuous struggle for freedom, for release from the fetters imposed by the powers previously dominant in every department of life, and in particular in that of faith and worship; and this movement, like a swollen stream, broke irresistibly over every obstacle and barrier that opposed its progress.

In Asia, also, at the end of the same century, in the time of the Emperor Akbar, there arose an impulse to found new religions and win proselytes to them. As in the times of the Roman empire, out of the contact of the old paganism with new idolatries imported from the East, together with philosophical systems and with Christianity and Judaism, a fermentation fruitful in sects and religions had been set up, so now from the friction between Islamism, Parseeism, Buddhism, Christianity, and Brahminism with its schools and offshoots, a like movement was produced which led equally to the formation of eclectic religions and a similar intellectual agitation. Yet all those religions, or experimentally religious systems, have entirely disappeared. Only one, that of the Sikhs, has maintained itself chiefly through its hatred of Mohammedanism.

All religion rests upon authority, and this authority must be positive, historical, and derived from a source lying beyond the range of the individual consciousness. It is only at a very low stage of civilization—possibly that of fetichism—that men content themselves with the simple conclusion: "As our fathers believed and acted, so also do we." Every one in a civilized community must go back to the first link in the chain of racial descent and ask: "How did our religion arise? Who first prescribed its forms of worship and sacrifice, of prayer and penance?"

No people has traced the origin of its religion back to a purely human founder. It was the gods who first revealed themselves to man through their sons, the ancestors of the nations. The first generation of men lived in familiar intercourse with the gods. Their first kings were gods or heroes sprung from the gods; their first laws and social organizations, together with their first forms of worship, were divine ordinances. Amongst the Indians, Manu, the creator of the universe, is also the author of their book of laws. The Germans sang in their poems the praises of their god Thuisko, who was brought forth by the earth, and of his son, Mannus, as the ancestors of their nation. In Egypt it was the first king Menes—like other most ancient kings, also a god—who instituted sacrifices, taught veneration for the gods, and gave the first laws.

So it happened that when real human founders of religions rose they invariably found some kind of worship of the gods existing. They were not inventors of a religion, but reformers. Such were Zoroaster, Buddha, Confucius.

Confucius, with whose history we are best acquainted, has been refused by Plath the dignity and importance of a religious founder. He certainly founded nothing new; his aim was only to raise the moral condition of the Chinese from degradation to fresh prosperity; and he was also the principal collector and preserver of the old traditions. In truth, he concerned himself less about religion than about other matters, and his utterances regarding it were made with reserve; but he nevertheless believed himself to have received a divine mission and insisted upon a conscientious veneration of soul and spirits. For twenty-four hundred years his precepts have maintained unlimited sway over a nation whose idol he is; innumerable temples have been erected to him; and the emperor himself in the character of high priest offers libations to him.

Zoroaster, on the contrary, was a genuine prophet, and the preacher of a remarkably pure system of religion opposed to polytheism; but the accounts of his life are legendary, and it is only with some degree of probability that he may be said to have lived in Bactria 1,500 years before Christ.

It may still more probably be said of Buddha that in a true sense he was the founder of a new religion, in which his own personality, his mission, and exalted endowments form the central point of doctrine, but the story of his life is obscured and disfigured by a mass of the most extravagant legends that human fancy has ever invented; and investigators of this subject such as Emil Senart, James Darmesteter, Heinrich Kern, are at present engaged either in laboring to exclude him from history as a mere sun-myth, or, with more reason and success, in sifting the genuine facts of his life from the mass of fables and exaggerations that surrounds them. In spite of all, the story of his life—partly real, partly fictitious—has been beyond all others extensive in its effect upon mankind, since two-thirds of the human race reverence in him the sublimest pattern of all virtue and wisdom.

Many elements must combine to ensure the success of a newly founded religion. The founder must possess a firm belief in his own mission, and also the gift of awakening in his hearers a disposition of mind in sympathy with his own and of kindling in others the same enthusiasm that animates himself. Yet more, as a genuine son of his time and people he must pledge himself to satisfy one at least of many pressing needs. He must appear at the right moment amongst men who, perplexed by the past, wearied with the prevailing corruption or ignorance, and tormented with a sense of spiritual void, or tortured by doubts, are looking earnestly for the advent of some herald of better things, some spiritual guide to lead them. But besides all this, there is a power in religion that triumphantly breaks down every obstacle and subdues the souls of men so that, like Goethe's Iphigenia, they feel most free when rendering obedience, and are raised to higher life through the faith that is in them.

Peschel, and Schaeffle following him, have started a theory in connection with the origin of Mohammedanism, viz., that there is for the founders of religions a special zone, which, owing to its geographical characteristics, has been peculiarly favorable to the rise and development of the different historical religions. This zone of the monotheistic religions comprises the desert between 26° and 33° north latitude. There a pure air and wide horizon with a perpetually clear sky, and a scant and simple supply of nature's gifts, nurture a contemplative habit of mind, whilst the prolonged fasts of a lonely shepherd's life beget a religious enthusiasm fed by the sense of immediate nearness to God.

It is true that the region indicated, if extended somewhat further into the interior of Asia, has been remarkable as the home of many prophets—taking the word in its Moslem sense as signifying the divinely appointed founder or reformer of religion, Mohammed being preeminently the Prophet. The same writers would have us believe that a series or succession of prophets who have arisen at periodical intervals extends through the whole course of universal history. Ibn-Khaldun, in his remarkable and instructive "Prolegomena," gives us in a few touches a kind of natural history of the prophetic office. According to him, prophets are the chosen instruments of God—mediators between God and man. They receive their revelations sometimes suddenly and without previous training, sometimes after going through a season of preparation. At the moment of the divine communion, which usually takes place through the medium of an angel, they are rapt in ecstasy; withdrawn from the outer world, only a gentle sigh or gasp is heard. They appear to be insensible, but in reality are only absorbed in the spiritual world that surrounds them. In this condition their perceptions differ totally from those of other men, though afterwards they are again subject to ordinary human conditions. They hear the muffled sound of words and understand their sense; they see the form of the divine messenger; the ecstasy passes over them, but the mind of the Prophet retains the remembrance of the revelation.

This brings us to a subject in which the obscurity of the phenomena is combined with the attested certainty of historical facts to take cognizance of which is indispensable for the comprehension of religious history—I mean that of the condition of rapture or ecstasy, with the hallucinations and visions attending it. If only to save men who are amongst the heroes and pioneers of the world's history from the vulgar accusation of lying, deceit, and hypocrisy, so often brought against them, I must touch upon this subject.

I will take Mohammed in the first place. He was, to use Ibn-Khaldun's expression, predisposed to become a prophet. After living for a long time alone in a cave, he was visited with illuminating dreams and frightful visions which alternately delighted and tortured him to such an extent as to make him fear that he was possessed. He was seized with a malady resembling epilepsy, and at times he fell senseless like a drunkard with reddened face and foaming mouth, and uttering incoherent cries. The hallucinations which then presented themselves to his sight and hearing assumed the shape of heavenly visions and revelations. His abhorrence of the idolatry of the Arabs; all that in silent solitude and fasting he had thought out respecting God, and his countrymen as sons of Abraham, and their religious calling; all that he had appropriated as true out of Judaism and Christianity, came before him as a message from heaven and confirmed his mission to proclaim it. He had long seen his people, the hereditary guardians of the true faith, sunk into a state of barbarism and disunion; the abominations of idolatry that he witnessed around him aroused his indignation as did the ceaseless feuds amongst the tribes, who ought to have been united by the brotherly bond of a common descent from Abraham.

Arabia stood in need of a deliverer and reformer in religion no less than in its political and social life; and, naturally, the next step was to believe himself called to this work. Forthwith an excited fancy created the form of the angel and the sound of words which he believed to be uttered by the heavenly messenger, but which, in reality, were only the expression of his own thoughts. To him they were a heavenly revelation; and this belief, which accompanied him to the end of his life, gave him endurance, confidence, and the self-possession required to transform a man of timid, undecided character into a wise statesman and a conquering general, to raise him to the undisputed sway over a people who beyond all others had hitherto been remarkable for their intractability and for the proud assertion of their independence.

Mohammed did not always maintain the high moral standard which he had set up in the first days of his mission. He allowed himself more than once as time went on to stoop to falsehood and deceit, and was not ashamed to have recourse to various immoral means to secure his end. The belief by which such a man is possessed, that he is divinely inspired, chosen from amongst millions to be the special instrument in God's hand, has induced, as the history of all religions proves, a dangerous temptation; it lessens on occasions the obligations of the moral law, sanctifies objectionable means, and conceals human avarice and passion under the cloak of divine guidance or permission, more particularly if, as is usually the case, the prophet is, or in the interests of his mission thinks he is, bound to become the ruler.

More than ten centuries later, the conditions during the last ten years of the life of Swedenborg, the founder of a small yet still existing community, the Church of the New Jerusalem, presents an instance of a visionary state of mind more enigmatical than that of the Arabian prophet, but one so fully attested that any suspicion of imposture is out of the question. Here is a man of powerful intellect, in full possession of his faculties, held in general esteem, of great learning and deeply versed in natural science, who asserts that, transported into another world, he has been initiated by angels into the secrets of the universe and of the Bible, and proceeds to fill many volumes with the narrative of these revelations concerning nature, mankind, and the spiritual world, combining the whole into an organized system as the divine order of the universe. For twenty years Swedenborg lived under the conviction that he was constantly holding intercourse with angels, and with the spirits of departed worthies, and that he owed to them his knowledge of the visible and the invisible world. He died at an advanced age with this assurance on his lips.

Even our sober-minded Germany has fostered in her bosom, in the last, as well as in the present century, a number of so-called inspired communities, the members of which, after being first seized in their assemblies with violent convulsions and contortions of the body and limbs, received, whilst in an unconscious condition of ecstasy, communications or revelations to which they afterwards gave utterance either in a typical kind of speech or in short, broken sentences.

It is a remarkable and very striking fact, recurrent in almost all religions and churches, that trance or ecstasy—

that is to say, the condition of emancipation from the bodily senses coupled with visions—is regarded on the one hand as the best way of becoming subject of divine communications and influences, and on the other as the highest possible aim in life.

The philosophers of the Alexandrian or Neo-Platonic school practically founded a new religion when seeking to restore the old paganism of Greece in an entirely new form. The highest aim of this religion—its supreme excellence—was said to consist in a condition of ecstasy as being that of thorough purification or of fusion with the Deity, a beatific state only attainable through complete detachment from all external objects, and through the suppression of all personal thought and will and consciousness. Plotinus has described this condition manifestly from his own experience.

The Alexandrian Jew, Philo, a contemporary of the apostles, also availed himself of counsels received whilst in a state of ecstasy, for the construction of the system of philosophy by which he sought to weld the Mosaic religion into harmony with the theories of Greek philosophers, more especially with those of the Pythagorean and Stoic classes. Here was abundant material for the formation of a new religion similar to those created afterwards by the founders of the Gnostic sects. But Philo's allegiance to his people and their faith was too strong for him to admit the thought of such an undertaking, even if its accomplishment had not been precluded by the approaching rise of Christianity and the predominance of Pharisaic doctrine amongst the Jews, which quickly followed it. Philo describes the condition in which he often found himself whilst engaged in writing as one in which, whilst thoughts flowed into him from above, he became so enraptured that he forgot all outward matters and everything around him—nay, even himself—he seemed to himself to be a passive instrument in God's hand; he declares this to be a mystery revealed only to especially favored men.

Meanwhile in every age, in prehistoric times as well as in the present day, among many peoples, the systematic production of such states of ecstasy has been widely understood. The art of falling into a state of trance has been, and is still, frequently practised in the East. Thousands of years ago the Brahmins made use of the magic drink "soma" as the Zoroastrians did of "haoma;" the effects were so enchanting that not only was this soma offered in sacrifice as the most costly gift, conveying strength even to the Deity, but even itself became an object of enthusiastic worship. Haschisch, opium, bhang, and similar strongly alcoholic drinks and preparations, have long been used in the East, and still continue to be used by the Moslem orders of monks and by the Sufis, as a means for inducing the condition of religious ecstasy.

But in such visions, and in the voices heard at such times, the substance of the communication is usually derived from subjective ideas latent in the mind of the recipient himself. Thoughts, wishes, presentiments, and hopes which lie hidden in his mind, and of which he himself may be unconscious, suddenly assume shape and expression and penetrate his consciousness through the sense of sight or of hearing. These ideas present themselves in the garb most suitable to the time, country, and point of view of the seer. All the heroes, angels, and spirits of the other world with whom Swedenborg was in the habit of communing were, after all, as Emerson happily puts it, only Swedenborgians. It has been observed also that people mentally afflicted mistake their own thoughts for communications made to them by others. The seer himself is no criterion whereby to test such conditions and their relations to every-day life. The circle of his disciples is equally indiscriminating; his inspired words kindle in the sensitive minds of his devoted followers unquestioning belief in him, while their own confident longings have already prepared and disposed them to receive the magic influence that flows from him. Thus the new religion comes into existence.

In our own days the great Tae-ping rebellion in China, which shook the empire to its foundations and threatened to overthrow the dynasty by eleven years of civil war, first broke out in consequence of a series of visions which its leader, a village schoolmaster named Hung-sui Tsuen, had seen for forty days during an illness brought on by overstudy. In these visions he imagined himself to have received a commission from God to uproot idolatry (the worship of demons) in China, and to introduce a new religion, a mixture of Christianity with the old Chinese traditions. In one vision a sword was presented to him by God, and he and his followers explained this as a command from God to exterminate his adversaries. This was the commencement of a war, certainly the bloodiest that the Nineteenth century has witnessed, in which the imperial government was finally victorious only through the aid of the English and French.

It was natural in the earlier periods of the world's history that kings should be founders of religions, but in the civilized states of the present day this would be impossible. Passing over the Greeks, whose religious systems extend back into prehistoric times, we find the belief current in Rome that after the first foundation of the state Numa Pompilius, the second king, a disciple of Pythagoras, organized the religion of the infant state. His reign of thirty-nine to forty-three years seems to have been entirely devoted to this subject. But this royal high priest is one of the mythical heroes so abundant in early Roman history. The Romans really worshiped the same gods as the Latins and the Sabines, from whom they were descended. In an old civilized state where the religious beliefs and customs had been long established, the monarch could only become the founder of a religion by introducing the worship of a foreign divinity hitherto unknown to his people. This the Persian king, Artaxerxes Memnon did, when, apparently under female influence, he set up the worship of the Asiatic goddess of nature, Anaitis, throughout his whole realm. To the Magian priesthood the arbitrary introduction of an element so totally at variance with the spirit of the established Zoroastrian worship must have been hateful and repulsive.

Six centuries later the emperor Heliogabalus made a similar attempt in Rome; the endeavor to make the Syrian sun-god, whose high priest he was, supreme amongst all the gods of the earth, was the only serious occupation of his reign. All the sacred relics of the Romans were conveyed into the temple of this god, and his marriage with Astarte Luna was celebrated as a great festival throughout the empire. The worship of any other gods was forbidden, and even Jews and Christians were to be compelled to join in the worship of the sun-god. However, the new religion was but short-lived, for Alexander Severus, the successor of the youthful emperor, who had been speedily put to death, proceeded without delay to purify the desecrated city and to re-establish the old Roman worship.

Henry VIII of England must also be counted amongst the sovereigns who have sought to be the founders of a religion, notwithstanding that his work was likewise of very short duration, collapsing at once at his death. He banished the papal power from his kingdom and caused himself to be recognized as the head of the English Church, but in other particulars he desired to retain the old religion as it had been handed down from the Middle Ages. His youthful training had led Henry to regard himself as a theologian, and as such in the character of a priest-king he desired to govern the English Church. He did not perceive that he thereby cut the ground from under the old religion, and that in the path which he was following it would be impossible for him to pause. The young church which he had created could as little pretend to be a continuation of and identical with the old English Church as might a statue of Socrates, where a head of Alcibiades had been set do duty as the statue of the philosopher.

Had Napoleon lived in a time of religious ferment he would probably have attempted to become founder of a religion. The religious fibre in him was indeed very weak, but his opinion was all the stronger that a self-made ruler who was determined to exercise unlimited power must have even the faith and conscience of his people under his control. He intended to keep the head of the church in his power and to use him as his tool. Through the enthusiasm displayed by the French for his victories he hoped to incite them to the worship of his person. Unquestioning obedience to the emperor was to pass for the highest moral law. How well he understood the method of making religious ideas serve political commands he had already proved among the Mohammedans in Egypt. Having formed the plan of founding a French empire upon the banks of the Nile and in Western Asia, he represented himself to the Moslems as a prophet—a

Mahdi—with a divine mission to release Egypt from the tyranny of the Mamelukes and to confirm the laws of the Koran. He affected the pompous, dignified manner of speech usual in the East, but the battle of Aboukir annihilated his bold and ambitious designs.

I am much tempted to reckon amongst founders of religions—although certainly not in the ordinary sense—another of England's rulers, the Protector Cromwell, a man who surpassed many kings in power as well as in political insight and serious religious convictions. He was not the founder of any particular church or denomination, but became a member of a sect with which he felt himself particularly in sympathy—that of the Independents. Yet he was the first amongst the mighty men of the world to set up one special religious principle and to enforce it so far as in him lay; a principle which in opposition to the great historical churches and Islam contained the germs of a distinct religion—the principle of liberty of conscience and the repudiation of religious coercion. It must be clearly understood how great the gulf is which divides the holders of this principle from those who reject it both in faith and morals. He who is convinced that right and duty require him to coerce other people into a life of falsehood, hypocrisy, and habitual dissimulation—the inevitable consequence of a system of religious intolerance—belongs to an essentially different religion from one who recognizes in the inviolability of conscience a human right guaranteed by religion itself, and has different notions of God, of man's relation to God, and of man's obligations to his fellows. It was in those days no insignificant thing that the ruler of a powerful kingdom should proclaim the new doctrine which nevertheless has required the growth of a century and a half in public opinion to become strong enough to command even the acquiescence of its still numerous opponents. The Evangelical Alliance, which now embraces two continents and has happily realized a principle of agreement between churches, formerly unknown or held to be impossible, may well regard Cromwell as its prophet and preparatory founder. Yet it is only of this one doctrine that Cromwell can be called the prophet, for he adhered upon all other points to the tenets of the Independents; yet the doctrine of liberty of conscience has struck deeper into the course of events, and has had a larger share in the development of modern religious feeling than a dozen dogmas sprung from theological schools that affect merely the intellect and not the soul—that is the will of the believer. The Constitution of the United States of America has been built up upon Cromwell's doctrine; and there is every prospect that as one of the great powers of the world it will leave its mark upon the future of mankind.

The temptation to a monarch to become the founder of a new religion never can have been stronger than it was to the emperor Akbar, the great Mogul of India, who died in 1605. Possessed of an inquiring mind and of a wide store of knowledge, this monarch broke the hierarchical power of the Ulemas. The religion of Mohammed, in which he had been brought up, did not satisfy him; he had adopted the belief, widespread in Asia, of the purification of the soul through transmigration. He had collected at his court the adherents of the most different religions; he had summoned the Jesuits from Goa; and frequently the society of Buddhists, of Brahmins, and of Parsees. The society or order thus eventually formed, of which he was the moving spirit, combined the learning and customs of the Brahmins with unquestioning submission to the emperor, for whom, as God's vicegerent, its members declared themselves ready to make any sacrifice. There is hardly another instance on record of a Moslem prince severing himself so completely from Islamism as Akbar did, and attacking it so boldly. But the result of his action is only another proof that this religion, where it has once taken root, never allows itself to be supplanted; with Akbar's death the whole scheme collapsed.

Let us now turn our consideration to the great schisms which led to the rise of new churches and forms of religion in Christendom.

It has at all times been a just reproach against Christianity that it has been unable to maintain its unity and internal peace, but has split up into so many churches, denominations, and sects. We must not, however, in looking at the dark side, which both in the past and present looms out luridly enough and confronts us with the gloomiest pictures, forget the bright side. Even the divisions of Christendom bear witness to the inexhaustible wealth of ideas with which Christianity more than any other religion is pregnant. Whoever dispassionately reflects upon the various Christian churches and denominations wherever they have been free to grow and flourish unchecked by a daily struggle for existence, will surely not fail to admire the values of the gifts, Χαρισματα, to use St. Paul's expression, distributed and developed among them. Each one ought to be willing to borrow from another; even the greatest churches, such as are most penetrated with the idea of their own excellence and sufficiency, would do well, in taking account of the spiritual wants of their members, to repair the breaches and defects of their household by appropriating the advantages of other bodies. Thus in the United States of North America, the existence side by side of so many denominations is productive in each of a wholesome rivalry, promotes continual comparisons, and gives rise to an endeavor to imitate the good points of others; the consciousness of agreement upon the chief articles of faith in spite of differences in subordinate matters is a bond of union conducive of the preservation of all.

Luther must doubtless be reckoned amongst founders of religions, although he would have entirely disclaimed this appellation; a reformer was all he wished to be. But it has always been that attempts at reformation have struck out fresh systems of religion or have developed them in course of time. The mere re-establishment of the old landmarks of earlier times is as impossible in religion as it is in politics. The community drawn together by the teachings of Wittenberg recognized this fact and unhesitatingly spoke of "the Lutheran religion," both in books and in daily intercourse.

Luther is the only religious founder that the German nation has produced; nevertheless, in all his aims and actions, in his good and bad qualities, he is a genuine, typical German. Next to him Count Zinzendorf might, perhaps, be mentioned—the founder of the Moravian brotherhood—a dwarf in comparison with Luther, if judged by results, but a man to whom a gift was imparted which was denied the Wittenberg reformer—the gift of social organization; it may truly be said of Luther that he was capable of founding a religion but not a church.

The French reformer, Calvin, also excelled the great German prophet in this respect. Calvin stands before us like a Janus with two faces, the one theological, the other political. He was at least as much the founder of a religion in the full sense of the word as Luther was, but his theological system governed by the theory of predestination in its most extreme form, is now almost forgotten even by those communities in Switzerland, England, and America that otherwise hold the memory of Calvin in high esteem. Yet in the sphere of church politics his action rather than his teachings—that is to say, the organization of his community in Geneva—has exercised an influence far wider than he ever anticipated. In the republican theocracy which he set up in Geneva, the English and Scotch Puritans saw the pattern of a Christian state which was capable of realizing the purpose of human association after God's ordinance and in accordance with His laws, and which would therefore not merely have regard to material wealth and the protection of life and property, but would also control and foster all the higher obligations of life. They carried this idea with them across the ocean to America—the first Anglo-Saxon colonies were founded in accordance with its principles.

Gradually the theocratic element was lost as it came into conflict with Cromwell's doctrine of liberty of conscience; and there is much truth in the eloquent description that Bancroft, the classical historian of the United States, gives of the young French fugitive, versed in theology and civil law, taking refuge in Geneva, and founding a party based upon principles of strict church discipline combined with republican sympathy, the English members of which subsequently found an asylum in New England. Here religious and civil liberty were combined in theory and practice; thence they became naturalized in France and gradually spreading over all European states drew them irresistibly into the movement.

The impulse toward fresh development in religion has in our own days also been productive of new systems, though some of these have passed away and others are without vitality or maintain a precarious existence without prospect of success or of an increase in the future.

In Persia the sect of the Sikhs, which was intimately connected with Sufism, was destroyed in a general massacre; its founder, Bab, at the age of thirty-seven, preferred to die rather than to disown his teaching.

The new church which bears the name of its founder, the Scotch preacher Irving, was marked at first by the appearance of ecstatic conditions, and amongst others of the gift of tongues like that displayed in the apostles' time at Corinth. Soon, however, the renewal of the apostolate and of the prophetic office after the pattern of the primitive church, combined with the expectations of the millennium, became a distinguishing mark of this religious community, which is entirely confined to England and Germany.

In France two successive attempts have been made to found new religions to supplant or supersede Christianity. The first was that of Saint-Simon, or rather of his pupils under the leadership of Enfantin, the self-constituted high priest of the new doctrine. Saint-Simon was to be honored as the highest Messiah, the Moses and Christ of humanity, the mediator between the material and spiritual monotheism, living union of spirit and flesh. But when the St.-Simonians, emboldened by the revolution of July to express themselves with less reserve, proclaimed the rehabilitation of the flesh and seriously thought of restoring the ancient worship of Aphrodite, the measure of their perversity and blasphemy was full; many deserted them for very shame, and the sect fell to pieces.

Subsequently there arose the founder of that philosophic system which has received the name of Positivism, and which is now widely diffused and counts many adherents in France and England. The project of Auguste Comte was to organize a system of religion suited to the present standard of science. According to him, the theological period is forever past; the idea of God overcome. Since, however, mankind cannot exist without religion, in the form of worship, ecclesiastical buildings and the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church ought to be retained—although beneath it all lies only atheistic materialism. Any attempt to put this religion of ghosts and phantoms into practice has not, to my knowledge, been made; it exists only upon paper, and would hardly deserve to be mentioned here had not men of such importance as Littré, Lewes, John Stuart Mill, and others yet living, who shall be nameless, reckoned themselves amongst the number of the Comtists or Positivists.

The signs of the times indicate the approach of serious religious changes. The great and difficult problems which lie unsolved before us, such as the social question, the relation of church and state, and others of a like nature, contain material enough to call forth new church organizations, or at least to transform the old.

New religions are certainly likely to arise in the future wherever religious and moral feelings awake to new life and develop strength and energy sufficient to carry the new-born faith through its first struggle for existence. North America is a region peculiarly favorable to such new developments. Such a grotesque monstrosity as Mormonism would certainly find no footing in old Europe, but it is, judging by the past, not improbable that in America and Asia similar phenomena, like festering sores upon the human body, will yet again break out. Signs are not wanting which portend wide and comprehensive changes in the great churches of the present day —on the one hand the exclusive spirit seeks by every device to widen and deepen the gulf of separation, and levels the weapons of its newly created dogmas like spears and lances against those outside its pale. On the other, there is at work in the religious world a growing desire for peace and mutual understanding which is moving bodies hitherto at variance, if not to unite, at least to live side by side in brotherly love.

It is usual, both in books and pictures, to represent the church as a ship tossed upon stormy waves. Retaining the metaphor, I should say that the ship which will glide peacefully and safely over the billows of ocean is that which is not too deeply laden with the burdens of the past nor depressed by the recollection of guilt. Amongst the reefs and rocks upon which even a three-masted vessel may make shipwreck, is the rock of History.

JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER

ROBERT EMMET

[Address by J. P. Dolliver, lawyer, United States Senator from Iowa (born in Kingwood, West Virginia, February 6, 1858; ———), delivered March 3, 1892, the one hundred and fourteenth anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet, in Cooper Union Hall, New York, under the auspices of the Clan-na-Gael. The platform was profusely decorated with American and Irish flags, and across the back on a streamer were the words of Emmet: "What a farce is your English justice!"]

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am here by the favor of your invitation to speak a few words in memory of the most picturesque character in the legends of patriotism. It is now nearly a century since a court of justice, upon the hurried finding of a jury, immortalized the name of Robert Emmet. The years have wrought a miracle in dealing with the verdict of the English law. The friendless boy who stood before the judge and received upon a blameless conscience the penalty of death has entered, by the general consent of men, into the glorious company of the martyrs and is numbered with the choice and master spirits of the world.

His fame does not rest, like the common reputations of the great, upon the achievements of a long career, for history has only half saved from the waste of time events in which he had a share. It rests upon the fact that in anxious and disturbed times, when the hearts of his countrymen had sunk within them, this fearless man, bearing within his breast the injuries of an afflicted nation, was ready with willing sacrifice to lay down his life for the emancipation of his country. [Applause.]

The insurrection of 1803, though lacking in prudence al the beginning and quickly falling into failure almost grotesque at the end, is nevertheless a most impressive incident in the annals of the Irish race. It affixed the final seal of blood upon the declared purpose of the people to attain the rights of self-government. The struggle of that popular aspiration against the implacable barriers of English prejudice has made Ireland the arena of a controversy that has enlisted the good-will of mankind. That controversy has produced statesmen equipped with all the effective weapons of intellectual strife; orators whose perfect art of speech has commanded alike the applause of senates and of the great multitudes; poets whose syllables of music have fallen like the gentle rain from heaven upon all hearts; patriots upon the robes of whose civic virtue not even the dungeon and the gallows have left a stain.

Among these selected leaders of the people stands the unique figure whose name, not by the glory of things done, but by the simple heroism of things suffered, has engaged the affection of three generations. The Irish revolt against an alien despotism has raised up a score of greater men, while thousands from every walk of life, with equal fortitude, have met the barbarous sentences of an arbitrary code. But to-night we easily pass by the names of all to think upon an unknown grave and bring the name of Robert Emmet a kindly tribute of our love.

The anniversary suggests no arch of triumph. It gives to the imagination no pageant of victory. It recalls a child learning the first lessons of patriotism at the fireside of an illustrious family; a youth expelled from school, because he would not become an informer; a wanderer in strange capitals, taking counsel in blind credulity with Bonaparte and Tallyrand, the one a professional butcher, the other a professional liar; an enthusiast, dreaming of war with no armies, and of military exploits without money; a fanatic, throwing himself upon the strongholds of an established government at the head of an insignificant mob; a fugitive, forsaking the way of safety and returning to the hands of the police, for a last word with the girl he loved; a prisoner, despising the aid of lawyers and refusing to call witnesses in his own behalf; a convict, making the dock in which he stood famous and endeared by the passion of an inspired eloquence; a piece of bleeding earth cast into potter's field, for obloquy and oblivion, without the ceremony of a prayer or the poor service of a tear. [Applause.]

This century, now coming to an end, early reversed the judgment of the King's Commission which doomed Robert Emmet to death. About his times have gathered the masters of song and fable, and the cheap framework of useless lumber upon which he died has become the tribune from which he speaks to-day in the ears of all the world. Nor is it strange that men should listen now to words which were heard with angry impatience by his accusers, for the century to which he speaks has begun to understand the cause of Ireland in equity. It has learned to look upon the grim *régime* of anarchy plus the constable (if you will permit the phrase from old Carlyle), and to see the fallen and prostrate figure of Justice. The Nineteenth century knows that there are not laws enough in all the statute-books of men effectually to put to confusion the eternal law of Right. It makes no apology for the blunders and crimes which have attended the exercise of English authority in Ireland, but in good faith has begun to offer visible redress for the grievances of the unhappy island. It knows that the record of the government of Ireland is against the real spirit of English liberty. It remembers that the most splendid tribute ever paid to the English Constitution was paid by John Philpot Curran in the defence of an Irishman accused of high treason in 1784. It believes that the common law, broadened by the influence of a generous century, is adequate to secure the rights of men in every quarter of the British Empire.

Already, by the co-operation of all creeds, the fight for a free conscience in Ireland has been won. The subjection of the Catholic Church to the burdens of an alien establishment, and the civil disabilities invented by the bigotry of a narrow age, have gone down before the principles asserted by the united Irishmen of the last century. The 15th day of May, 1828, is a veritable waymark in the history of religious freedom. On that day Daniel O'Connell, elected to Parliament for Clare, stepped to the bar of the House of Commons and, refusing to take the absurd oath, challenged the infamous enactments that for generations had insulted the conscience of a Christian nation. [Applause.]

The spoliation of the people by an obsolete theory of titles involving most of the evils of feudal villenage, has been a chief factor in the Irish grievance against the English Crown. The process by which an alien proprietor takes away the whole profit of the soil is so obviously an offence against justice that the wonder is, not that the people have united to resist it, but that the satesmen of England have waited so many years to propose any measure of relief. No possible local warrant can create the right to expose the whole people to the hardships of perpetual poverty. Neither parliaments nor the will of kings can give validity to the claims by which a few enjoy the power to turn the industrious peasantry out of doors. The rights of man are higher than the rights of property—at least of stolen property. The time is at hand when English opinion, brought to its senses by the zeal of one man [Charles Stewart Parnell], whose sudden and mournful end has hidden his human frailties behind the splendor of his public service, will welcome the opportunity to restore to the Irish peasantry their ancient heritage. [Applause.]

With the settlement of the land question must come also the final disposition of the larger and not less restless question of self-government for Ireland. That issue, once the theme of jest and ridicule, has acquired an importance that disturbs the plans of all leaders and breaks the programme of every party. The raw and insufficient project of the Government, introduced the other day, though worthy only of the laughter with which it was received, is a significant concession to the little band of Irish representatives who have mastered the House of Commons, reversed the decree of English opinion, and prepared the way for ultimate victory of Home Rule. The interest of every free nation turns now to the approaching English elections, with solicitude for the health and strength of the venerable statesman [Gladstone], renowned in all the tongues and dialects of the world's thought, who has dedicated the ripened faculties of his great career to the service of public liberty. [Applause.)

It is true that the sum of these social and political reforms—even if they were accomplished—while they were included in the manifestoes on the early Irish rebellions, does not reach the level of that sublime national sentiment which warmed the hearts of the patriots of the past. In those times, dependent communities, overborne with despotism, had no available refuge except rebellion. The colonies of America, with only a few complaints, all of which would in these days be the subject of speedy consultation and fair adjustment, could hear nothing but insults from the stupid Government of George III. A similar policy, if now applied to Canada or Australia, would leave the British Empire without the allegiance of a single populous colony.

It is certain that the increasing purpose which runs through the ages has brought kings and parliaments under a new light. Governments can no longer be safely administered for the accommodation of royal families. The palace and the castle become less and less, and the cottages of the people more and more, so that Gladstone may to-day do more for the rights of Ireland, by the persuasion of an unanswerable argument, than poor Robert Emmet could have done, even if the men of Wexford and Wicklow and Kildare had followed his standard through the streets of Dublin.

In all her misfortunes, even in her frenzy of insurrection, Ireland has attracted the unfailing friendship of the United States. We have received her exiled leaders with demonstrations of honor, and given hospitable shelter to her expatriated children. We have shared with her in years of famine the stores of our abundance, and in the years of her persecution have gladdened her prisons with the light of our sympathy. We have contributed our money to save the lives of her robbed and evicted tenants, and have enabled her representatives to sit in a Parliament that shuts its doors in the faces of the poor by refusing to provide a salary for the legislative office. For all these things we have been brought into judgment and have passed through the harmless storm of English disapprobation.

A few weeks ago we were compelled in defence of the national rights to deal with a question involving our relations with one of the weak and troubled republics of South America. We settled the whole question without a word of partisan debate, in accordance with the precedents of our national history. No English interests were involved. The question was whether the flag of the great Republic is entitled to respect in South America. We demanded the same consideration for the weak that we stand ready to exact from the strong. I hold in my hand the London "Times" of February 11. In more than a column this journal yields its editorial space to the most intolerant comment on American affairs. It spares neither the people, the Government, nor the Chief Magistrate. It says that "the President and Mr. Blaine have both behaved in the course of the Chilian dispute in a manner which even politicians of the American species can scarcely tolerate." [Applause.]

Such language in treating of a diplomatic incident which did not engender a single conflict of partisan opinion here would be amusing, if the same leading article did not explain its motive by describing the United States as the natural refuge of criminals, who have no reason to suppose that their presence is undesirable "in a country where Congress has welcomed Mr. Parnell on the floor of the House, and the President has turned Mr. Patrick Egan, a fugitive from British justice, into a diplomatist." The London conspiracy against the credit of our minister at Santiago was evidently contrived to illustrate the need of taking English counsel in our treatment of those who have been driven to exile for distinguished service in the cause of Ireland. It is true that Patrick Egan, who has shown himself in a difficult position no mean diplomatist, was chosen Minister to Chili by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, on the request of the Secretary of State. It was not regarded as offensive to friendly powers that an Irishman should be accredited to a nation which traces its independence to the son of an Irish emigrant, who lives in the history of the New World as the liberator of Chili. Nor is it reasonable for our English brethren to expect that he should be discredited to meet the wishes of the London "Times." If it were true, as this journal believes, that the President was playing with the awful machinery of war, merely to catch the

Irish vote, it is the most royal compliment ever paid to the motives that control the Irish citizens of the United States. It unconsciously proclaims that no American policy which timidly submits to national affront, or leaves the humblest of our seamen or citizens without protection anywhere in the world, is fit for the indorsement of the Irish people of the United States.

I have referred to the Chilian incident, now happily ended, not merely to show the color of the coin in which British prejudice pays back American sympathy with Ireland, but for the larger purpose of emphasizing the reasons that bind us to the fortunes of that people in the bonds of an unbroken affection. We recognize the justice of the cause of Ireland, because of the American example by which she has interpreted her theory of popular rights. Her entire political literature is kindled by the spirit of the American Revolution. "The echoes of Bunker Hill," said Flood, in the best vein of his exultant eloquence, "rolled over the Atlantic, wakening Ireland from her disgraceful sleep of centuries."

We offer no excuse for our attachment for a people who began their contest against national grievances by hanging up in the banquet hall at the Donegal Arms the portrait of Franklin, with the motto: "Where liberty is, there is my country," and ended the feast with this toast to the New Republic beyond that sea: "Lasting freedom and prosperity to the United States of America!" It is too soon to deny the faith of our fathers by despising the faith of yours, either to conciliate the noise of the London criticism or to suit the over-educated taste of persons living among us, who have acquired the capacity of appreciating the merits of every country except their own. [Applause.]

That historical alliance of friendly national interest, shown by the grateful words of Washington and Jefferson, and illustrated by the helpful counsel of James Monroe, our Minister at Paris, preserved in the journal of Theobald Wolfe Tone, has grown with our strength till to-day all factions of all parties unite in a common concern for the welfare of Ireland. Her people came with the emigrants of other nations, who settled the wilderness of America. On every field of every American war her blood has been shed for the national defence. She has given advocates to the American bar who have filled our highest courts with the treasures of professional learning. She has contributed the scattered children of her national genius to enrich our literature. She has sent among us the ministers of her faith to spread the truth of the Gospel and exemplify the lofty precepts of our holy religion. She has kept watch through her tears, while from the plundered hovels of her unnatural poverty the lowly millions of her people have set out to find in a land of strangers the fair and equal chance that is denied them in the country in which they were born.

These "fugitives from British justice" have taken upon them the oath of our citizenship, but we have not asked them to renounce their affection for their native land. On the other hand we ask to be counted among the lovers of Ireland, and though neither of your kindred nor of your faith, I bow with you in reverent commemoration of the ideal patriot of Ireland's heroic age.

The traditions that attest the tragedy of Robert Emmet's death relate a weird and pathetic story. It is told by those who saw the ghastly spectacle, that the executioner, having cut off the dead man's head, made this proclamation: "This is the head of a traitor, Robert Emmet." And as the blood fell from the rude scaffold, the dogs were seen lapping it from the pavement, while now and then some timid loiterer about the spot would stop to press his handkerchief upon the hallowed ground and hide it away securely in his bosom. I rejoice with you that long since the dogs of calumny and hatred have been driven from the grave of Robert Emmet; that the hangman's proclamation has been put to universal scorn, and that the traitor of yesterday, who begged in vain for the charity of silence and left his epitaph for other times and other men, has become the favorite hero of popular liberty, his name above the need of eulogy, his motives beyond the reach of malice. [Applause loud and long continued.]

HENRY DRUMMOND

"FIRST!"

[Address by Henry Drummond, scientist and lay preacher (born in Stirling, Scotland, August 17, 1851; died in Tunbridge Wells, England, March 11, 1897), delivered to the members of the Boys' Brigade, in the City Hall, Glasgow, Scotland, on a Sunday afternoon. It is a good example of Drummond's simplicity and effectiveness in treating practical subjects, and especially before a juvenile audience. Before beginning the address, Professor Drummond requested the boys to read in unison this passage from the sixth chapter of Matthew: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."]

I have three heads to give you. The first is "Geography," the second is "Arithmetic," and the third is "Grammar."

First. Geography tells us where to find places. Where is the kingdom of God? It is said that often, when a Prussian officer was killed in the Franco-Prussian war, a map of France was found in his pocket. When we wish to occupy a country, we ought to know its geography. Now, where is the kingdom of God? A boy over there says, "It is in heaven." No; it is not in heaven. Another boy says, "It is in the Bible." No; it is not in the Bible. Another boy says, "It must be in the Church." No; it is not in the Church. Heaven is only the *capital* of the kingdom of God; the Bible is the Guide-book to it; the Church is the weekly Parade of those who belong to it. If you would turn to the seventeenth chapter of St. Luke you will find out where the kingdom of God really is. "The kingdom of God is within you"—within *you*. The kingdom of God is *inside people*.

I remember once taking a walk by the river near where the Falls of Niagara are, and I noticed a remarkable figure walking along the river bank. I had been some time in America. I had seen black men, and red men, and yellow men, and white men; black men, the Negroes; red men, the Indians; yellow men, the Chinese; white men, the Americans. But this man looked quite different in his dress from anything I had ever seen. When he came a little closer, I saw he was wearing a kilt; when he came a little nearer still, I saw that he was dressed exactly like a Highland soldier. When he came quite near, I said to him, "What are you doing here?" "Why should I not be here?" he said. "Don't you know this is British soil? When you cross the river you come into Canada." This soldier was thousands of miles from England, and yet he was in the kingdom of England. Wherever there is an English heart beating loyal to the Queen of Britain, there is England. Wherever there is a boy whose heart is loyal to the King of the kingdom of God, the kingdom of God is within him.

What is the kingdom of God? Every kingdom has its exports, its products. Go down to the river here, and you will find ships coming in with cotton; you know they come from America. You will find ships with tea; you know they are from China. Ships with wool; you know they come from Australia. Ships with sugar; you know they come from Java. What comes from the kingdom of God? Again we must refer to our Guide-book. Turn to Romans, and we shall find what the kingdom of God is. I will read it: "The kingdom of God is righteousness, peace, joy"—three things. "The kingdom of God is righteousness, peace, joy." Righteousness, of course, is just doing what is right. Any boy who does what is right has the kingdom of God within him. Any boy who, instead of being quarrelsome, lives at peace with the other boys, has the kingdom of God within him. Any boy whose heart is filled with joy because he does what is right, has the kingdom of God within him. The kingdom of God is not going to religious meetings, and hearing strange religious experiences: the kingdom of God is doing what is right—living at peace with all men, being filled with joy in the Holy Ghost.

Boys, if you are going to be Christians, be Christians as boys, and not as your grandmothers. A grandmother has to be a Christian as a grandmother, and that is the right and the beautiful thing for her; but if you cannot read your Bible by the hour as your grandmother can, or delight in meetings as she can, don't think you are necessarily a bad boy. When you are your grandmother's age you will have your grandmother's kind of religion. Meantime, be a Christian as a boy. Live a boy's life. Do the straight thing; seek the kingdom of righteousness and honor and truth. Keep the peace with the boys about you, and be filled with the joy of being a loyal, and simple, and natural, and boy-like servant of Christ.

You can very easily tell a house, or a workshop, or an office where the kingdom of God is *not*. The first thing you see in that place is that the "straight thing" is not always done. Customers do not get fair play. You are in danger of learning to cheat and to lie. Better, a thousand times, to starve than to stay in a place where you cannot do what is right.

Or, when you go into your workshop, you find everybody sulky, touchy, and ill-tempered, everybody at daggers' drawn with everybody else; some of the men not on speaking terms with some of the others, and the whole *feel* of the place miserable and unhappy. The kingdom of God is not there, for *it* is peace. It is the kingdom of the Devil that is anger and wrath and malice.

If you want to get the kingdom of God into your workshop, or into your home, let the quarreling be stopped. Live in peace and harmony and brotherliness with every one. For the kingdom of God is a kingdom of brothers. It is a great society, founded by Jesus Christ, of all the people who try to be like Him, and live to make the world better and sweeter and happier. Wherever a boy is trying to do that, in the house or in the street, in the workshop or on the baseball field, there is the kingdom of God. And every boy, however small or obscure or poor, who is seeking that, is a member of it. You see now, I hope, what the kingdom is.

I pass, therefore, to the second head: What was it? "Arithmetic." Are there any arithmetic words in this text? "Added," says one boy. Quite right, *added*.

What other arithmetic word? "First." Yes, *first*—"first," "added." Now, don't you think you could not have anything better to seek "first" than the things I have named—to do what is right, to live at peace, and be always making those about you happy? You see at once why Christ tells us to seek these things first—because they are the best worth seeking. Do you know anything better than these three things, anything happier, purer, nobler? If you do, seek them first. But if you do not, seek first the kingdom of God. I am not here this afternoon to tell you to be religious. You know that. I am not here to tell you to seek the kingdom of God. I have come to tell you to seek the kingdom of God *first*. First. Not many people do that. They put a little religion into their life—once a week, perhaps. They might just as well let it alone. It is not worth seeking the kingdom of God unless we seek it *first*. Suppose you take the helm out of a ship and hang it over the bow, and send that ship to sea, will it ever reach the other side? Certainly not. It will drift about anyhow. Keep religion in its place, and it will take you straight through life, and straight to your Father in heaven when life is over. But if you do not put it in its place, you may just as well have nothing to do with it. Religion out of its place in a human life is the most miserable thing in the world. There is nothing that requires so much to be kept in its place as religion, and its place is what? second? third? "First." Boys, carry that home with you to-day—*first* the kingdom of God. Make it so that it will be natural to you to think about that the very first thing.

There was a boy in Glasgow apprenticed to a gentleman who made telegraphs. The gentleman told me this himself. One day this boy was up on top of a four-story house with a number of men fixing up a telegraph-wire. The work was all but done. It was getting late, and the men said they were going away home, and the boy was to nip off the ends of the wire himself. Before going down they told him to be sure to go back to the workshop, when he was finished, with his master's tools. "Do not leave any of them lying about, whatever you do," said the foreman. The boy climbed up the pole and began to nip off the ends of the wire. It was a very cold winter night, and the dusk was gathering. He lost his hold and fell upon the slates, slid down, and then over and over to the ground below. A clothes-rope, stretched across the "green" onto which he was just about to fall, caught him on the chest and broke his fall; but the shock was terrible, and he lay unconscious among some clothes upon the green. An old woman came out; seeing her rope broken and the clothes all soiled, thought the boy was drunk, shook him, scolded him, and went for a policeman. And the boy with the shaking came back to consciousness, rubbed his eyes, and got upon his feet. What do you think he did? He staggered, half blind, away up the stairs. He climbed the ladder. He got up onto the roof of the house. He gathered up his tools, put them into his basket, took them down, and when he got to the ground again, fainted dead away. Just then the policeman came, saw there was something seriously wrong, and carried him away to the hospital, where he lay for some time. I am glad to say he got better. What was his first thought at that terrible moment? His duty. He was not thinking of himself; he was thinking about his master. First, the kingdom of God.

But there is another arithmetic word. What is it? "Added." There is not one boy here who does not know the difference between addition and subtraction. Now, that is a very important difference in religion, because—and it is a very strange thing—very few people know the difference when they begin to talk about religion. They often tell boys that if they seek the kingdom of God, everything else is going to be subtracted from them. They tell them that they are going to become gloomy, miserable, and will lose everything that makes a boy's life worth living—that they will have to stop baseball and story-books, and become little old men, and spend all their time in going to meetings and singing hymns. Now, that is not true. Christ never said anything like that. Christ says we are to "seek first the kingdom of God," and everything else worth having is to be *added* unto us. If there is anything I would like you to take away with you this afternoon, it is these two arithmetic words, "first" and "added." I do not mean by added that if you become religious you are all going to become rich. Here is a boy, who, in sweeping out the shop to-morrow morning, finds sixpence lying among the orange-boxes. Well, nobody has missed it. He puts it in his pocket, and it begins to burn a hole there. By breakfast-time he wishes that sixpence were in his master's pocket. And by and by he goes to his master. He says (to himself, and not to his master), "I was at the Boys' Brigade yesterday, and I was to seek *first* that which was right." Then he says to his master, "Please, sir, here is sixpence that I found upon the floor." The master puts it in the till. What has the boy got in his pocket? Nothing; but he has got the kingdom of God in his heart. He has laid up treasure in heaven, which is of infinitely more worth than sixpence. Now, that boy does not find a shilling on his way home. I have known that happen, but that is not what is meant by "adding." It does not mean that God is going to pay him in his own coin, for He pays in better coin.

Yet I remember once hearing of a boy who was paid in both ways. He was very, very poor. He lived in a foreign country, and his mother said to him one day that he must go into the great city and start in business, and she took his coat and cut it open and sewed between the lining and the coat forty golden dinars, which she had saved up for many years to start him in life. She told him to take care of robbers as he went across the desert; and as he was going out of the door she said: "My boy, I have only two words for you—'Fear God, and never tell a lie.'" The boy started off, and toward evening he saw glittering in the distance the minarets of the great city, but between the city and himself he saw a cloud of dust; it came nearer; presently he saw that it was a band of robbers. One of the robbers left the rest and rode toward him, and said: "Boy, what have you got?" And the boy looked him in the face and said: "I have forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." And the robber laughed and wheeled round his horse and went away back. He would not believe the boy. Presently another robber came, and he said: "Boy, what have you got?" "Forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." The robber said: "The boy is a fool," and wheeled his horse and rode away back. By and by the robber captain came, and he said: "Boy, what have you got?" "I have forty golden dinars sewed up in my coat." And the robber dismounted and put his hand over the boy's breast, felt something round, counted one, two, three, four, five, till he counted out the forty golden coins. He looked the boy in the face and said: "Why did you tell me that?" The boy said: "Because of God and my mother." And the robber leaned on his spear and thought, and said: "Wait a moment." He mounted his horse, rode back to the rest of the robbers, and came back in about five minutes with his dress changed. This time he looked not like a robber, but like a merchant. He took the boy up on his horse and said: "My boy, I have long wanted to do something for my God and for my mother, and I have this moment renounced my robber's life. I am also a merchant. I have a large business house in the city. I want you to come and live with me, to teach me about your God; and you will be rich, and your mother some day will come and live with us." And it all happened. By seeking first the kingdom of God, all these things are added unto him.

Boys, banish forever from your minds the idea that religion is *subtraction.* It does not tell us to give things up, but rather gives us something so much better that they give themselves up. When you see a boy on the street whipping a top, you know, perhaps, that you could not make that boy happier than by giving him a top, a whip, and half an hour to whip it. But next birthday, when he looks back, he says, "What a goose I was last year to be delighted with a top; what I want now is a baseball bat." Then when he becomes an old man he does not care in the least for a baseball bat—he wants rest, and a snug fireside, and a newspaper every day. He wonders how he could ever have taken up his thoughts with baseball bats and whipping tops. Now, when a boy becomes a Christian, he grows out of the evil things one by one—that is to say, if they are really evil—which he used to set his heart upon (of course I do not mean baseball bats, for they are not evils); and so instead of telling people to give up things, we are safer to tell them to "seek first the kingdom of God," and then they will get new things and better things, and the old things will drop off of themselves. This is what is meant by the "new heart." It means that God puts into us new thoughts and new wishes, and we become quite different boys.

Lastly, and very shortly. What was the third head? "Grammar." Right: Grammar. Now, I require a clever boy to answer the next question. What is the verb? "Seek." Very good: "Seek." What mood is it in? "Imperative mood." What does that mean?" "Command." You boys of the Boys' Brigade know what commands are. What is the soldier's first lesson? "Obedience." Have you obeyed this command? Remember the imperative mood of these words. "Seek first the kingdom of God." This is the command of your King. It *must* be done. I have been trying to show you what a splendid thing it is; what a reasonable thing it is; what a happy thing it is; but beyond all these reasons it is a thing that must be done, because we are commanded to do it by our Captain. It is one of the finest things about the Boys' Brigade that it always appeals to Christ as its highest Officer, and takes its commands from Him. Now, there is His command to seek *first* the kingdom of God. Have you done it? "Well," I know some boys will say, "we are going to have a good time, enjoy life, and then we are going to seek—*last*—the kingdom of God." Now that is mean; it is nothing else than mean for a boy to take all the good gifts that God has given him, and then give him nothing back in return but his wasted life.

God wants boys' lives, not only their souls. It is for active service soldiers are drilled and trained and fed and armed. That is why you and I are in the world at all—not to prepare to go out of it some day; but to serve God actively in it *now*. It is monstrous and shameful and cowardly to talk of seeking the kingdom *last*. It is shirking duty, abandoning one's rightful post, playing into the enemy's hand by doing nothing to turn his flank. Every hour a kingdom is coming in your heart, in your home, in the world near you, be it a kingdom of darkness or a kingdom of light. You are placed where you are, in a particular business, in a particular street, to help on there the kingdom of God. You cannot do that when you are old and ready to die. By that time your companions will have fought their fight, and lost or won. If they lose, will you not be sorry that you did not help them? Will you not regret that only at the last you helped the kingdom of God? Perhaps you will not be able to do it then. And then your life has been lost indeed.

Very few people have the opportunity to seek the kingdom of God at the end. Christ, knowing all that, knowing that religion was a thing for our life, not merely for our death-bed, has laid this command upon us now: "Seek *first* the kingdom of God." I am going to leave you with this text itself. Every Brigade boy in the world should obey it.

Boys, before you go to work to-morrow, before you go to sleep to-night, before you go to Sunday-school this afternoon, before you go out of the door of the City Hall, resolve that, God helping you, you are going to seek *first* the kingdom of God.

Perhaps some boys here are deserters; they began once before to serve Christ, and they deserted. Come back again, come back again to-day. Others have never enlisted at all. Will you not do it now? You are old enough to decide. And the grandest moment of a boy's life is that moment when he decides to *seek first the kingdom of God.*

HENRY VAN DYKE

SALT

[Baccalaureate address by Henry van Dyke, clergyman, author, professor of English literature at Princeton University (born in Germantown, Pa., November 10, 1852; ———), delivered at the commencement of Columbia University, June 5, 1898, and at the commencement of Harvard University, June 19, 1898.]

"Ye are the salt of the earth." This figure of speech is plain and pungent. Salt is savory, purifying, preservative. It is one of those superfluities which the great French wit defined as "things that are very necessary." From the very beginning of human history men have set a high value upon salt and sought for it in caves and by the sea-shore. The nation that had a good supply was counted rich. A bag of salt, among the barbarous tribes, was worth more than a man. The Jews prized it especially, because they lived in a warm climate where food was difficult to keep, and because their religion laid particular emphasis on cleanliness, and because salt was largely used in their sacrifices.

Christ chose an image which was familiar, when He said to His disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth." This was his conception of their mission, their influence. They were to cleanse and sweeten the world in which they lived, to keep it from decay, to give a new and more wholesome flavor to human existence. Their function was not to be passive but active. The sphere of its action was to be this present life. There is no use in saving salt for heaven. It will not be needed there. Its mission is to permeate, season, and purify things on earth.

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HENRY VAN DYKE

Photogravure after a photograph from life

Now, from one point of view, it was an immense compliment for the disciples to be spoken to in this way. Their Master showed great confidence in them. He set a high value upon them. The historian Livy could find nothing better to express his admiration for the people of ancient Greece than this very phrase. He called them *sal gentium,* " the salt of the nations."

But it was not from this point of view that Christ was speaking. He was not paying compliments. He was giving a clear and powerful call to duty. His thought was not that His disciples should congratulate themselves on being better than other men. He wished them to ask themselves whether they actually had in them the purpose and the power to make other men better. Did they intend to exercise a purifying, seasoning, saving influence in the world? Were they going to make their presence felt on earth, and felt for good? If not, they would be failures and frauds. The savor would be out of them. They would be like lumps of rock-salt which has lain too long in a damp store-house; good for nothing but to be thrown away and trodden under foot; worth less than common rock or common clay, because it will not even make good roads. Men of privilege without power are waste material. Men of enlightenment without influence are the poorest kind of rubbish. Men of intellectual and moral and religious culture, who are not active forces for good in society, are not worth what it costs to produce and keep them. If they pass for Christians they are guilty of obtaining respect under false pretences. They were meant to be the salt of the earth. And the first duty of salt is to be salty.

This is the subject on which I want to speak to you to-day. The saltiness of salt is the symbol of a noble, powerful, truly religious life. You college students are men of privilege. It costs ten times as much, in labor and care and money, to bring you out where you are to-day, as it costs to educate the average man, and a hundred times as much as it costs to raise a boy without any education. This fact brings you face to face with a question: Are you going to be worth your salt?

You have had mental training, and plenty of instruction in various branches of learning. You ought to be full of intelligence. You have had moral discipline, and the influences of good example have been steadily brought to bear upon you. You ought to be full of principle. You have had religious advantages and abundant inducements to choose the better part. You ought to be full of faith. What are you going to do with your intelligence, your principle, your faith? It is your duty to make active use of them for the seasoning, the cleansing, the saving of the world. Don't be sponges. Be the salt of the earth.

I. Think, first, of the influence for good which men of intelligence may exercise in the world, if they will only put their culture to the right use. Half the troubles of mankind come from ignorance,—ignorance which is systematically organized with societies for its support and newspapers for its dissemination,—ignorance which consists less in not knowing things, than in wilfully ignoring the things that are already known. There are certain physical diseases which would go out of existence in ten years if people would only remember what has been learned. There are certain political and social plagues which are propagated only in the atmosphere of shallow self-confidence and vulgar thoughtlessness. There is a yellow fever of literature specially adapted and prepared for the spread of shameless curiosity, incorrect information, and complacent idiocy among all classes of the population. Persons who fall under the influence of this pest become so triumphantly ignorant that they cannot distinguish between news and knowledge. They develop a morbid thirst for printed matter, and the more they read the less they learn. They are fit soil for the bacteria of folly and fanaticism.

Now the men of thought, of cultivation, of reason, in the community ought to be an antidote to these dangerous influences. Having been instructed in the lessons of history and science and philosophy, they are bound to contribute their knowledge to the service of society. As a rule they are willing enough to do this for pay, in the professions of law and medicine and teaching and divinity. What I plead for to-day is the wider, nobler, unpaid service which an educated man renders to society simply by being thoughtful and by helping other men to think. The college men of a country ought to be its most conservative men; that is to say, the men who do most to conserve it. They ought to be the men whom demagogues cannot inflame, nor political bosses pervert. They ought to bring wild theories to the test of reason, and withstand rash experiments with obstinate prudence. When it is proposed, for example, to enrich the whole nation by debasing its currency, they should be the men who demand time to think whether real wealth can be created by artificial legislation. And if they succeed in winning time to think, the danger will pass,—or rather it will be transformed into some other danger, requiring a new application of the salt of intelligence. For the fermenting activity of ignorance is incessant, and perpetual thoughtfulness is the price of social safety.

But it is not ignorance alone that works harm in the body of society. Passion is equally dangerous. Take, for instance, a time when war is imminent. How easily and how wildly the passions of men are roused by the mere talk of fighting. How ready they are to plunge into a fierce conflict for an unknown motive, for a base motive, or for no motive at all. Educated men should be the steadiest opponents of war while it is avoidable. But when it becomes inevitable save at cost of a failure in duty and a loss of honor, then they should be the most vigorous advocates of carrying it to a swift, triumphant, and noble end. No man ought to be too much educated to love his country and, if need be, to die for it. The culture which leaves a man without a flag is only one degree less miserable than that which leaves him without a God. To be empty of enthusiasms, and overflowing with criticisms, is not a sign of cultivation, but of enervation. The best learning is that which intensifies a man's patriotism as well as clarifies it. The finest education is that which puts a man in closest touch with his fellow men. The true intelligence is that which acts, not as cayenne pepper to sting the world, but as salt to cleanse and conserve it.

II. Think, in the second place, of the duty which men of moral principle owe to society in regard to the evils which corrupt and degrade it. Of the existence of these evils we need to be reminded again and again, just because we are comparatively clean and decent and upright people. Men who live an orderly life are in great danger of doing nothing else. We wrap our virtue up in little bags of respectability and keep it in the storehouse of a safe reputation. But if it is genuine virtue it is worthy of a better purpose than that. It is fit, nay it is designed and demanded, to be used as salt, for the purifying of human life.

There are multitudes of our fellow men whose existence is dark, confused, and bitter. Some of them are groaning under the burden of want; partly because of their own idleness or incapacity, no doubt, but partly also because of the rapacity, greed, and injustice of other men. Some of them are tortured in bondage to vice, partly by their own false choice no doubt, but partly also for want of guidance and good counsel and human sympathy. Every great city contains centres of moral decay which an honest man cannot think of without horror, pity, and dread. The trouble is that many honest folk dislike these emotions so much that they shut their eyes, and walk through the world with their heads in the air, breathing a little atmosphere of their own, and congratulating themselves that the world goes very well now. But is it well that the things which eat the heart out of manhood and womanhood should go on in all our great towns?

> "Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying in the Time,
> City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?
>
> "There, among the glooming alleys, Progress halts on palsied feet;
> Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street.
>
> "There the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor,
> And the crowded couch of incest, in the warrens of the poor."

Even in what we call respectable society, forces of corruption are at work. Are there no unrighteous practices in business, no false standards in social life, no licensed frauds and falsehoods in politics, no vile and vulgar tendencies in art and literature and journalism, in this sunny and self-complacent modern world of which we are a part? All these things are signs of decay. The question for us as men of salt is: What are we going to do to arrest and counteract these tendencies? It is not enough for us to take a negative position in regard to them. If our influence is to be real it must be positive. It is not enough to say "Touch not the unclean thing." On the contrary, we must touch it, as salt touches decay to check and overcome it. Good men are not meant to be simply like trees planted by rivers of waters, flourishing in their own pride and for their own sake. They ought to be like the Eucalyptus trees which have been set out in the marshes of the Campagna, from which a healthful, tonic influence is said to be diffused to countervail the malaria. They ought to be like the Tree of Paradise, "whose leaves are for the healing of nations."

Where there are good men in business, lying and cheating and gambling should be more difficult, truth and candor and fair dealing should be easier and more popular, just because of their presence. Where there are good men in society, grossness of thought and speech ought to stand rebuked, high ideals and courtliness and chivalrous actions and the desire of fame and all that makes a man, ought to seem at once more desirable and more attainable to every one who comes into contact with them.

There have been men of this quality in the world. It is recorded of Bernardino of Siena that when he came into the room his gentleness and purity were so evident that all that was base and silly in the talk of his companions was abashed and fell into silence. Artists like Fra Angelico have made their pictures like prayers. Warriors like the Chevalier Bayard and Sir Philip Sidney and Henry Havelock and Chinese Gordon have dwelt amid camps and conflicts as knights of the Holy Ghost. Philosophers like John Locke and George Berkeley, men of science like Newton and Herschel, poets like Wordsworth and Tennyson and Browning, have taught virtue by their lives as well as wisdom by their works. Humanitarians like Howard and Wilberforce and Robert Raikes and Charles Brace have given themselves to noble causes. Every man who will, has it in his power to make his life count for something positive in the redemption of society.

And this is what every man of moral principle is bound to do if he wants to belong to the salt of the earth.

There is a loftier ambition than merely to stand high in the world. It is to stoop down and lift mankind a little higher. There is a nobler character than that which is merely incorruptible. It is the character which acts as an antidote and preventive of corruption. Fearlessly to speak the words which bear witness to righteousness and truth and purity; patiently to do the deeds which strengthen virtue and kindle hope in your fellow men; generously to lend a hand to those who are trying to climb upward; faithfully to give your support and your personal help to the efforts which are making to elevate and purify the social life of the world,—that is what it means to have salt in your character. And that is the way to make your life interesting and savory and powerful. The men that have been happiest, and the men that are best remembered, are the men that have done good.

What the world needs to-day is not a new system of ethics. It is simply a larger number of people who will make a steady effort to live up to the system that we have already. There is plenty of room for heroism in the plainest kind of duty. The greatest of all wars has been going on for centuries. It is the ceaseless, glorious conflict against the evil that is in the world. Every warrior who will enter that age-long battle may find a place in the army, and win his spurs, and achieve honor, and obtain favor with the great Captain of the Host, if he will but do his best to make life purer and finer for every one that lives it.

It is one of the burning questions of to-day whether university life and training really fit men for taking their share in this supreme conflict. There is no abstract answer; but every college class that graduates is a part of the concrete answer. Therein lies your responsibility, gentlemen. It lies with you to illustrate the meanness of an education which produces learned shirks and refined skulkers; or to illuminate the perfection of an unselfish culture with the light of devotion to humanity. It lies with you to confess that you have not been strong enough to assimilate your privileges; or to prove that you are able to use all that you have learned for the end for which it was intended. I believe the difference in the results depends very much less upon the educational system than it does upon the personal quality of the teachers and the men. Richard Porson was a university man, and he seemed to live chiefly to drink port and read Greek. Thomas Guthrie was a university man, and he proved that he meant what he said:—

"I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that bends above me,
And the good that I can do;
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do."

III. It remains only to speak briefly, in the third place, of the part which religion ought to play in the purifying, preserving and sweetening of society. Hitherto I have spoken to you simply as men of intelligence and men of principle. But the loftiest reach of reason and the strongest inspiration of morality is religious faith. I know there are some thoughtful men, upright men, unselfish and useful men, who say that they have no such faith. But they are very few. And the reason of their rarity is because it is immensely difficult to be unselfish and useful and thoughtful, without a conscious faith in God, and the divine law, and the gospel of salvation, and the future life. I trust that none of you are going to try that desperate experiment. I trust that all of you have religion to guide and sustain you in life's hard and perilous adventure. If you have, I beg you to make sure that it is the right kind of religion. The name makes little difference. The outward form makes little difference. The test of its reality is its power to cleanse life and make it worth living; to save the things that are most precious in our existence from corruption and decay; to lend a new lustre to our ideals and to feed our hopes with inextinguishable light; to produce characters which shall fulfil Christ's word and be "the salt of the earth."

Religion is something which a man cannot invent for himself, nor keep to himself. If it does not show in his conduct, it does not exist in his heart. If he has just barely enough of it to save himself alone, it is doubtful whether he has even enough for that. Religion ought to bring out and intensify the flavor of all that is best in manhood, and make it fit, to use Wordsworth's noble phrase:—

> "For human nature's daily food."

Good citizens, honest workmen, cheerful comrades, true friends, gentle men,—that is what the product of religion should be. And the power that produces such men is the great antiseptic of society, to preserve it from decay.

Decay begins in discord. It is the loss of balance in an organism. One part of the system gets too much nourishment, another part too little. Morbid processes are established. Tissues break down. In their débris all sorts of malignant growths take root. Ruin follows.

Now this is precisely the danger to which the social organism is exposed. From this danger, religion is meant to preserve us. Certainly there can be no true Christianity which does not aim at this result. It should be a balancing, compensating, regulating power. It should keep the relations between man and man, between class and class, normal and healthful and mutually beneficent. It should humble the pride of the rich and moderate the envy of the poor. It should soften and ameliorate the unavoidable inequalities of life, and transform them from causes of jealous hatred into opportunities of loving and generous service. If it fails to do this, it is salt without savor, and when a social revolution comes, as the consequence of social corruption, men will cast out the unsalted religion and tread it under foot.

Was not that what happened in the French Revolution? What did men care for the religion that had failed to curb sensuality and pride and cruelty under the oppression of the old *régime*, the religion that had forgotten to deal bread to the hungry, to comfort the afflicted, to break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free? What did they care for the religion that had done little or nothing to make men understand and love and help one another? Nothing. It was the first thing that they threw away in the madness of their revolt and trampled in the mire of their contempt.

But was the world any better off without that false kind of religion than with it? Did the French Revolution really accomplish anything for the purification and preservation of society? No, it only turned things upside down, and brought the elements that had been at the bottom, to the top. It did not really change those elements, or sweeten life, or arrest the processes of decay. The only thing that can do this is the true kind of religion, which brings men closer to one another by bringing them all near to God.

Some people say that another revolution is coming in our own age and our own country. It is possible. There are signs of it. There has been a tremendous increase of luxury among the rich in the present generation. There has been a great increase of suffering among the poor in certain sections of our country. It was a startling fact that nearly six millions of people in 1896 cast a vote of practical discontent with the present social and commercial order. It may be that we are on the eve of a great overturning. I do not know. I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet. But I know that there is one thing that can make a revolution needless, one thing that is infinitely better than any revolution; and that is a real revival of religion,—the religion that has already founded the hospital and the asylum and the free school, the religion that has broken the fetters of the slave, and lifted womanhood out of bondage and degradation, and put the arm of its protection around the helplessness and innocence of childhood, the religion that proves its faith by its works, and links the preaching of the fatherhood of God to the practice of the brotherhood of man. That religion is true Christianity, with plenty of salt in it which has not lost its savor.

I believe that we are even now in the beginning of a renaissance of such religion, greater than the world has seen since the days of the Reformation. I believe that there is a rising tide of desire to find the true meaning of Christ's teaching, to feel the true power of Christ's life, to interpret the true significance of Christ's sacrifice, for the redemption of mankind. I believe that never before were there so many young men of culture, of intelligence, of character, passionately in earnest to find the way of making their religion speak, not in word only, but in power. I call you to-day, my brethren, to take your part, not with the idle, the frivolous, the faithless, the selfish, the gilded youth, but with the earnest, the manly, the devout, the devoted, the golden youth. I summon you to do your share in the renaissance of religion, for your own sake, for your fellow men's sake, for your country's sake. On this fair Sunday, when all around us tells of bright hope and glorious promise, let the vision of our country, with her perils, with her opportunities, with her temptations, with her splendid powers, with her threatening sins, rise before our souls. What needs she more, in this hour, than the cleansing, saving, conserving influence of right religion? What better service could we render her than to set our lives to the tune of these words of Christ, and be indeed the salt of our country, and through her growing power, of the whole earth? Ah, bright will be the day, and full of glory, when the bells of every church, of every schoolhouse, of every college, of every university, ring with the music of this message, and find their echo in the hearts of the youth of America. That will be the chime of a new age.

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

BOOKS, LITERATURE, AND THE PEOPLE

[Address by Henry van Dyke, delivered at the first meeting of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, in Mendelssohn Hall, New York City, January 30, 1900.]

The founding of a National Institute of Arts and Letters is an affair which has its serious aspects. The invitation to speak for literature, before such a body of men, at their first public assembly appears almost like "a solemn responsibility."

It would be easy to say too much: it would be natural to say too little. Between the strict requirements of the occasion, and its large opportunities, I stand in doubt. With so many writers in the audience, technicalities would be superfluous: with so many readers, novelties would be impossible.

But fortunately the President of the Institute has already met the requirements and harvested the opportunities of this meeting with admirable skill and thoroughness, in his opening address. Following him, I am released, with a good conscience, from the oppressive duty of being instructive or original, and can give myself cheerfully to the small but useful task of gleaning a few forgotten truisms in regard to the relations of books, literature, and the people.

Let us begin by trying to distinguish between the people and the public.

The public is that small portion of the people which is in the foreground at the moment. It is the mirror of passing fashions, the court of temporary judgments, the gramophone of new tunes.

The people is a broader, deeper word. It means that great and comparatively silent mass of men and women on which the public floats, as the foam floats on the wave. It means that community of human thought and feeling which lies behind the talk of the day.

There are many publics, for they change and pass. But the people are one.

In the realm of letters, as elsewhere, I hold to the prin-

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ciples of democracy. The people have inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The people do not exist for the sake of literature; to give the author fame, the publisher wealth, and books a market. On the contrary, literature exists for the sake of the people: to refresh the weary, to console the sad, to hearten up the dull and downcast, to increase man's interest in the world, his joy of living and his sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men.

"Art for art's sake" is heartless, and soon grows artless. Art for the public market is not art at all, but commerce. Art for the people's service, for the diffusion—

> "Of joy in widest commonalty spread,"

is a noble, vital, permanent element of human life.

If this Institute were composed of self-elected men, seeking merely the advancement of art and letters, without regard to the needs and the welfare of the people, it would be open to suspicion as a new kind of trust, or to ridicule as an old kind of mutual admiration society. But it stands on a totally different basis. The fact that its membership was chosen, and its organization promoted, by the American Social Science Association, is a fine birthmark.

Its life is derived from a social impulse, and must be dedicated to social service. So far as it shall have an influence in the republic of letters it must stand clearly on the human and humane side. Whatever it may do in the way of technical work for the confederation of authors (or the conversion of publishers), it must aim to do something broader and better for the welfare of the people. It must seek to strengthen, deepen, and improve the relations of American literature to the American people, that it may really enrich the common life, promote the liberty of the individual from the slavery of the superficial, and wisely guide and forward men in the pursuit of happiness.

In setting out to seek this end, let us remember that there is no advance possible without a recognition of the ground already gained. Pessimism never gets anywhere. It is a poor wagon that starts with creaking and groaning. Let us cheerfully acknowledge that the state of literature and its relations to the people are better to-day than they have ever been before in the history of the world.

Freedom is a great gain. Open libraries are milestones on the path of human progress.

Books are easier of access and possession, at the present time, than any other kind of food. They have become incredibly cheap, partly through the expiration of copyrights, and partly through the reduction in the cost of manufacture. I cannot think that the loss involved for certain classes in either of these processes is to be weighed for a moment against the resulting advantage to the people. The best books are the easiest to get, and, upon the whole, they have the widest circulation. Notably this is true of the most beautiful, powerful, and precious of all books—the English Bible—which is still the most popular book in the world.

Another good thing in which we must rejoice is the liberation of books from various kinds of oppression. The *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* still exists, but it is no longer what it used to be. The only officers of the Inquisition in the modern world of letters are the librarians; and, taken all in all, they exercise their power with mildness and beneficence.

The influence of party politics on the fate of books is almost extinct. The days of literary partisanship, when the "Edinburgh Review" scalped the conservative writers while the "Quarterly" flayed the liberals, are past.

The alleged tyranny of the modern magazine editors is a gentle moral suasion compared with the despotism of the so-called patrons of art and letters in earlier times. Let any one who thinks that there is too much literary log-rolling in the present day, turn back to the fawning dedications of the Renaissance and the Age of Queen Anne, and he will understand how far authorship has risen out of base subserviency into independence and self-respect.

Certainly the condition of the realm of letters is better, its relation to the people is closer, and its influence on the world is greater than ever before.

But this does not mean that there are no evils to be removed, no dangers to be averted, and no further steps to be taken in advance.

Books are now sold in the dry-goods shops. No one can fairly object to that. But is there not some objection to dealing in books as if they were dry-goods?

A book can be bought for a nickel. There is no harm in that. But is there not considerable harm in advertising nickel-plated writing as sterling silver?

All that is necessary, at present, to sell an unlimited quantity of a new book, is to sell the first hundred thousand, and notify the public. The rest will go by curiosity and imitation. Is there no danger in substituting popularity for perfection as the test of merit?

Five thousand books are published every year in England, and nearly as many more in America. It would be a selfish man who could find fault with an industry which gives employment and support to such a large number of his fellow men. But has there not come, with this plethora of production, an anæmia of criticism? That once rare disease, the *cacoëthes scribendi,* seems to have become endemic.

The public must like it, else it would not be so. But have the people no interests which will be imperiled if the landmarks of literary taste are lost in the sea of publications, and the art of literature is forgotten in the business of book-making?

Every one knows what books are. But what is literature? It is the ark on the flood. It is the light on the candlestick. It is the flower among the leaves: the consummation of the plant's vitality, the crown of its beauty, and the treasure-house of its seeds.

Literature is made up of those human writings which translate the inner meanings of nature and life, in language of distinction and charm, touched with the personality of the author, into artistic forms of permanent interest. The best literature, then, is that which has the deepest significance, the most perfect style, the most vivid individuality, and the most enduring appeal to the human mind and heart.

On the last point contemporary judgment is but guesswork. But on the three other points it should not be impossible to form, nor improper to express, a definite opinion.

The qualities which make a book salable may easily be those which prevent it from belonging to literature. A man may make a very good living from his writings, without being in any sense a man of letters. He has a perfect right to choose between the enrichment of the world by writing along the best lines, and the increase of his bank account by running along the trolley-car tracks of the public imagination. He has the right to choose: but his choice places him.

On the other hand, the fact that a book does not sell is not in itself a sufficient proof that it is great. Poor books, as well as good ones, have often been unsuccessful at the start. The difference is that the poor ones remain unsuccessful at the finish. The writer who says that he would feel disgraced by a sale of fifty thousand copies, cheers himself with a wine pressed from acid grapes, and very unwholesome. There is no reason why a book which appeals only to the author should be considered better than a book which appeals only to the public.

Neither is there any reason why a publisher of popular books should go to the opposite extreme, and say that "there is no use under heaven for the critic; the man who buys the book is the real critic, and so discriminating is he that a publisher cannot sell a bad book." If this standard prevails, we shall soon hear the proud and happy publisher saying of a book in its hundredth thousand, as Gregory the Great is reported to have said of the Scripture, that "he would blush to have it subjected to the rules of grammar."

The true cause of blushing lies in the fact that criticism has been so much confused with advertisement; that so many of the journals which should be the teachers of the public have become its courtiers; that realism in its desire to be dramatic has so often turned to the theatre instead of to real life, and thus has become melodramatic; that virility (which is a good word in its place) has been so much overworked, and used as a cloak to cover a multitude of sins; and that the distinction between books and literature has been so often overlooked and so largely forgotten.

The public is content with the standard of salability. The prigs are content with the standard of preciosity.

The people need and deserve a better standard. It should be a point of honor with men of letters to maintain it, by word and deed.

Literature has its permanent marks. It is a connected growth and its life history is unbroken. Masterpieces have never been produced by men who have had no masters. Reverence for good work is the foundation of literary character. The refusal to praise bad work or to imitate it is an author's professional chastity.

Good work is the most honorable and lasting thing in the world. Four elements enter into good work in literature:—

An original impulse,—not necessarily a new idea, but a new sense of the value of an idea.

A first-hand study of the subject and material.

A patient, joyful, unsparing labor for the perfection of form.

A human aim,—to cheer, console, purify, or ennoble the life of the people. Without this aim literature has never sent an arrow close to the mark.

It is only by good work that men of letters can justify their right to a place in the world. The father of Thomas Carlyle was a stone-mason, whose walls stood true and needed no rebuilding. Carlyle's prayer was: "Let me write my books as he built his houses."

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